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Foreword



O the students of Ward-Belmont, to the faculty and to the alumnae of Ward Seminary and Belmont College, the *Hyphen* extends greetings. Those who are members of the staff ask for the co-operation of all who are interested, and for the interest of all others.

This is the first issue of a magazine which all of us are anxious to make a vital factor in the school. We hope that it may indeed become that which its name implies—a connective between the two schools which have been united, serving to bind together in friendships and common interests not only the members of the present student body but those of the Alumnae of both schools. Our purpose is to make the *Hyphen* a center, to which the ideas, the opinions, and the questionings of every girl in school may be gathered. We desire above everything else that it shall be representative of the students.


We who have been charged with the duty of launching safely the magazine, pretend to no great experience, and ask, therefore, for lenient judgment. We know that this will be accorded us and in return we intend to work so valiantly that we may be able later on to face the severest criticism.

With a message of welcome, therefore, and a plea for clemency, we commend ourselves and our book to your good will.

—Editor.

CONTRIBUTIONS

How Old is Ann?

 HE was a rather dreamy little person with a great many serious theories of her own about life in general. For one thing, she always rather pitied the women who never told their ages. How silly it was of them! For her own part, she would always tell the truth about her age and be perfectly sensible about it. What real difference did it make anyway? If the truth be told, Anne was a little bit proud of her age, for she was just sixteen, the youngest in the Senior Class.

She piled her soft brown hair in a loose coil on top of her head now, and always looked very wise when the girls spoke in broad hints of "dates" and their little love affairs—Anne had never had a "date." She hoped she would sometime, but confessed to herself that she would never know what to do or say, and secretly dreaded a little this half wished-for ordeal.

It came that summer, not a real "date", but the ordeal. Anne and her mother were enjoying a cruise on the Pacific. The very first day out, a tall, young fellow with nice brown eyes, was introduced to her by a friend of her mother, a voluble, little old lady who bustled off to a game of bridge, leaving the two together.

For a swift moment Anne reflected with dismay, that urging a tousled-headed younger brother not to be too economical with shoe polish, and extracting from an indulgent father the wherewithal to replenish her little purse, were,

on the whole, not the best of training for conversation with a perfectly strange member of the sterner sex. However, her little flurry of timidity was over in an instant, and before she knew it, they were chatting merrily as they took a turn on the deck.

Their conversation finally drifted to the subject of school.

He was a freshman at Cornell. She, telling him that she was a senior this year, could not keep from gratifying that little spark of vanity, and whimsically asked him if he could guess her age.

"Oh, I should say you were about twenty," was his hazard.

Now was the time to live up to her pet theory. With a little twinkle in her eye, she said demurely,

"Why, I didn't dream I looked as dignified and grown up as all that! I'm just sixteen."

His expression was one of blank, not altogether pleased surprise. After an ejaculation of astonishment, he made a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and excused himself.

In a few minutes he came back with a new magazine, saying as he offered it to her:

"You said you liked to read, and I thought maybe you'd enjoy this. There is a dandy story on page ten."

She thanked him coolly, a little annoyed by the half patronizing brotherly tone in which he spoke. The adventures of the twenty-year-old heroine did not prove interesting after Ann caught a glimpse of him, leaning over the rail with an athletic young person from Minnesota, who looked as if she were twenty-six.

It was several days later when she saw him again. He nodded familiarly as he passed her chair, and drawled "Hello, Anne!"

Her little smile of greeting froze at that. "Anne!" Why, he spoke as if he were positively ancient, and she a mere

infant. For a long, long time she sat there, bundled in her rugs, gazing with unseeing eyes out over the gray waters.

At last, with a little sigh, and a queer little smile, she rose to go below. She is really quite grown up now, but never, from that day to this, has she answered the query, "How old is Ann?"

—*Alice Parker.*





Alice's Christmas in Wonderland

To wonderland old Christmas came,
And with fair Alice played a game;
It showed her how in this strange land,
Old Santa had his pleasures planned,
How he became the Christmas tree,
And laughed and sparkled, full of glee,
While on his feet, his hands, his head,
Were lighted candles glowing red;
And from his belt, his beard, his hair
Were hanging gifts beyond compare,
Placed there by little Christmas tree,
Who was the Santa Claus, you see,
That down the sooty chimney black
Had come with sack upon his back.
From every bough there peeped gay toys
To give to naughty girls and boys.
While children who ne'er quarreled nor cried,
Were gifts in this strange land denied.
But fighting, scratching little boys
That made a lot of horrid noise,
By pulling hair of little girls,
And mussing up their pretty curls,
Were given all the best of things
From Teddy bears to diamond rings.
To little girls who love to tell,
That some one else has not done well,
The little tree did rightly give
To each a shining golden sieve.
To little boys who dally wore
A patch from seat to office door,
He gave a pair of shining wings,
Some roller skates and other things.
"Oh, dear," cried Alice, "don't I wish
That I could put a stop to this!"
So up she sprang, but bumped her head
Against the railing of her bed,
And in the corner far did see
Her own bright shining Christmas tree.—Helen Arnold.



63 — Score — 13
To



What Thanksgiving Means to a Ward-Belmont Girl



THANKSGIVING! Just one word and there flashes into a girl's mind the vivid picture of Dudley Field. Not a thought of going home for a turkey dinner, only a football field and two husky elevens struggling for their college honors. At one goal the Mountain Tigers, at the other the Commodores of Vanderbilt. Those boys of the Purple and White, primed for this one

day, fired with the hope of crossing Vandy's goal line, upheld and enthroned in the heart of Sewanee, are indeed formidable opponents. Yet we turn and look at the Vanderbilt line and all of our doubt vanishes. It is very good to look at, our eleven; what, if they do tell us it will be a close fight, that the two teams are evenly matched, that it is even money on the game! We've seen that Vanderbilt line go down to victory so often that we feel sure it means Waterloo for the game little Tigers this year. The cold is forgotten as we of Ward-Belmont, separated now only by a hyphen, rise in our seats to cheer the Vanderbilt eleven as it sweeps in through the gate. In our dreams we see Captain Nuck marshal his forces and plough down the field. The plucky defense of the Tiger is useless; that line is a battering ram, and time after time they break through for big gains. Horde has the ball; like a streak of lightning he is around the Sewanee end and over the goal line. The grand-stand goes wild. In the excitement we wake up and find it is only Wednesday and we are still in the chapel at Ward-Belmont. Just wait until to-morrow and we'll see, our dreams come true.

—Lucy Bonner Cooper, '41.





Christmas Anticipations

I.

Away down South in Dixie,
We scarce can think 'tis true,
Just two more weeks till Christmas!
But I'm mighty glad,,aren't you?

II.

At breakfast, lunch, and dinner,
Now always the same refrain
That breaks our sleep and thrills us through,
We'll soon be home again!

III.

We can see the dear home faces,
They never seemed so fair,
And oh! how much we love them!
Just two more weeks, and we'll be there!

IV.

We see holly wreathes in the windows,
The mistletoe over the door
With its tiny waxen berries,—
Just think! only two weeks more!

V.

And last of all is the dinner
We'll have on Christmas day,
The big fruit cake and the turkey,—
And the children's tree so gay.

VI.

Ward-Belmont, our Alma Mater,
We'll hold your memory dear
While at dances with uncles and cousins
'Midst the joys of Yuletide cheer.

—L. H. G.



Peggy's Christmas

PEGGY WELLINGTON was trying to pack her trunk and say good-bye to a room full of her college friends all at the same time. "Now, girls," said she, "I am going to do all the good I can while I am at home this vacation." At this point, for the first time that morning, she sat down, facing the other girls, and continued, "I want you all to promise, whether you stay at school or go home, to find at least some one person to make happy."

This suggestion was promptly responded to by all the girls crying out, "Yes, of course we will! Three cheers for Peggy!" After more good-byes, they all trooped out, leaving only Peggy and her room-mate in the dismantled room. A few minutes later the express man came for her trunk. Soon after, Peggy herself was on her way to the train.

At the station there were crowds of excited, happy girls, either on their way home or bidding their friends good-bye. At last the long train pulled in while the girls shoved and pushed and crowded in their eagerness to get on board. Peggy was the center of the merry little party bound for Chicago, and the long journey was soon over. Upon her arrival in Chicago she was met by her father in the touring car, and after a quick whirl through the busy streets and wide boulevards they arrived at their home in Hyde Park.

Peggy's only regret was that her mother had not been able to meet her, but as she planned for a large reception that afternoon, she was unable to do so. Many of the guests

had arrived at the Wellington home by the time Peggy arrived, but Mrs. Wellington came to the door and seemed delighted to see her daughter. Her greeting was voluble, but somehow the note of sincerity that makes a welcome real, seemed lacking. After talking with her mother a few minutes, Peggy told her maid that she wished to go to her room to rest. Telling her mother she would see her again at dinner, she left.

But she did not go to her room really to rest as she had said, but to look over her memory book and lay her plans for the vacation. She did not care for the social life which her mother led, but preferred rather to do all the good she possibly could. She was the only child, the idol of an indulgent and wealthy father, and was therefore able to carry on her work well. However, many sacrifices were to be made and many burdens borne.

As she began looking over the little book with the names of some of the persons she wished to help, the name of James Rofe was the first to greet her eye, and as she looked at this name, a vision of a happy band of children seemed to come into her mind, and an idea was suggested.

Now Jamie Rofe was the little crippled boy of the laundress at the Wellington home, and he and his mother lived alone in a little cottage not far from there. Mr. Rofe, Jamie's father, had been killed in a railroad accident when Jamie was a tiny baby, and had left but little money for his wife and child. During Peggy's visit at home she had often visited Jamie, and now this Christmas she intended, if possible, to have him spend Christmas day at her home. Not for Jamie alone did she plan, but for his friends and their friends' friends, too.

While she was dreaming of the party she was going to have, a servant came to announce dinner. As she entered the dining room she was very much surprised to find only her father seated at the table, but was not so surprised when she was told that her mother, being very tired from

the gaieties of the afternoon, had retired early. After all, way down in her heart, Peggy was a little glad, because she could talk over her plans for her Christmas party with her father, and see what he thought.

Of course Mr. Wellington thought that anything his daughter did was quite proper, but in this case, he was not so sure, because he suggested that his wife might have some social function booked for the same day.

But he became even more interested in Peggy's plan when she said that she wanted the money, which would go for the beautiful furs and all her other handsome Christmas presents, to go for this celebratin for the needy people and their children on Christmas day. Then and there Peggy's father gave his consent. Later invitations were sent around to all the poor children in that part of Chicago, and on Christmas day, Jamie, with all his little friends, gathered around the big Christmas tree at the beautiful home of the Wellingtons and received their many useful presents. But by some mistake, Peggy received her presents the same as the year before, and by another mistake, Mrs. Wellington became a more thoughtful and loving mother. When Peggy returned to school after the holidays, each girl told of the good deeds she had done, but by unanimous vote, Peggy's was called and best of all.

—Elizabeth Eba, reprinted from "The Live Wire."



The Temple of Maruyama

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The writer of this article lived for five years in Japan within one mile of the temple described.)



HE road leading to the temple is long and narrow, and winds up around the mountain in a wild, deserted way. There are but few signs of life: some twittering birds, an occasional rabbit scurrying across the path and disappearing in the thick undergrowth of bamboo, and the faint, far-off sound of some wood-chopper, busily at work down in some lonely ravine. There seems to be an almost Sabbath-like stillness brooding over the entire mountains, at the top of which is situated the temple.

Quite unexpectedly the temple appears at the end of the road, standing in the center of a large open space. The grounds around it are well kept and paved with large, flat stones. Everywhere are rows of stone, and bronze lanterns, green from years of exposure to the weather.

The temple itself is quite large, with a long, sloping roof, supported by heavy pillars from a narrow, little balcony which extends entirely around the building. The pillars are carved with a wonderful dragon design, and in many places there are artistic finishes in red lacquer.

The door is large and ornate, and inside where the floor is not matted, the wood is polished and shines like glass. The walls and ceiling are also of carved wood of a grayish color. Around the edge of the one, big room are numerous lacquer boxes containing religious documents. Besides

these there is nothing there except a huge, hideous, gilded god which squats in an alcove directly opposite the door. The features are distorted in an ugly grimace, and in its up-turned hands there is some recently placed food. In front, are two beautiful bronze incense pots, from which a spiral of smoke issues day and night.

The place retains a hushed stillness all through the day. It is deserted except as some peasant, wandering in from the fields, stops in long enough to chant his prayers, or when the little brown priest slips in noiselessly to replenish the incense pots. But in the grayness of early morning, and while the dusky shadows are gathering in the evening, the temple gong sends its low, moaning tone reverberating down through the valleys and for many miles it is heard and answered by the country folk.

—N. L. M.





Here's to You

(To the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic").

By OLIVE CARTER ROSS.

Our eyes have caught the vision
That cannot be sung or told
Of the bright and glorious splendor,
That the future shall unfold,
Of proud and mighty triumphs
That shall crown the Blue and Gold.
As the years go marching on.

Here's to you our Alma Mater,
Here's to you our Alma Mater,
Here's to you our Alma Mater,
As the years go marching on.

We are building for that future
With a purpose firm and sure,
And we pledge her now our loyalty
Forever strong and pure,
That her hopes, her aspirations
And her teaching shall endure,
As the years go marching on.

A Pledge

(To the tune, "Fair Harvard").

By PENELOPE McDUFFIE.

Ward-Belmont we come to thy welcoming halls,
Where the blessings of years linger still,
Where the new and the old now together have met,
As an earnest of faith and good-will.
O cherishing one, on thy green hill-top crowned,
We sing thee our sacredest vow:
Make us free, make us loyal and true evermore,
For we pledge thee our loyalty now.

From homes in the land, East and West, North and South,
We have come to be moulded by thee.
Rich with friendships, with memories, joyous hopes,
O keep us, and guard faithfully!
And when out in the world we wander once more,
With lessons we'll learn day by day,
Alma Mater, keep with thee our memory green,
For we pledge thee forever and aye.

* * * *

Nine Rahs

(To the tune of "The Red, White and Blue").

By MRS. STEER.

Ward-Belmont, the pride of our Southland,
With hearts that are loyal and true,
We stand side by side to salute thee,
And offer our homage to you.
By the faith that we have in your future,
By the love we have had for the two,
We will lift toward the heavens our standard,
And will plant it, Ward-Belmont, by you.

"Nine rahs" for the Gold and the Blue,
"Nine rahs" for the Gold and the Blue,
Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont, forever,
"Nine rahs" for the Gold and the blue.
("Rah, rah, rah," "rah, rah, rah," "rah, rah, rah").



Comedy of Monteagle

ACT I—SCENE I.



ING dong, ding dong! Six thirty o'clock! A great commotion is heard all through the buildings. Girls grab wraps and coats and rush madly to chapel. There Miss Buchanan reigns supreme.

Miss B.—“Girls, girls, take your seats more quietly. Will the girls on the back seat kindly tell the girls in the hall to come in and take their seats immediately? Are all of the two hundred and fourteen girls present? Very well. Miss McClure, count fifty girls to the car.”

SCENE II.

Six or seven special cars are seen standing on the track. The rain comes in a downpour, and the mud is deep. Miss Frantz, in a maline hat, stands by the car door.)

Miss F.—“Two, four, six. Will one of the girls walking three in a row please step to the back of the line.”

(Fifty girls are counted in each, and cars move off.)

ACT II—SCENE I.

(The interior of Ward-Belmont-Webb special train to Monteagle is seen. Boys of various sizes and ages pass through cars, guarded by various members of both faculties. Girls slide down in seats and giggle, some duck their heads and look shyly up. One or two of the bolder boys take vacant seats beside the girls.)

Conversations caught at different parts of cars.

Tall, Handsome Boy—"Feel my muscle."

Zelda—"Nuhuh."

T. H. B.—"Aw, go on." (Z. gingerly takes hold of powerful biceps.)

(Another portion of car.)

Fat boy with black eye—"Oh, Jane, you look just like the girl I have always had in mind to be—er—my—er—my—"

Jane—"Oh, aren't those cute trees out there! and wouldn't you just love to walk down that dark little path!"

F. B. with B. E.—"Indeed I would if you—"

(Heard near rear door of fifth car.)

Mr. Webb—"I have something cute."

Miss M.—"Oh, now, what is it?"

(Mr. Webb pulls out a bag of chestnuts and gives her two.)

Mr. Webb—"I have something else, but you can't have any, 'cause I brought it all for myself. I'll let you peek at it."

(Mr. Webb holds out opposite pocket. Miss M. moves some two or three feet away and stretches to see what is in the pocket and finally succeeds.)

Miss M. (clapping hands)—"Oh, it's a nice, red apple! You'll give me some, won't you?"

SCENE II.

(Meanwhiie party has reached Monteagle, and has been conveyed by hay wagons and surreys over a very rocky road, out to Wonder Cave, the main attraction (?) of the trip. The wagons are standing around a level spot of ground, and girls and boys are scrambling out. Various shouts are heard.)

"We want something to eat!"

"Oh, I am ravenous!"

"I am so hungry I'd actually eat some potatoes."

"Wonder where we'll eat?"

(Party goes up to impromptu tables, and aer served to a great abundance of barbecue, pickles, bread, and apples, which the Webb School boys most courteously have fur-

nished for their guests. After lunch the party lines up two by two to enter the cave.)

Dr. Landrith—"You are permitted to push but do not shove. Do not carry any large rocks out of the cave, for if you do, the cave will not be the same afterwards. I am sure that the Webb boys will not attempt anything as dangerous as carrying a young lady of some avoirdupois up a steep, rocky place. Will we, boys?"

Boys in Chorus—"No, sir!!"

ACT III—SCENE I.

(Meantime the party has proceeded through the cave with ejaculations of wonder and astonishment on every side, and all have been conveyed back to the station. The boys and girls, weary from the unusual tramp, are seated around informally in the home-bound train. Conversation lags. One girl is gently sleeping in a corner, while her escort is vainly trying to awaken her without resorting to force. Senator Webb passes and boy calls him.)

Boy—"I am sorry I have such a soporiferous effect on her. I really feel that I have done the best I can."

Senator W.—"Never mind, my boy, don't feel bad about a little thing like that. Most women go to sleep on us poor men until they want something, and then they are very wide awake. Show her, my son, that you are above the animal kingdom, by staying awake and keeping the flies off. She will at least be human enough to appreciate your last effort."

(In other parts of the train boys and girls are grouped together in conversation. All seem worn and weary. Bell Buckle is reached and Webb boys prepare to go, leaving rain coats strewn around car.)

"Good-bye. So glad I met you."

"Yes, indeed, I'll send you a special Sunday," and similar expressions.

(Boys are pushed out in a deluge of rain. Cars become quiet and occasional snoring is heard.)

Dr. Landrith—"Nashville! Nashville!" Don't forget any wraps, as the conductor has no one who can wear them. Go immediately to the cars and don't lose your precious partners."

(Girls line up and march to cars. They reach home tired out, but declaring they have had "the time of their lives.")

—Fay Smith.





Mammoth Cave Trip



N a bright November Saturday morning, one hundred one care-free girls joyfully left school and books behind and sought recreation at one of the seven modern wonders of the world—Mammoth Cave.

The girls left Nashville at about seven o'clock and reached their destination six hours later. The first cave trip, over Routes One and Two, was started at three o'clock in the afternoon. The party was divided into two parts, with Miss McClure, Miss Frantz, Miss Baer, Miss Fraser and a guide accompanying one, with Mlle. Cuendet, Miss Earl, Miss Cox, Miss Laurence, and Dr. Landrith accompanying the other.

Through a garden path, thick with many colored leaves, across a rustic bridge and down a flight of steps, the party was conducted. Here a halt was made for the lamps to be lighted, and then passing through an iron door they beheld the cave. Through a reasonably narrow passage, called the Rotunda, the party went, past Little Bat Avenue—so named because of the numerous bats that make it their home—approaching the Ruins of Karnak. The marvelous columns were admired and left. By traversing another long avenue, Vanderbilt Hall was reached. Here a slab bearing the quotation, "From the lowest depths to the loftiest heights, there is always a path," has been erected. We paused here long enough to sing the Vanderbilt "Alma Mater." Next in interest was the Bacon Chamber, with rock formations similar in size and form to a side of

bacon, hanging from the ceiling. Then by the Dead Sea, over the Natural Bridge, past Shakespeare's Galleries, where hangs in rock formation the portrait of that noted English poet, and past Purgatory Slough we proceeded. Then came the famous ride on Echo River. The path was then retraced up into Pensacola Avenue, in which avenue are the famous Bottomless Pit, Fat and Tall Man's Misery, Grecian Bend, and Scotchman's Trap. The party came back to the Banquet Hall by way of the indescribable Cork Screw. We hailed the dining hall with a shout and a rush, for here the tables were bountifully heaped with fried chicken, bread, and the best of coffee.

About eight o'clock the parties, much refreshed, started on Route Two, which was much shorter than Route One. Down Broadway we went, bound for the Star Chamber, past the Methodist Church and Booth's Amphitheater, with a halt to listen to the water clock, and on again for a half mile, past the Giant's Coffin, then with another halt to see Martha Washington's Statue. At last we were ushered into Star Chamber. There all was dark, and in expectant wonder we watched the stars go up one by one and even the comet made its appearance. But we could not tarry long. We were up again and retracing our steps as far as the Methodist Church, then down Gothic Avenue to the Bridal Chamber, where many unknowingly doomed themselves to everlasting maidenhood by passing through its pillars. We sat in the old arm chair in which the Sweedish Nightingale had rested, and out to Lover's Leap we hurried. Then retracing our steps to Broadway, past the dining hall, we came to Olive's Bower, then back to Broadway and the entrance was reached. Route Two was finished, and we were weary. We hurried as best we could to the hotel, and the teachers say that they didn't have any trouble keeping the girls quiet that night.

Sunday came and a short devotional service was held in the parlor of the hotel at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon

Dr. Landrith led most of the girls in a cross country game of "Follow the Leader," visiting en route the place where Echo River runs into Green River, and, the girls say, there is the largest cockleburr patch in Kentucky. In the evening Dr. Landrith read a story to a group about the big old-fashioned fireplace.

At three next morning twenty-seven very, very brave girls rolled out in the cold and went 'possum hunting; however no 'possums were caught, but five squirrels were the trophies. At nine the last and third trip through the cave was started. This was the Violet City way. Down Broadway, over Route Two as far as Martha Washington's Statue we passed. Then came Main Cave, with its snow ceilings and its whale. After going through the dining hall again, through Rocky Pass and the Gorge, we came into Chief City. The largest hall in this city was named, with ceremony, "Ward-Belmont," and a monument of stones was erected. Dr. Landrith placed the capstone on as the girls sang the Ward-Belmont "Alma Mater." A short prayer for the prosperity and long life of the school, and a blessing upon all its present and future students, was uttered. Lines were formed again and Tripple's Trouble was passed without any Ward-Belmont trouble, on through Ultima Thule and then into Violet City. We passed the slippery, steep steps, and stood in silent admiration at the Grand Portal, then up the other side of the rocky valley and took seats on the side of the mountain of rock. On one hand were the famous chimes, the strip of bacon, and the tomato; on the other the "Possum up a 'Simmon Tree," baby elephants, the bottle of beer and very appropriately near were the three graces.

The trip back to the hotel was made in double quick time and the act of dressing was done even more swiftly. Nevertheless, most girls thought enough of themselves to take time for a hearty dinner. The little Mammoth Cave train for Glasgow Junction was taken at two-fifty, and direct

connection was made. The party reached home at nearly seven-thirty, tired, indeed, but feeling fully repaid for their efforts.

MR. WASHBURN'S TRIP.

An event in the Musical Department of the School was Mr. Washburn's trip to Memphis and Fayetteville, Arkansas. In each of these two places he gave recitals. His recital in Memphis was on Thursday afternoon, November 20, before the Nineteenth Century Club. He was assisted by Angelo Cortese, harpist, and Enoch Walton, accompanist. His program was made up of "Child Life" songs. On Saturday afternoon, November 22, Mr. Washburn gave a program of "Songs of Human Interest" at the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, opening their Artists' Course.

Mr. Washburn deserves congratulations on the fine press notices he received in both places. An advance notice in the *Memphis News-Scimitar* speaks of him as being "one of the best in the business," and "he is reputed to be one of America's greatest artists in his portrayals." Mr. Cortese said, "I do not hesitate to say that his songs will prove decidedly 'different,' and that they will at the same time be most interesting to young and old." A notice after the recital said, "Mr. Washburn is a musician who appears to be thorough, and his interpretation of the selections was sympathetic and intelligent. He seems at his best in singing character studies, and added to his list of friends and admirers by the recital. The presence of a number of children and young people and their enthusiastic reception of songs depicting and interpreting their own thoughts, ideas and ways was a lofty tribute to the artistry of Mr. Washburn." The Fayetteville daily printed the following: "Mr. Washburn is a greater artist because he is a philosopher, and a better philosopher because he is an artist. That he lives both his art and his philosophy, and in doing so is the equal and kindly brother of all, is the secret of his magnetic personality and the charm of his songs."



Our Hallowe'en Party

A party to-night,
Everybody is invited,
All in country costumes,
No wonder we're excited!

We'll wear bloomers and middies,
Sunbonnets and hats,
With "all-over" aprons,
And our hair in two plaits.

A real Hallowe'en dinner!
Cider and pumpkin pie,
Jack o' lanterns and black cats
In a bountiful supply.

In a grand parade
Drucillas fat, Marias thin,
March through Rec. Hall
With the "farmer" men.

Songs and reading
And old fashioned dances,
Ghosts flitting about
Like Hallowe'en fancies.

Nine o'clock,
The party is in the past,
The old adage is true,
The best is the last.

Ama Barker.

EDITORIALS

ETHEL GRIFFIN, Tennessee.....Editor-in-Chief
ADELINE CRAIG, Indiana.....Associate Editor
VIRGINIA McDEARMON, Missouri.....Business Manager
HELEN ARNOLD, Wisconsin.....Assistant Business Manager
MARY INMAN, Kentucky.....Treasurer

Reporters

ALICE WILSON.....Tennessee
GRACE LANDRITH.....Tennessee
LUCY BONNER COOPER.....Tennessee
HALLIE MAE SHELTON.....Mississippi
FAY SMITH.....Oklahoma

Are you going home on time Christmas, or are you going home before time? Everybody is more than usually interested in the answer to that question this year, because, since Dr. Landrith has delivered the ultimatum regarding the lengthening of the holiday, we know that the number who prove to be "quitters" will determine whether or not we have to start back to school on or before New Year's Day. If you go home early perhaps your parents will make you come back on time. Think of the New Year's dance you'll miss; think how much longer two days at the end of the holidays will seem than two at the beginning; think how awful it would be to go to school in New Year's week; think of those two glorious spring holidays that you won't have, and if you believe that six extra days added to fifteen at Christmas time are equivalent to two subtracted from three months of school days in April just ask some girl who went home early or came back late last year. She'll tell you how she had to prop her eyes open to study Latin while her

virtuous roommate caught up with her lost sleep. She can tell the agony of trying to work a problem while she kept one eye on her dearest friend, lying in the grass, catching up with her correspondence. If these appeals fail to move you, think of those of us who for various reasons are going home on time no matter when the holidays end, and have mercy on us. Anyway, if you feel that perhaps you haven't accomplished quite so much good as you might have in these three months, remember here's a chance to do a kindness to everybody in school.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Perhaps every one realizes that the thing which makes for or against the happiness and success of school life is the general spirit of the student body. Nothing gives one the feeling that she belongs to her school so much as an attitude of absolute loyalty, a habit of standing up for the things which she feels are right, whether they meet with her approval or not. School spirit cannot exist without class spirit, and that is perhaps where we are weakest. Because many of the girls are here for special work only and do not mean to graduate, it is impossible to classify them all in the regular classes. But from moanings over hard work it is evident that there are plenty of us who are taking the regular work, with a few additions, and those are the ones on whom rests the burden of promoting class spirit and thereby school spirit.

BLUE MONDAY'S RECITATIONS.

The final decision has been "handed down to us," therefore we must abide by it, and continue with a Saturday holiday. Even though many of us are opposed to this, we are going to make a greater effort toward systematic and efficient preparation of Monday's lessons. {The objection has been made that a lesson prepared on Friday night does not "stick" until Monday. In all probability that is true

enough, but if the lesson is well prepared on Friday, fifteen minutes review will bring it clearly to mind again. What is the matter with a review on Monday morning? There is no time for it? Then rise a half hour earlier. We could retire earlier and rise earlier, then we should be rid of Sunday study. If you have a better plan, let us hear from you.

The school extends sympathy to Miss Leftwich, whose eldest brother died in Kansas City during the past week.



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

CHAPEL TALKS AND LECTURES.

One of the most interesting speakers on our college platform during the last months was Mr. Will D. Upshaw, of Atlanta, well known as the "Georgia Cyclone," an evangelist. "Don't have the blues," was the message he left uppermost in our minds. Indeed, he looks as though he never had this distressing malady, for his very person radiates happiness and good cheer.

* * * *

A distinguished speaker in October was Mr. John C. Freund, the editor of "*The Musical America*." We were particularly interested in hearing him, because we had been told that he started the first distinctly musical journal ever published in America. We found that our interest was justified. He urged us to be loyal by supporting American musicians, because, he told us, they were in many cases superior to foreign teachers whom American girls are eager to patronize. He emphasized the fact that while the people of European countries are criticizing Americans because they are an unmusical nation, yet many European artists come to America for recognition, thus proving that whatever may have been America's musical standing in the past, it is now as high, if not higher, than that of some of the people who criticize us so severely.

* * * *

Miss Frances Smith, a Y. W. C. A. Secretary, who was the guest of our Y. W. C. A. for a few days, brought us news of the Association's work fresh from the field.

A few weeks ago Dr. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who is always a welcomed speaker, talked to us at chapel time on "Systematic Giving." His wise counsel was helpful because we are inclined to be spasmodic in our giving.

* * * *

"I Didn't Think," was the subject of a helpful chapel talk by Dr. Landrith, given to us the day before Thanksgiving. He has put the gist of the message in a little poem which he has kindly allowed us to print. It is as follows:

"I didn't think," aghast the maiden sadly cried;
But the hope her words had smitten fell and died.
"I didn't think," she moaned atoss on bed of pain;
But buoyant health she can never know again.
"I didn't think"; but a loving teacher's spirit's sore
From the crushing load for a thoughtless girl she bore.
"I didn't think," a remorseful wayward daughter sobbed;
But the mother of her pride and joy was, ruthless, robbed.
"I didn't think," she pleaded loud in self defense;
But in ruins lay another's name forever thence.
"I didn't think," with downcast face all wet with tears,
In vain regret she stumbled through the leaden years.

* * * *

"I didn't think"—as if that made right her heedless wrong!
Neglected, wounded friendship leaves its hurt so long,
And violated honor nerveless, helpless lies—
Our God alone can bid that again, "Arise."

* * * *

"I didn't think," the impulse-slaves of earth still sigh,
Too sad to live, denied the mercy yet to die.

* * * *

"I didn't think, I hastily spoke some cruel word,
A word that, evil-minded, others, gleeful, heard.
I didn't think, I merely shut my willing eyes,
Hence bleak and gray were evermore my sunny skies.
I didn't think, and in Memory's awful quenchless hell,
With accusing hordes of victims I am doomed to dwell,
Unless now I think—and pray—till God forgives,
And for His Son's sake His love and mercy gives.

"So from this day I promise Him to think and think,
 Lest once again in thought of ill or sin I'm on the brink
 For brain of man was made for use of mind and thought,
 And will of man is the noblest gift that Heaven has brought,
 For control of self, to bless mankind, to honor God,
 Henceforth I'll think and think, and raise no more a brutal rod,
 And speak no more the heedless word or do the deed
 That weakens mine or makes another's sore heart bleed;
 Or hush the thought, or pass on by the harder duty
 That is so needed for a marred old world's fading beauty.

* * * *

"I am resolved at the fount of God's free grace to drink
 Until in His name and strength I shall always think."

* * * *

Dr. Carolyn Geisel, with her beautiful message for girls, certainly deserves a place here. She was with us only four days, but when she went from us she left her message written on our hearts, and took with her the love of every Ward-Belmont girl. Dr. Geisel delivered an address on Founder's Day, representing Miss Hood and Miss Heron, the honored founders of Belmont College. Besides this address, Dr. Geisel, during the following days that she was with us, gave several lectures upon our body and how we should care for it. "It is the temple of our God," she said, "should we not treat it reverently?"

* * * *

We enjoyed recently a very delightful and informing lecture by Archdeacon Stuck, of Alaska, about his ascent of Mt. McKinley. His talk was illustrated by stereopticon views of his three months climb. We who heard him are ready to testify that he really got there, for we made the trip with him and saw our flag planted on the summit of Mt. McKinley.

* * * *

Dr. Dyer, of Vanderbilt University, is giving a series of lectures on "Sociology" at Ward-Belmont. His first was enjoyed Sunday afternoon, November 25. We are looking forward with much pleasure to his next one.

Every winter there is a musical course offered to the music lovers of Nashville, and recently one of these entertainments was given on our platform. Three sisters, the Misses Smith, delighted us with their talent, one a pianist, another a singer and the third a reader.

* * * *

One of the first of the "All Star" entertainments which we are enjoying this winter was a lecture on the song birds of America, by Mr. Henry Oldys, of Washington. Mr. Oldys has a wonderful talent for imitating the song of the birds. He made us love our little feathered friends all the more and we became anxious to know more about them.





Y. W. C. A.

One of the features of the beginning of school is a reception given by our Young Women's Christian Association to new students. This year this function was unusually attractive. The Y. W. C. A. officers received their guests at night on the north porch and lawn of the main building.

* * * *

Our Y. W. C. A. always sends delegates to the Asheville Conference, held each year in June at Black Mountain, N. C. Soon after the opening of school the Belmont delegates had one of our weekly meetings and each gave interesting reports of their ten days there. Miss Norris, a Faculty delegate, gave a talk.

* * * *

"A Membership Rally" was conducted recently and about two hundred were added to the Association's roll.

* * * *

On Sunday, November 23, two gentlemen representing the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke to the student body. They asked that our school be represented at the Kansas City Student Volunteer Convention, which is to be held November 31. Each college is allowed to send three students with one member of the Faculty. Arrangements are being made to send representatives from Ward-Belmont.

School of Expression

The School of Expression is in charge of Miss Pauline S. Townsend and her assistant, Miss Mary Cox. There are about a hundred pupils and even as early in the year as this, we have had the pleasure of seeing some of them in special casts of characters.

The first recital of the year was that of Miss Marion Rowland, when she presented "Sowing Seeds in Danny," by Nellie E. McClung. This was enjoyed by a large body of students in the Chapel on the afternoon of November 28, and Miss Rowland was certainly a success.

Another charming recital was that of Miss Ethel Griffin, who presented "Madame Butterfly," by John Luther Long. This was given in Recreational Hall on the night of November 7, 1913, and the pupils of the Expression Department were dressed as Japanese maidens. Mademoiselle Sansot sang a selection from the Opera of "Madame Butterfly," and all of the outside additions enhanced the enjoyment of the presentation of Miss Griffin.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day a number of the girls in the Expression Department took part in the presentation of two stories in pantomime—"A Thanksgiving Dream" and the "Courtship of Miles Standish." Because this is a rather unusual form of entertainment for us, we all enjoyed it very much. The Puritan atmosphere, which was supplied by the costumes of the girls who took part, was increased by the fact that most of the girls and many of the teachers who formed the audience wore Puritan caps and kerchiefs, following an old custom which has prevailed at Ward Seminary, and which will probably become a distinctive feature of Ward-Belmont Thanksgivings.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

We are very glad to welcome as head of the Musical Department Dr. Emil Winkler, who has been at Ward Seminary for the past ten years. We feel that the talent and ability of the combined musical forces of Ward and Belmont offer great opportunities for progress to the ambitious girls who have come here to study.

Mr. Washburn, whose admirable voice has charmed us so often in the past, is now head of the Vocal Department. He has charge of the chorus singing in chapel and has made the chapel singing interesting by giving us varied programs, and on several occasions the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Forrest and Madame Gragiani in beautiful solos.

Mr. Schmitz, the violin teacher, is having very good luck as director of the orchestra. The rehearsals every Monday night lead us to believe that we shall have some enjoyable recitals during the year.

On November 20 Mr. and Mrs. Schmitz entertained the students and Faculty with one of their delightful recitals. The excellent rhythm of the violin and the accompanying piano, and the harmony of the combined tones was very pleasing.

Mr. Henkel, who has been at Belmont for several years, is continuing to teach pipe organ and piano. He is an artist as well as an instructor, and his organ recitals once a week during the chapel hour are very much appreciated by the entire school.

Friday night, November 28, Miss Yocum and Miss Boyer, assisted by Mr. Henkel, gave a recital. Miss Boyer's voice is very clear and sweet, the high notes being easily and gracefully sung. Her selections were well suited to her

voice. We were also pleased with Miss Yocum's playing. She is a new teacher who has studied under Lestichsky, and we expectantly her appearance.

SCHOOL OF ART.

The school of Art is in full sway this year, under the direction of Miss Goodwin and her assistant, Miss Anna Blanton. The studio is overflowing with the easels and other articles used by the artistic workgirls, and it will be a relief to them to get into their workshops in the new building.

The pupils have been working from living models exclusively and that has caused much interest. The results are splendid, too. The walls of the studio are lined with many paintings and charcoal sketches done just this year.

Another branch of this school is the department of china painting. Many beautiful pieces have been done and as soon as Miss Goodwin has the use of her own kiln more work will be done.

HOME ECONOMICS.

Ninety students in Home Economics are making good things to eat—and eating them, too! But most of the girls are beyond the first year stage, which now devotes itself to the foundations; they are learning all about batters and breads. Second year girls have all sorts of interesting work begun which they will show us more of later in the year. Just now, besides all their lectures on home administration and nursing and cooking, they are actually making their own Christmas candies and plum pudding.

OUR NEW SWIMMING POOL.

The swimming pool is in a separate one-story building of brick, but is connected with the main building by a sky-lighted arcade. Adjoining the swimming pool are the large

dressing rooms and shower baths. The pool itself is twenty by fifty feet in size, and is finished throughout in white tile with marble hand rail. The steps leading to the water are all of solid brass. The flooring at the bottom of the pool slopes gently and thus varies the water from three to seven and a half feet in depth. This water is heated by steam pipes that are entirely out of reach of the bathers and is constantly filtered by special machinery. The water is pronounced clear and pure at all time. The pool is to be opened early in December.

LUCY BONNER COOPER, '14.



GLEANINGS

FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

To those who were granted the rare privilege of weeping over *Little Women* instead of really enjoying the lively music of the *Firefly* or the droll humor of *Maggie Pepper*, we extend our heartfelt sympathy. Cheer up, girls, the worst is yet to come; the *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* is again with us.

Only a favored few know why Flicher Dodd is so willing to deliver Mrs. Blanton's new electric in person. Oh, Romeo, your Juliet is too often absent from her sunny balcony.

Athletics at Ward-Belmont are not at present in a very flourishing condition, as the new gymnasium and pool have not yet been finished. You're considered lucky if you can scare up a mild game of tennis. But—on the subject of Ward-Belmont tennis I can only refer you to Dan Blakemore.

I suppose it's needless to say just how pleased we were with the result of the Thanksgiving game. Vanderbilt just "naturally romped all over Sewanee," and we of Ward-Belmont enjoyed it accordingly.

LUCY BONNER COOPER, '14.

Sorority and Club Notes

SIGMA IOTA CHI.

The Sigma Iota Chi's were unusually lucky this year in having thirteep of their old girls to return: Corine Smith, Mary Martin, Celeste Randolph, Besse Allen, Mattie Sue Avary, Martha Pound, Margaret Rickman, Evelyn Percy, Mary Evans, Elizabeth Frierson, Leona Roberts and Louise Craig; and we most cordially welcomed two transfers, Clare Duncan, from Stephens College, Columbia, Mo., and Besse Whitmarsh, from Linden-Wood College, St. Charles, Mo. We were so glad to have with us for rushing season three of our old girls, Pauline Atterbury, Charlotte Love and Trilby McGoodwin.

Rushing season, as usual, was filled with its many pleasant events. Sigma Iota Chi gave an automobile party one afternoon, which was followed by a reception at their new Chapter house. Teas and receptions filled the afternoons, which were enjoyed by all present, but in spite of the enthusiasm and excitement, the Greek world joyfully hailed the fateful "Spiking Day."

We are glad to welcome into our Sorority the following pledges: Vivian Willing, Margaret Willing, Louise Jones, Mary Julia Street, Lucile Ogleby, Vance Talbot, Lucy Hammond, Myrtle Love and Margaret Barker.

Elizabeth Frierson, Mary Evans and Lucy Hammond have enjoyed a week-end in Shelbyville, and Margaret Rickman and Evelyn Percy have spent a delightful week-end with Margaret Ransom in the city.

Celeste Randolph and Martha Pound have spent an enjoyable week-end with Avlyn Coleman.

Martha Pound has entertained a number of girls at her home in the city.

We are exceedingly lucky in having two most attractive honorary members this year: Avlyn Coleman and Byrdie Parks, of this city.

Miss Love visited her sister, Myrtle, a few days in November.

BETA SIGMA OMICON.

Because of the fact that so few of the old Betas came back this year, the six who were here, Elizabeth Eba, Valencia Knox, Lizzie Dee Bouldin, Katherine Davenport and Elizabeth McDonald had to work doubly hard during rushing season. They were most fortunate in having the assistance of Cavita Hughes and Jean Brown during that time. They entertained with several informal affairs, closing with a motor trip and a six o'clock dinner. The following are the names of the pledges: Anita Saunders, Louise Scheureman, Mary M. Hill, Virginia McDearmon, Missouri; Hope McKown, Frances Head, Kentucky; Helen Arnold, Wisconsin; Elise Beaven, Lucile Whiddon, Alabama; Arwin Scott, Louisiana; Cathryn Newsom, Arkansas; Virginia McCray, Mississippi; Frances Sawyer, Iowa; Hilda Quackenbush, Illinois; Harriet Overton, Catherine Timberlake, Ada Talbot, Tennessee.

PHI MU GAMMA NOTES.

Former Phi Mu Gammas who returned were: Gertrude Wilson and Emma Bracken, Illinois; Evelyn Hagerman and Elizabeth Perkins, Indiana; Alberta Wilson, Tennessee, and Elizabeth Skillman, Kentucky.

One affair during "rush" which everyone present enjoyed was an automobile ride around Nashville and the surrounding country, followed by a light supper at the house.

Margaret Creighton and Mackie Davis, who live in town,

were often at the house and we appreciate Mackie's hospitality in entertaining many of our girls.

On "spiking day" the bows of blue and black were pinned on Orlene Bass, Oklahoma; Anna Eliza and Bertha Preston, Kentucky; Margaret Chipperfield, Illinois; Harriet Hewitt and Cecilia Smith, Indiana, and Beatrice Ralph, Arkansas. Since then Maude Funk, California, and Ruth Pitts, Tennessee, have been welcomed into the Sorority.

Hallowe'en night Cecilia Smith entertained the Phi Mu Gammas very pleasantly.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson spent a few days with Alberta at the opening of school. Mrs. Hagerman spent the first two weeks with the Phi Mu Gammas and helped chaperone during "rush" week. Mrs. H. A. Crossland spent a delightful week-end with the girls and entertained at the Hermitage on her daughter's birthday.

Mrs. George Palmer, Mr. L. W. Preston and Mr. Jewell C. Preston, Hon. and Mrs. B. M. Chipperfield have also been welcome guests.

Mrs. L. W. Smith, from Birmingham, Ala., the aunt of Alberta Wilson, and Miss Edna Patterson, from Elkton, Tenn., have been visitors at the school this fall.

Lucie Porter Terry, a former Phi Mu Gamma, is spending a month with Mackie Davis.

We are glad to have Maude Funk in school again after her illness.

THETA KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

The following "old girls" returned to resume their work this year: Esther Burdett, Illinois; Mattie Bell, Tennessee; Madge and Nell Brantley, Alabama; Eula May Gillespie, Texas; Hallie Mae Shelton and Florence Townes, Mississippi. The pledges of the Sorority are: Florence Gnaedinger and Myrtle Hanke, Illinois; Margaret Millender, North Carolina; Mary Betty and Laurie Jennings,

Alabama; Susan Glenn, Ruth Trigg and Leonora Williamson, Tennessee; Georgie Mae List, Arkansas; Florence Anderson, Mississippi, and Marion Schloemer, Kentucky.

Ione Brown and Dorothy Hubbard, last year Thetas, were our welcome visitors this fall.

Mrs. J. K. Townes was with Florence for a week-end in October.

Mrs. Glenn has spent several week-ends with Susan.

On one occasion she drove through the country in her car. That Saturday many of the Thetas enjoyed a delightful drive with her.

The Thetas entertained their prospective pledges with a delightful "buffet luncheon" Thursday, October 2. Mrs. Ramsey, the charming hostess, of Heronholm, was also their guest on this occasion.

An automobile ride given by the Thetas was greatly enjoyed at the first of school.

The pledges returned the courtesy of the Thetas by entertaining for them the last Saturday in October.

Annie Laurie Marley, a former Theta, was married to James Dyer, October 4.

Mattie Dunlap, a former Theta, was married to Allan Brown, November 9.

Mattie Williamson will be married December 10 to Paul Brownlow.

The Thetas were honored by the captain of the Vanderbilt team, Enoch Brown, with a box at the Michigan game.

Mary Ross and Ione Brown visited the Thetas during Thanksgiving holidays.

THE COTILLON CLUB.

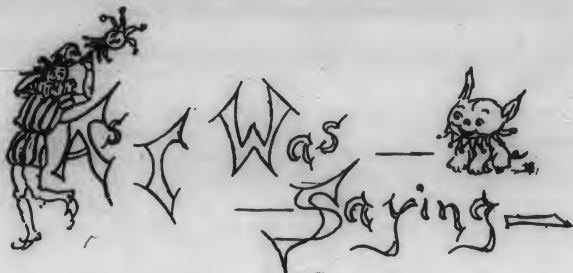
The Cotillion Club was reorganized the third week in October by the returned members of last year's club. The officers elected were: Dick Jones, President; Jim Gillaspie, Vice-President; Ike Percy, Secretary and Treasurer; Fred

Hatch, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer. The new members chosen were: Jack Betty, Lieutenant Bracken, Sam and Jack Graham, Bert Burdette, Lee McCray, Mac McDearmon, Don Smith and Josh Townes. We consider ourselves very fortunate in the selection of these particular girls as members and are sure that no one else could complete "The Fifteen" quite so well as they.

The first dance of the season was a Hallowe'en affair, given in Middlemarch on Saturday night, November 1. The hall was artistically decorated with pennants, pillows and jack-o'-lanterns, orange and black being the prevailing colors. The grand march was led by Dick Jones and Miss Katherine Blythe. Besides the members and their partners, Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Miss Anna Blanton, Dr. Landrith and Mrs. Rose, the following "gentlemen" were invited as stags: Messrs. Street, Baker, Martin, McLemore, Preston, Garanfio and Willingham. At a late hour a delicious menu was served and every one went away wishing that the Cotillion dances occurred more often.

THE HORSE-BACK CLUB.

Following the usual custom of Ward and Belmont, a Horse-Back Club was organized about October 1, with fifty charter members. The officers elected were: Zetta Jones, President; Ada Talbot, Vice-President, and Helen Arnold, Secretary. Since the organization of the club the members have taken advantage of every available opportunity to ride and are hoping that the weather will continue to be such that riding will not be impossible.



Are you bringing up your lessons,
Are you trying to be good?
Do you please the dear professor
As your parents think you should?
Are you having any trouble,
Do you stay out late at nights,
Do you ever wound your room-mate
In the deadly pillow fights?
Are you shining in your studies,
Are you always meek as lambs,
Don't you fear the final judgments
When you meet the final "Zams"?
Do you ever talk in chapel,
Do you always bow your head,
Do you ever punch your neighbor
When the morning prayers are said?
Do you always toe the chalk line,
Do you treat your "Prof" with scorn,
Do they have to use cold water
When they wake you in the morn?

* * * *

Miss Louis (seating the class alphabetically)—"Are there any E's in the room?"

Gloomy Student—"No ease here."

* * *

Miss McDuffie—"Translate '*meo amico est domus*.'"

Student, after hesitation—"My friend is a house."

Miss Dilla—"Classify poetry according to feet."

Miss K. Young—"One foot to the verse is monometer,
two feet is diameter."

* * * *

Miss Cason—"How was Caesar killed?"

Martha F.—"He was stabbed in the Senate."

* * * *

Miss Ross—"Miss Cotton, whom are you talking to?"

Miss Cotton—"To myself."

Miss Ross—"Well, don't talk so loud."

Miss Cotton—"O, I want to hear what I have to say!"

* * * *

Mary had a little lamb,
Lean, lank, and bony;
When Mary harder studies took,
She swapped it for a pony.

* * * *

Louise Craig—"Are you taking dancing?"

Bess W.—"Why, what dancing?"

Louise—"Oh, anesthetic."

* * * *

Miss Baer learned the other day from one of her brilliant pupils, in a test, that one of the important points in selecting a house is that the ground should not sink, and also that the cellar should be scrubbed twice a day.

* * * *

Myrtle Love was lazily walking along under "the canopy" one morning when she noticed a colored man working on the lawn. He rested a few moments and when he began his work again, Myrtle said, "Hm, I'd rather do that than go to school!"

* * * *

Miss Masson said, referring to the covered way which has been provided for our comfort in going to and from the main building, that the first thing she saw on returning from her vacation was a "centipede ambling up the walk."

"WHY THEY COME TO SCHOOL."

To chew gum—Rose Elaine Ball.
To learn something—Louise Benedict.
To borrow powder—Miss Fain.
To dance—Corinne Smith.
To giggle—Miss Harper.
To quarrel with my teachers—May Rose Weil.
To flirt on the way—Jeannette Sloan.

* * *

Miss Ross—"About whom did Chaucer write?"
Bright Student—"About all the hypocrites in England."
Miss Ross—"Hump! he had a big job!"

* * *

Miss Ross (peevish at the new system of reporting absentees)—"I don't care whether you're late or tardy, I'm going to mark you absent!"

* * * *

Perhaps you think our jokes are poor,
And should be on the shelf,
But if you know some better ones,
Hand in a few yourself.



EXCHANGES

The Exchange Editor to all other such Editors—Greetings: As we see others, may you help us to see ourselves.

We are convinced that this is going to be one of the largest and most interesting departments of the magazine. It may be if our exchange list grows in proportion to our number of students. We'd like to exchange with schools from all the twenty-nine states that we represent, lest some student may miss hearing about her special interest. We'd like to exchange with Junior Colleges to the rank of which our Ward-Belmont belongs. We wish to keep in touch with the High Schools, especially those from which we have lately come here. And we hope that the colleges will extend a friendly hand to this new venture of ours.

The path of the Exchange Editor will not be so rocky as some of the others. While the literary editors are sitting up nights to skim a story from the surface of their weary brains, and the joke editor grows haggard over trying to collect humorous stories, the exchange editor will be tearing to pieces and devouring the works of others. If perchance here and there comes a friendly knock at our failures, the editor will look in her desk for her own little hammer, and, like a good sport, give measure for measure.

We shall administer criticisms in doses, which may not be "tasty," for never was medicine chosen to be palatable, but only for the good it must do. Then we shall be the suffering patient as well and let you be the doctor. Please remember that too much criticism at one time, even though given in small doses, is not good for one. However, we

intend to be a most healthy patient, and escape taking as much medicine as we can, for we imagine we like it as little as you.

We recognize with especial pleasure the exchanges from the following schools, which are entered on our exchange list. We are very sorry that we cannot do more than this on account of not having received them in time for criticism: Oxford College, Wabash College, University of Missouri, Wallace High School, University of Alabama, Hamilton College, William Woods College, Florida State College for Women, and Bethel College.



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it look almost new. Why not try it?

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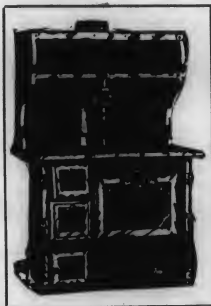
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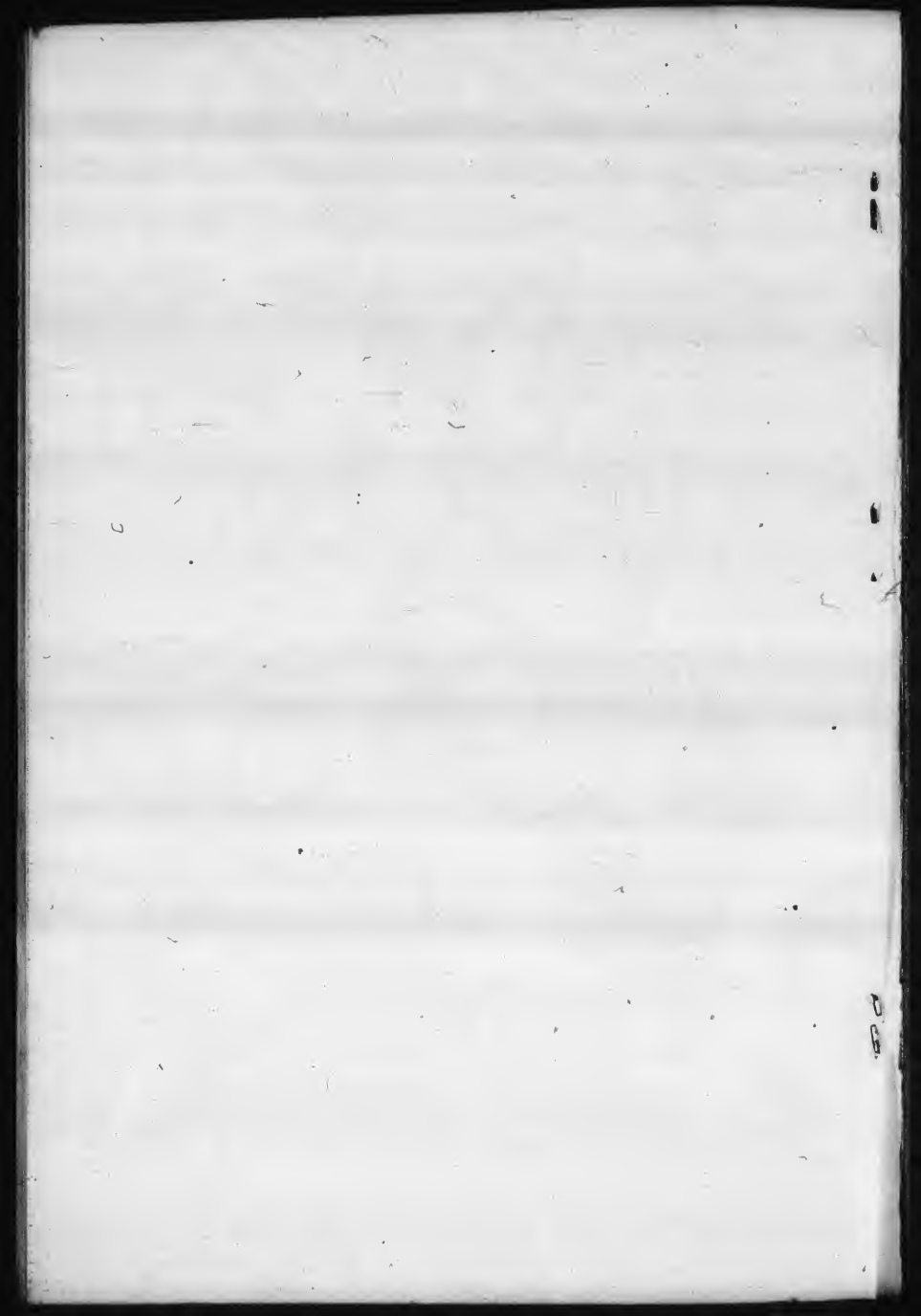
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If the thoughts of your mind are gentle,
And the words of your tongue are sweet,
If the deeds of your hands are kindly
And the look of your person neat,
Why men and women will love you,
And an angel will guide your feet,
And life will be full of beauty
And God will smile from His seat.
—From the "Blossomy Bough."

CONTRIBUTIONS

The Coming of Lady Mother



LITTLE GIRL'S brain was puzzled this morning as it had been more than once lately. Several times during the last few days Daddy Man had smoothed away those puckers from her forehead, and wondered why they were there; for surely Little Girl had nothing to bother her five-year-old head about, unless—and this was just why he did not question her—unless she still remembered and missed her dainty, girlish mother, who used to be her best chum and playmate. And this happened to be the very reason, for when she had almost succeeded in getting used to life without Lady Mother, she had found hidden away in her play box in her nursery, a story-book, worn and dog-eared, but with Little Red Riding Hood still beaming gleefully from the cover.

This brought back vaguely the evenings they used to spend; how Daddy Man and Lady Mother would sit together before the fireplace just at twilight; how she would come in to kiss them good-night and beg for "just one story;" how Lady Mother would take her in her lap and always begin the same story about Little Red Riding Hood; how she could never remember any further than where, "How large your eyes are, Grandma," for the Sand Man invariably caught her there.

These thoughts so occupied Little Girl, as she wandered across the lawn and down the street that, entirely forget-

ting the Brown Teddy Bear, her usual confidante; she slowly dragged him along by one leg. It was not until she stepped squarely upon him, making him emit a loud squeak of protest, that Little Girl noticed where she had strayed. She looked up to find herself in front of a big stone house—but who stood in front of it? Was it Boy? It couldn't be anybody else, for hadn't she watched him pass by her home every single evening, and didn't she always bob her curls and smile when he waved to her? She would have been delighted to be near him now, had it not been that at that moment her eager eyes were feasting upon the sight of a dainty lady all in white on the veranda, who looked so much like Lady Mother. The pretty lady put down her embroidery and asked:

"Are you lost, Little Girl?" But the newcomer, ignoring the question, unexpectedly ran up the steps and climbed into her lap.

"I 'most think I found my Lady Mother," she cried, excitedly.

"Who's that?" asked the Pretty Lady, surveying the little intruder. Boy, not to be outdone, settled himself on the arm of the chair, and watched Little Girl open-eyed.

"She—I haven't got her now. It was a long time ago when they took her off in a big box, an' I 'most forgot her till the ovver day. Then I find my story book 'at she used to read to me, an' I 'members, an' feel so lonesome wivout her." She leaned her weary, little head on the Pretty Lady's shoulder and gave a pathetic little sigh. Then she climbed slowly down.

"Favver'll be 'fraid 'bout me; I better go." But a bewildered look crossed her face.

"I—I b'leve I am lost. I'll try to find it, but"—with a sidelong glance at the Pretty Lady—"I—I wish somebody would take me." Little Girl started aimlessly down the walk, still dragging Teddy.

"I know the way," called Boy. Let me go wiv' you." Pretty Lady was smiling. Little Girl turned.

"You could go, but you better ask your favver first," she said, neither accepting nor rejecting his aid.

"Favver?" Boy rolled the word over his tongue, and, looking at the Pretty Lady, asked, "What's that?" The setting sun made Pretty Lady's eyes red and she answered hurriedly:

"He doesn't remember his father, for it was a long time ago that they took him away, as they did your Lady Mother. Come, I'll take you home, if Billie will lead the way." The three started off together, Boy and Little Girl running ahead with Teddy between them, the Pretty Lady following thoughtfully. Suddenly Little Girl called:

"Here we are, and there's my Daddy Man." She unceremoniously dropped Teddy and ran across the lawn to meet the Big Daddy Man. When she scrambled into his arms, tumbled his hair and covered his face with kisses, he cried:

"Where has my Little Girl been?" I was frightened; I thought you were lost." Then spying the Pretty Lady and Boy standing alone on the walk, the one hungrily watching a scene so near to him, while his whole little soul, filled with longing, seemed to stand in his big, brown eyes; the other contemplating it through half-closed eyelids, wondering if she, the well known artist, could do justice to this picture, he went graciously forward to where they stood. But when he had almost reached them, he opened his eyes their widest to accompany the half smothered, "Anne," that rose to his lips, while a becoming flush mounted the Pretty Lady's cheek. Little Girl did not understand, but she was glad when Daddy Man said he would walk back with Boy and Pretty Lady. He went in and left Boy and Little Girl to play. But Little Girl had not forgotten the Lady Mother, and once in the midst of an exciting "bear hunt" she stopped so still and looked so sober for a moment that Boy asked anxiously:

"Little Girl—say, Little Girl, you ain't mad wif' me, are you?"

When the Big Man went away and took Little Girl it had grown dark, and she and Boy had become the best of friends—so true that Boy had followed her to the steps and said:

"Come back an'—an' you can be the hunter and I'll be the big bear." She heard the Pretty Lady ask her Daddy Man to "Come again for old-times' sake," and although she did not have the least idea who "Old Times" was, she was happy.

When Daddy Man came in to kiss Little Girl good-night, she asked dreamily:

"Favver, did you used to know the Pretty Lady?" He smiled.

"Yes, but she wasn't the Pretty Lady then; she was Little Girl and I was Boy."

After that evening Boy did not have to beg for Little Girl to "Come over," for almost every evening the Big Man came, bringing her. At dark a white-capped maid came for her, and the Nurse Lady put Boy to bed; but the Big Man stayed until long after Boy went to dreamland.

A few weeks later Daddy Man asked:

"Beth, do you like for Daddy Man to take you to see Billy?"

"Yes, favver, don't you like to go?"

"Would you like for them to come here and stay for ever and ever?"

"And have the Pretty Lady for my Lady Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"O' course, I'd be glad." Then a little shadow flitted across her face. "But—then, why—you wouldn't be all mine any more, would you? You'd be some Pretty Lady's, too, and some Boy's."

"Yes, Beth, and if you don't want to give me up you

needn't. Then we'll have just each other." The hand that was on Little Girl's head trembled a little.

"Well," she said slowly, "I do want her to come. If you don't want her, all right; but don't you think I need a Lady Mother—specially to tell me stories?" Then she added hastily, "You can tell 'em all right, favver—only you can't talk jes' ezactly like the Little Girl in Little Red Riding Hood, like a Lady Mother could."

Then the Big Man squeezed Little Girl so hard that Teddy, who was, as usual, clasped tightly in her arms, gave a squeak of sheer delight."

—A. Fowlkes.





Imagination



O live in the world of imagination, to revel in unreal beauties, to excite one's emotions over impossible situations, may not be the sanest, easiest way of living, and surely is not if no other than the imaginative element enters into one's scheme of life. But I cannot conceive of a drearier thing than an existence passed without imagination. Perhaps it is better to be a little less sane and a little more willfully, joyful, a little less simple and a little more interestingly complex.

However, the form of imagination which seems to me to hold the greatest charm, is one which is not likely to destroy either the saneness or the simplicity of life, because it deals with wholesome things. It is that form of the imagination which places us on a country road or a crowded street, in a field or a wood, in a great cathedral or a tiny inn, where we meet, by some happy chance, and address without restraint, some great man or woman. It does not matter that we have never been conventionally introduced to these people. Imagination takes no account of the fact that they are dead, and that if they were living we should pass them by with no more than the lifting of our eyes to their faces.

Yet there is a reality about these things that is hard to understand. We may stand in the village of Domremy and hear from her own lips the wonderful untold details of the vision of Joan of Arc; we may walk through some fragrant

lane of Stratford and hear Shakespeare speak of Anne Hathaway; we may stand beneath the unseeing eyes of Milton and hear stories that no one else has heard; we may go as far back as we please, even to the Garden of Eden, for we speak a common tongue and there is much to learn.

But there is an equal pleasure in coming forward. We need to go only a few years back, and we may meet Stevenson, walking over the moors with his little note book. We do not hesitate to stop and inquire what new words have been written there; we are sure of a courteous answer. Or perhaps we are somewhere else—we do not know just where, because although we know it is Box Hill, we are not certain of its exact location—and when we come to a little house, Meredith, waiting at the door, greets us as though he had been looking forward to our coming. Entering we find Barrie there, and that seems odd to us, until suddenly we remember. Of course we know that he will always stay there now with that group of people who we used to think were only characters in books.

It is but a step from there to the Wayside Inn, or perhaps the House of the Seven Gables, where we may listen to new and wonderful tales. As we come away we may meet the Sage of Concord, who is willing and eager to talk to us. With his voice still in our ears we may find ourselves standing in the light of the rising sun among the pines, and listening to the voice of Sydney Lanier speaking in the music of his verses.

And then we find that we must leave them all; but that makes little difference to us, because we know that if we go back in ten, or twenty, or fifty years, they will still be there. We cannot doubt it.

—Ethel Griffin.



Where The Road Forked

FAR away a steeple clock chimed twelve, breaking with its solemn, musical notes the stillness of the night. Helen stirred restlessly in her bed, struggling with that worst enemy of sleep, a troubled mind. Over and over in her thoughts she reiterated the same questions: "Why should she have an invalid mother when other girls' mothers were well and strong? Why should she have to come home immediately after school every day while other girls were having a good time?" Helen loved her mother dearly; but it seemed so unfair that pleasure and happiness should be shut out of her life. But at last her troubled mind was stilled and she slept.

Helen was awakened by a light touch on her arm, and, opening her eyes, she saw before her a Lovely Young Girl, very beautiful and smiling.

"Get up and come with me," said the girl.

Somehow Helen never thought of disobeying her. She arose and dressed, and the Lovely Young Girl, taking her by the hand, led her quickly out of the house. Rapidly they walked through the quiet town. The sun was just coming up over the horizon, beaming brightly on the sleepy world.

"Where are you taking me?" Helen asked finally.

"I am taking you where every one wants to go, to the place many strive and seek for all their lives, but never find. I am taking you to the house of True Happiness."

Suddenly the road they were following branched off; one

road led through fields of bright flowers and sunshine, the other led into dark woods.

The Lovely Young Girl spoke to Helen. "I have led you this far on your journey. Now you must decide which you will take to the house of True Happiness." Then she disappeared.

Helen thought herself alone; but presently, down the road leading through the sunny fields, came numerous, scampering, brightly-clad figures. They ran up and surrounded Helen.

"Come with us," they cried gaily. "We are Many Friends. Come with us and be happy!"

"Yes, come with us," called another. "I am Popularity and I will take you to the house of True Happiness."

And others—Flattery, Ease, Friendship—surrounded Helen, laughing gleefully, and promising her lovely things if only she would go with them.

But suddenly from the dark woods stepped another figure, an old woman, poorly dressed, but with a face holy in its sweetness.

"Dear little girl," she begged softly, "do not listen to them, for they are not real and lasting friends and they will forsake you. Come with me. I am Mother Love. I will live for you; I would die for you." And she stretched out her arms toward Helen.

"Do not listen to that old witch!" The merry children laughed scornfully. "See her ragged clothes, her ugly face, the dark woods she lives in! True Happiness could never live there! Come with us, Pretty Maiden, come!"

"Yes," Helen called joyfully, "I will go with you. You will take me to True Happiness." And, laughing gleefully, she ran up the road with them. Mother Love turned sadly away into the woods.

But the road, after a little way, was not so beautiful as Helen had imagined; it became rough and rocky and after a while Youth and Beauty left her and with them went

Many Friends and Popularity, until at last she was left to stumble and fall alone. Deserted, ragged, and tired, Helen turned back to the forks in the road. She stretched out weary arms to the dark woods.

"O, Mother Love, I want you! Come, take me!"

And Mother Love came and gathered Helen up in her gentle arms and carried her through the wood. But the wood was not big and dark; it was quiet and beautiful. Mother Love carried her through safely and on the other side was a dear little house and flowers and sunshine. From the doorstep of the cottage a dainty figure came running to meet them.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked Helen gently.

Helen smiled up at her. "Yes," she said, "Mother Love has carried me to the home of True Happiness."

"Little daughter," called a sweet voice.

Helen opened her eyes and rubbed them sleepily. She was in her own room at home; the sunlight was streaming in at her window.

"A dream," she murmured. Then, "I am coming, mother, dear," she called happily.

—Elizabeth Louise Schureman.



A Surprise



OM sat there staring at the oddly-shaped little thing that lay on the table. He stared, but his mind was far away. His fingers played unconsciously over the lace of this odd, bright-colored thing.

"I wonder if Nan will like my sending her this. I reckon it has been mean of me not to have written since I've been up here. But—well, somehow, I just didn't think—and besides, her last letter sounded as if she didn't care whether she ever heard from me again or not. Oh! well, I'll send it anyway. Maybe this will make things right again."

Now, this bright colored, odd little thing was nothing more nor less than a—Valentine. Yes, this square bit of lacy paper with a scarlet heart on each side and a blessed little Cupid at the top, was going to be a silent messenger—a messenger to ask for the same old faith, for the same old comradeship. Would this old faith, this old comradeship be the same? Could it be the same?

Nan sat at home wondering, wondering. "Has Tom forgotten me entirely? I should love to hear from him, but I just can't, I simply won't, write him until he writes me! The idea of his not answering my last letter makes me just furious. I'm not one bit sorry I said those hateful things. I wish I had said about ten times more. Still, I should like to hear from him."

Just then a knock was heard. Nan started up with an absent, "Come in." The maid entered with a little box.

"Miss Nan, here's a little package. It jes' come and I knowed you'd be wonderin' about it."

Nan took the box without enthusiasm and looked at the address. Something in the handwriting made her heart beat a little faster; her breath come in little jerks. Nervously she tore off the wrapper and flung aside the lid. There before her eyes was the lacy bit of paper with its two scarlet hearts and their Cupid guardian, and at the very bottom ran:

"'Tis better to have loved a sister,
Than never to have had one to love."

Brother Tom.

—Fay Smith.

After Vacation

The day after vacation,
And back to the school
Kept coming sad faces,
Again to keep rules.

Their eyes looked so sleepy,
And also quite red,
From too many parties,
And tears they had shed.

Friends gathered together
To talk of their plight,
And of wonderful times
They had had Christmas night.

Unpacking began,
And you'd hear a girl moan:
O why, tell me why
Did I ever leave home?

And during the springtime
They'll have girlish fun
To think over later,
When they are at home.

And when spring is over,
They'll leave in high glee,
And say in Ward-Belmont
They'll not again be.

Three months at home,
And then time to pack,
And will you believe me?
They'll want to come back.
—Dorothea Smith.



Some Recent Fraternity Legislation and the Situation in Southern Colleges

(Part of a paper read at a meeting of the Nashville chapter of the Southern Association of College Women).



OLLOWING the wave of anti-fraternity agitation of 1912, it is interesting to note how the fraternities are meeting the situation. They have recognized its seriousness and evidently intend to "set their house in order" in some of the points about which they acknowledge the justice of criticism. When the National Pan-Hellenic Congress (composed of fifty-five leading fraternities and sororities) met last summer in Chicago, its members went over the field and laid their plans according to the reports made.

It is evident that in many respects fraternities are on trial. They are charged with snobbishness, extravagance, over emphasis of the social side of life, limitation of opportunities that come with a more general mixing in a democratic body. It does not help to solve the question that snobbishness is not confined to fraternities and some institutions where fraternities are denied are more rankly snobbish than others where chapter houses abound or that expense is on the increase everywhere or that fraternities themselves recognize the necessity of some faculty regulations of their social life and the value of Sophomore pledg-

ing to settle the evils of rushing. There remains still a strong anti-fraternity sentiment in the public mind.

The one undisputed point in favor of the fraternity seems to be the loyalty of the alumni. An increasing number of chapters emphasize college activities and attempt through alumni organization to share in some form of philanthropic work. Fraternity women who now number fifty thousand and plan to increase their chapter rolls, resent the inferences from the articles published in the *Century Magazine* as unjust. The loyal member feels the sting of a criticism like that of one college president who was quoted as saying:

"I always think of fraternity men in a circle hand in hand facing outward; but of women as turned the other way, worshiping at their own little shrine, with their backs to the winds of the world."

In Wooster College where fraternities have been discontinued, the matter seems financial. Mr. L. H. Severance had promised a million dollars to the college if secret societies were abolished. Led on by this hope, the college authorities saw the evils of the fraternity system in a new light and passed legislation abolishing it from Wooster. Instead of receiving the promised million, however, by Mr. Severance's death before he had confirmed his promise by will, the college found herself deprived at once of the loyal support of the fraternities and of the expected income.

At Barnard, the other institution to legislate against secret societies during 1913, an investigation of the whole matter was made by a committee of fifteen. The board accepted the minority report and the unfavorable legislation was the result. It would be interesting to know what the reports were.

The legislatures of various states have had numerous anti-fraternity bills for discussion. In South Carolina fraternities were banished from state institutions several years ago and that example was followed by the other colleges of the state. In Mississippi an anti-fraternity bill passed the

Legislature in 1912, but has since been declared unconstitutional. Since the Mississippi legislation four other states have taken up the question—Ohio, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Texas. In Ohio the bill was postponed, in Texas it was rejected in committee, in Wisconsin it was voted down by a majority of fifteen. Reports indicate that it is likely to come up again and in other states.

At Yale the sophomore class made a petition (which they kindly allowed freshmen to sign also) requesting the faculty to remove the exclusive privileges of Yale's famous senior societies—Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, and Wolf's Head. The faculty had already taken action to the extent of making Tap Day exercises private.

All these reports of legislation made or proposed came before the Pan-Hellenic for serious consideration. As a result the Congress decided to establish in Chicago a permanent information bureau to be known as the College Fraternity Bureau with the three-fold purpose to collect data about fraternities and fraternity legislation, to furnish these to local organizations, and to conduct a publicity campaign. In view of the fact that most of the newspaper articles have been sensational rather than a fair statement of facts, the publicity campaign idea met with great approval.

Perhaps the most significant action of the Congress was in adopting as a conclusion to a declaration of principles a resolution against High School fraternities (for whom literally nobody has a good word!) and expressing the hope that national fraternities and sororities would legislate against initiation of members who have belonged to High School fraternities.

As a conclusion to this paper, I have to present extracts from letters of presidents of Southern colleges for women, the schools in which we are especially interested. Miss Eleanor C. Lord, dean of Goncher College, writes: "... It seems to have been the policy of the college never to

recognize fraternities officially. . . . I think a good many of the faculty would be glad to see the 'frats' go, but concede that our students are fairly conscientious about minimizing the evils. . . . I do not desire to see the fraternities rooted out by violence, but I wish the girls might themselves see fit to pass a 'self-denying ordinance.'"

President William A. Webb writes: "The attitude of the faculty of Randolph-Macon Woman's College toward the fraternities is friendly. . . I am aware that the question is a very delicate one; but I believe that when the right spirit is shown both by faculty and students the fraternity may become a valuable asset in the community life of the college."

At Agnes Scott College three years ago a committee was appointed to investigate sororities. Rev. John I. Armstrong, now of Nashville, was chairman of this committee and made a most painstaking investigation. After his report the faculty unanimously decided not to admit sororities to Agnes Scott. Dr. F. H. Gaines, the president, writes: "That resolution of the faculty stands in force to-day." It does not seem likely to be altered.

Sophomore pledging has been made the rule at Sophie Newcomb and no student can be admitted until she has made a regular sophomore grade. President Brandt V. Dixon writes: "I believe I am right in saying that all things considered the fraternities' influence is for good in this college, and the relations existing between them and the authorities is wholesome, so I do not feel we would be justified in taking any steps against their continuance."

From the University of Texas comes a letter from Mrs. James B. Wharey which describes the "anti-frat" agitation leading to the bill introduced in the legislature and a thorough faculty investigation. As a result it was found that the scholarship average of fraternity students was lower than that of others. Sophomore pledging was made the rule and a scholarship standard required. Mrs. Wharey

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writes: "I should say that the university would like to keep the fraternities if they can be regulated. The faculty recognizes in them certain powers for good and would like to see these realized."

Miss Catherine A. Mulligan, dean of women at the University of Tennessee, writes in opposition to sororities: "They make it impossible to have any other organizations that amount to anything. Class officers are elected on sorority and fraternity basis and the rushing takes the student's time for the first term to the utter neglect of studies."

From the evidence in hand it would appear that the lot of fraternity councils is not an easy one. If they would justify themselves they must set their house in order to the extent of restraining the feeble imitations established in secondary schools, securing faculty regulation, and in general giving outward manifestation of those principles for which they were established.

—Penelope McDuffie, K A Θ



EDITORIALS

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Editor's Note: It was through an error for which the Editor was responsible, that the names of Misses Street, Blanton and Chapin were omitted from the staff in the first issue of *The Hyphen*.

The recent placing of the "silence ban" upon us for our daily chapel service has caused some of us to give serious thought to our discipline. A few of the girls seem dissatisfied with our "rules and regulations." They bewail the fact that we are "treated like infants." But have you ever thought—do we deserve better treatment? Requests are made of us in a kindly way, but many do not heed them. For an example: We were asked to use the walk from the delivery door of Founder's Hall, and still girls continue to "cut across" the new grass plot. If a girl can't follow this request, could she bear the responsibility of a greater trust?

A great per cent of us are supposed to be self-regulating. Some of us are High School graduates and have been used to assuming the responsibility of our conduct. There are some of the girls who do not assume any responsibility of their conduct, and as long as they continue in this way the

whole body of students must abide by the present conditions.

We are receiving our training now that will leave a great influence on our later life. If we can not get up and pass out of a hall now as dignified women without pushing and shoving at the doors, shall we ever be able to? We are nearly all of us women now, and if we can not take it upon ourselves to act like them, when shall we? There will not always be some one with a little bell and the authority of command to dismiss us by forms and tell us when to rise and when to sit.

Girls, this is a Junior College and we are students herein. Can anyone of you give a sensible reason why we should not live up to our name? Let us all make a mighty effort to prove to our faculty that we can be deserving of college discipline. They are anxious to shift this responsibility to our shoulders whenever we are self-regulating enough to assume it. Be women!

—A. C.

Weren't you surprised and pleased to see the "old" dining room looking clean and fresh as the "new" one? It is a pleasure to go in to a meal now where everything looks so white in the midst of Nashville's soot. But in our pleasure there is a flaw. Why can there not be cool fresh air in there when we go to our meals. It surely would be a good idea to open all of the windows and "air out" after each meal and again just before we enter.

Some of us remember how much we enjoyed having Sunday evening tea in our rooms last year. Everyone will agree that Sunday afternoon is the shortest afternoon in the whole week, and by bringing a paper-bag lunch from the dinner table we avoided going down, and this added what seemed to be a great deal of time. Perhaps if enough of the girls were sufficiently interested to agitate the question, we might be allowed to return to that custom.

Through *The Hyphen* the school extends heartiest welcome and friendship to Miss Clark, who has taken Miss Dilla's place as teacher of English, to Miss Gattinger, who is taking some of the German classes, and to Miss Nesbit, who is teaching Domestic Science in place of Miss Baer.

How many of your New Year's resolutions have you broken?

Congratulations to the new "Self-Regs."



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

CHAPEL NOTES.

Dr. R. L. Elwood, of Atlantic City, gave a brief but interesting talk in our chapel, December 11th. He is known as Atlantic City's Board Walk preacher.

* * *

Friday, December 12th, Mr. Henkel "preached" to us at the chapel hour. His recitals are beautiful and these musical sermons are both worshipful and helpful.

* * *

As a motto for the year, Dr. Landrith gave us this verse from the Bible, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." These holy words considered as a New Year's resolution seemed especially personal.

* * *

Wednesday, January 4th, we had on our platform two distinguished visitors, Mr. J. E. McCulloch, Secretary of the American Interchurch College, and Dr. Hastings Hart, connected with the Department of Philanthropy of the Russel Sage Foundation, of New York. Dr. Hart gave a very informing talk about philanthropic work for children, a work that is rapidly becoming one of national interest. He said that the South has been slow to do her part in this good work, but during recent years she is beginning to see her duty more plainly.

* * *

Sunday, December 7th, Mr. John Mills took us on a "Trip Around the World," a most interesting trip, without the fatigue of actual travel. He is especially interested in the oriental countries and has studied carefully the people and their customs.

Y. W. C. A. -

Saturday evening, December 9th, the Y. W. C. A. gave a unique Christmas Bazaar. The class rooms were decorated to represent different countries, and a "Trip Around the World" was offered to all for the appalling sum of ten cents. Of course we managed to get possession of some small change besides the admission fee, for the dainty candies and sandwiches, not to mention other attractive wares were too alluring to be passed by. The Y. W. C. A. made quite a bit of money from its bazaar.

* * *

As a New Year's gift to the Y. W. C. A., Ward-Belmont presented a new room, to be used for the weekly meetings and general religious gatherings in connection with the Y. W. C. A. work. We have already had two meetings in it, and we all agree that the new room is much more cozy and "homelike" than the large chapel.

* * *

January 7th, a real, live missionary, Miss Sallie Alexander, of Japan, spoke to us at the Wednesday evening meeting. She is home on a furlough. Her talk was very interesting and as we listened we were deeply impressed with the fact that here was one who had truly given her body "a living sacrifice," that she was in all sincerity an apostle of God.

* * *

January 14th we heard reports from our three delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention recently held in Kansas City. We are so glad we sent these representatives, for they got much out of it and in their fine reports gave us inspiration also.



The Student Volunteer Convention

On Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 31st, 1913, the Convention Hall of Kansas City, Missouri, became the center of the religious world, when it was introduced to the fourth quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement. Someone asked, "What was it like?" The answer was: "Like nothing else." No, not like the many political conventions which had been held in the hall where men shouted, sang, and gave vent to their joy, whether reasonable or unreasonable. But there was during the recent convention some mysterious force that maintained every vestige of emotion, yet subdued every active manifestation of it to a silence that made the very streams of light through the gallery windows seem noisy.

Dr. John R. Mott, founder of the Student Volunteer Movement, presided, and in his opening address, before about six thousand students, laymen, laywomen, and missionaries, he spoke at length on the purpose of the convention. Dr. Mott is referred to as the greatest missionary leader in the world, and one can readily understand why, after hearing him give his experience in the non-Christian lands in his address on "Asia, the Land of Opportunity," and later on "Intercession, the Primary Need." Another speaker of the convention was Dr. Robert E. Speer, who is credited as being the greatest missionary speaker; and he well defended his title in his addresses on "The Boundless Opportunity," "The Watchword of the Convention," and "The Messenger." Among other famous speakers, were

Dr. White, of New York; Rev. Forman Horton, of London, who came from England to attend the convention; Dr. J. Campbell White; Bishop Kinsalning, of Brazil, and others.

By Friday morning of the convention the enthusiasm of the delegates, when they were allowed to express it, was growing more and more intense. So great was it that there was a bustle and stir audible, when a young man who attracted more than the ordinary amount of attention, was introduced; yet the crowd soon settled into a remarkable quietude. This young man was G. Sherwood Eddy, who to-day holds a record in saving men's souls. Mr. Eddy, a rich young man attending Yale College, caught the vision and became a student volunteer missionary, paying his own expenses. His opening words were: "What a feeling of satisfaction one has when he knows he has saved a man's soul."

The address of William Jennings Bryan crowned Saturday. True to the request of Dr. Mott, moderator, not a handclap sounded from the vast crowd of student volunteers which faced the platform in solid rows of humanity, as the Secretary of State arose and said that he hoped the day would come when the United States would quit building battleships and use the money in such work as the Student Volunteers are doing. His words were: "I hope the time will come when the money that we now spend for battleships will go to bring young men of other countries here to learn our ideals and carry them back home. This, I believe, would give us greater assurance of peace than all the battleships we could build."

Of the most noted missionaries attending the convention one was Dr. Samuel M. Zweamer, of Cairo, Egypt. He is editor of the "Moslem World" in Cairo, and is the world's renowned authority of Mohammedanism. He presented to the volunteers in a very forceful manner the great need, and condition of the Mohammedan world in his address on "The

Mohammedan World," and "The Sacrifice in World's Evangelization."

The convention closed Sunday evening, Jan. 4th, with the effective words of Dr. Mott on Intercession. He made a plea for each delegate to keep the morning watch, thus keeping in communion with God, and knowing His will.

—*Sadie S. Hopkins.*



DEPARTMENTS

The Musical Department

The students of music are making rapid progress in this art, as was shown by the splendid recital given by a few of the members before the Christmas vacation. The varied range of compositions, each one admirably suited to the especial pupil rendering it, offered a program which was enjoyed by everyone.

* * *

At the suggestion of Dr. Blanton, those in authority at Ward-Belmont showed their generous spirit of Christmas by presenting to the members of faculty and the students Mr. Angelo Cortese, a harpist. It was a rare treat, as many of us had never heard a harp, especially as a solo instrument. His control was masterly. With superb technique he drew forth wonderful harmonies and melodies overflowing with the rich tones of the beautiful instrument.

Mr. Cortese was assisted by Mr. Washburn, who sang for us many delightful numbers. These were chosen from songs of the South and from those portraying the character of children, in which he excels. The whole concert was received with great applause, which showed in a measure our appreciation of what was fine, and our gratitude to those who had made the pleasure possible.

* * *

Monday evening, January 12th, the students assembled in the auditorium to hear the recital given by Mrs. Forrest and Miss Throne. Miss Throne was the first to appear and

she completely captivated her audience by the power with which she played the Beethoven Sonata. Throughout her entire performance she evinced wonderful technique and interpretation. Her tones were clear and pure, singing out their beauty to the listener.

As usual, Mrs. Forrest was greeted with smiles and applause, for she has been kind enough to sing for us at various times during the year. The beauty and the crystalline purity of her high soprano voice were as thoroughly enjoyed as ever. The program was closed by a delightful number, a duet by Mr. Washburn and Mrs. Forrest. Mr. Henkel who acted as accompanist is still a marvel to the ambitious musicians in school who wonder if there is anything he cannot play.

Art Department

The Art Department is now in the new studio which is the pride of every art student's heart. It is a long room extending across the third floor at the back of the Academic Building. The lighting of the room is splendid and the windows have shades arranged so as to afford the best light possible. There are also heavy green curtains stretched across the room in two places dividing it so as to accommodate the different departments.

Moulding has been begun since Christmas and excellent work is being done. Work in pottery has also been started since Christmas and as soon as the kiln is finished, glazed work will be taken up.

The girls that were beginners before the holidays have now reached the stage of oil painting. Living models are used and this adds much interest. Another interesting department is that of china painting. The pupils are so interested in their work that their teacher really has to make them stop. They have glass cases full of exquisite china,

a part of it painted by Miss Goodwin herself and the remainder by her pupils.

The etching is the delight of Miss Goodwin. Etchings are not drawings made with pen and ink or reproductions by photography; they are printed from a copper or zinc plate about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. This work has not been going on very long but is progressing rapidly and they expect to perfect it soon.

Miss Goodwin has a salesroom of her own now. She has the exact articles that the girls need for their work and they can buy supplies directly from her.

The results accomplished in the Art Department may be seen in the pictures decorating the walls and the cases of china which make the studio a pleasant and beautiful place.

Expression Department

On the evening of November 28th, Miss Margaret Rickman read for us four scenes from her own arrangement of "Diddie, Dumps, and Tot." The books was already familiar to many of us but we all felt a new and more personal interest in the three little Southern children and the three little negroes, in Mammy and Uncle Snake-bit Bob, and all the rest, as each of them stood before us, a living human being.

* * *

On the Monday evening before the Christmas holidays began, the little play called "Eager Heart" was given in the chapel. "Eager Heart" is a Christmas mystery play written by Miss A. M. Buckton, who is a member of the Eager Heart Society. This society is organized for the purpose of promoting the movement for universal peace and each year a special Christmas play is written and produced as a kind of offering. The play was given here according to the rules of the Society, as a Christmas offering,

and the music, the old-fashioned staging and the costumes, helped to create an atmosphere of beautiful solemnity that made the old Christmas story seem very real and sacred.

Home Economics

Miss Fraser reports a very successful half-year of work from all her Domestic Art classes. The second year girls are now well launched upon the sea of spring bonnets and say the sailing is great fun. The first year girls are now beginning the drafting of patterns.

* * *

Miss Reaney contemplates taking her Home Administration class to study stoves and cooking utensils at the different hardware stores, and her Home Nursing classes to the City Hospital and to the Vanderbilt Hospital. Miss Reaney holds the theory that no knowledge is knowledge unless practically applied.

* * *

Several slight, but necessary improvements have been made in the Domestic Science Laboratory, such as table tops and store room. The dining room is now being improved and the second year girls will start their lessons in serving very soon. Miss Fraser has been given the famous old gate-keeper's lodge of the Acklan mansion as her class room. Many modern improvements will soon be made. This will make her class room one of the most up-to-date of all the school.

* * *

All of Miss Baer's students regret very much losing her but they are greatly delighted to have Miss Nesbit. Miss Nesbit comes highly recommended, having been for the past seven years at the head of the Domestic Science Department in the University of Nebraska.

Sorority and Club Notes

SIGMA IOTA CHI NOTES.

Since "spiking day" we have welcomed into our sorority Aileen Fisher and Dorothy Whitlaw. We are glad to have with us Martha Hayes as a boarder, formerly a Sigma Iota Chi from Ward's.

Larissa Kittrell made us a short visit on her way to Fairmount, where she has been attending school.

Margaret Ransom will leave shortly to attend school in Washington.

Charlotte Love visited her sister, Myrtle, for a few days before Christmas.

We are sorry to know that Celeste Randolph and Lucy Hammond will not return to school this year.

We wish to tender to the new sorority our congratulations and a sincere welcome into Greek-letter life.

We have received announcement of the marriage of two former Sigma Iota Chi's, Florence Lee to Mr. Rodgers Hersergen, and Mary Harding to Mr. Hamlin Shaw.

THETA KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Theta Kappa Delta gave a beautiful Xmas. tree to twenty-three children from the poor districts of Nashville. The girls realized more than ever the joy of giving and agree that the afternoon was one of the most delightful of the school year.

Mrs. Gillespie, from Houston, Texas, was with her daughter, Eula Mae, during the holidays. Eula Mae attended various entertainments in the city during her visit.

Mrs. Glenn, from Clarksville, Tennessee, has been visiting her daughter, Susan.

January 2nd, Florence Townes gave a delightful dance at her home in Minter City, Mississippi, in honor of the Theta's of that State. Mary Dale Robertson, from Mariana, Ark., was also present.

Lenora Williamson visited Susan Glenn during the holidays.

The Theta's are delighted to welcome Georgie Mizell and Virginia Jones into the sorority.

Mrs. Betty, of Montgomery, was with Mary for a short while before Xmas.

We are very glad to know that a chapter of the Alpha Kappa Psi has been installed in Ward-Belmont. The Theta's extend to them their heartiest welcome and best wishes.

BETA SIGMA OMICRON.

On the 12th day of December the Beta's gave their Founder's Day banquet at the Hotel Hermitage. The long table down the center of the dining room was beautifully decorated with baskets of red and pink carnations. The chaperons were Mrs. J. B. Blanton, Mrs. Berry, and Mrs. Ben Hooper.

On the Saturday before the holidays we pledged Mattie Hunter, of Paris, Tenn.

We are expecting Cavita Hughes, Lee Edda Campbell, Cora Gregg, and Louise King to visit us in the near future.

GLEANINGS

FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

The gleanings from the outside world are meager, as most of us have been home for the holidays, and we have remembered in only a vague sort of way, that the Nashville people were perhaps enjoying themselves and were managing to exist without us during Christmas.

* * *

Please take into consideration that we've had only one Saturday in Nashville since we came back, and you'll agree with me that a Ward-Belmont girl hasn't seen much of the outside world lately. If we only had the chance, though, wouldn't we make things hum in old Nashville—oh, yes, in a perfectly nice way.

* * *

Saturday night most of the girls went to see "Everywoman" at the Vendome. They came back tired out, but with some new thoughts in their seemingly empty heads. This play made a deeper impression on the minds of the girls perhaps than anything else which has been seen in Nashville this winter. Although several of the girls were heard to express themselves as being "terribly upset," it is probably a healthy kind of agitation.

—L. B. C.

EXCHANGES

We appreciate very much the large number of exchanges we have received this month from the High Schools and Colleges. Many of them are unusually good, and every one possesses some especial interest. However, we have been able to criticize only a very small part of them.

In *The Wabash*, the piece called "The Log of a Steerage Steward," is something quite out of the ordinary. The story of the hardships of the youthful steward is exceedingly well written. The subject matter is different from others, which makes the story quite refreshing after the usual threadbare plots. "The Reformation of Jerry," is also an attractive short story, a story with quite an unexpected ending. "The Life of Thomas DeQuincey" is unusually interesting. There is an intimate touch about it, by which a clearer idea of the true character of DeQuincey is obtained, and which makes it different from biographies, so often only a collection of dry facts.

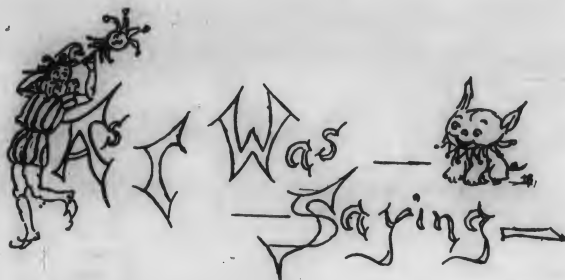
Athletics seems to be a big subject of interest. The games are well written up in detail and photographs of the individual "stars" are shown. This is made an interesting part of the magazine. The Joke Department is funny and pleasantly original. As in several other magazines that are full in every other respect, there is no Exchange Department. It would probably add a great deal to the magazine if this oversight were corrected.

The Aurora is interesting from the first little poem to the advertisements. The poetry is of good quality with an unusually easy flow of thought and words. Especial attention might well be called to the fiction. All the stories

are original, well-written, and best of all, realistic. "The Return" is well worth reading, as is also "Nature in Shelley's Poetry," though they are quite different. The first is a splendid story, in which the characters are well drawn and developed through their actions. "The Watch and Amelia Ann," "Candy—and Consequences," and a sketch in the Contributors' Club, called "Four Years Old," are very much on the same order. In these three real, normal children are the main characters, and the interests of the child mind are shown very clearly. An original piece was "Account One and Two." "Account One" was told by a Freshman; "Account Two" by a Sophomore, neither acknowledging defeat, but both claiming the victory. The criticisms in the Exchange Department seem to be fair and unprejudiced, besides being unusually interesting.

The Scrip radiates abundant school life and spirit. The student, faculty, and athletic notes are full, but there is quite a noticeable lack of fiction. The Literary Editor should get to work. The three stories in the last issue are very good, but all of them are short. "A High School Fantasy" shows originality of treatment, in spite of the hackneyed subject. Ability for writing light, realistic episodes is shown in "The Woman in Black." There are quite a few good discussions under the head of "Scriptorium," to which the students seem to have contributed freely, but there is nothing that can strictly be called editorial. Also, an Exchange Department is lacking. The jokes and cartoons are good and add a pleasing lightness to the magazine.

We have found the weekly papers from the Universities quite interesting and we are very glad indeed to exchange with so many of them.



A prospective student of Ward-Belmont: "Do they have suites there?"

Irene Lahm: "Oh, yes! Hershey's chocolate."

* * *

Ritha Evans: "Onions are supposed to make you beautiful."

Hilda Palmer: "Well, why didn't we bring some with us to eat before we go home again."

* * *

An interesting conversation about grand opera "stars" was developing into an argument over the pronunciation of "Geraldine Farrar's name. Almeda Jones stopped further argument by asking: "Why, who's she? Did she go her last year?"

* * *

H. P. rose "in the dawn," just after rising bell, and expressed herself thus: "H'm—oh—him, call number twenty. Stripes blue and brown. Nice place!"

* * *

"Who's the guy that put 'late' in Self-Regulating?!!"

* * *

Miss Sheppe to bright pupil: "What is division."

B. P.: "Division is that process of making one number visible by another number."

* * *

Miss Mason: "And where is china made?"

Gladys Hatch, suddenly grasping a bright thought:
"China."

* * *

Did some one say that Miss Earle is particularly fond of
red hair?

* * *

Placid Janie. Miss W. had fainted in her studio. An
excited student, ringing her hands, had rushed to Janie,
and was beseeching her to get the doctor and Mrs. Lester
as quickly as possible. Imagine her impatience when she
heard Janie say over the 'phone, with a drawl: "Mrs. Les-
ter, Miss W. has fainted in her studio and wants you to
come down—and, Mrs. Lester, the window shades have
come."

* * *

Miss McDuffie: "What is one of the rules of war?"

Miss Fox: "That it's death to stop a cannon ball."

* * *

Miss Ross (calling the roll): "Eskind—Miss Eskind?"

Miss Eskind: "Mam?"

Miss Ross: "Are you present?"

* * *

Miss McClure: "Miss Johnson, come to the front and
bring those peanuts."

Bess: "All right, but there aren't any left."

A FEW TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

I.

Do not spend too much time studying. Study is harmful
to beauty.

II.

The gentle art of conversation should be cultivated here.

We wish the girls to appear talkative at all times, especially in chapel.

III.

Do not eat at the table, but take as much from the table as you possibly can.

IV.

Never exert yourself except to eat.

V.

Young ladies are requested to slide down the banisters, as it saves time and the varnish on the stairs.

VI

Girls will please register on the walls. It prevents a useless waste of paper and affords a means of decoration to the bare walls.

VII.

Girls will please go to the infirmary at every possible chance. Your parents have paid infirmary fees and we wish you to have the benefit of every cent.

VIII.

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Charlotte Bronte's Love of Nature



AFTER having read Charlotte Bronte's novels, we are impressed by the number and variety of her descriptions. Again and again her pictures of the fields of grain, the waving heather, the quiet country roads, and the flowers that grow by the way, return to our minds. Through her books, therefore, as surely as by letters and records of her life, we see the proof of her passionate devotion to Nature.

Charlotte Bronte, the third of six unusual children, was born at Thornton, England, in April, 1816. Her father, Rev. Patrick Bronte, left his home in Ireland and came to England when only a lad. At the age of sixteen he opened a public school, which he maintained for several years. After this he became a private tutor, and in 1802 entered St. John's College, Cambridge. After graduation, Mr. Bronte married Miss Maria Bramwell, a refined, well-balanced Englishwoman.

When Charlotte was four years old, her father accepted the curacy of the little village of Haworth, among the Yorkshire hills. The rectory there, a large, cold gray stone house surrounded on three sides by a graveyard, was the home in which Charlotte spent the greater part of her life. Mrs. Bronte died soon after they moved to Haworth, leaving six lonely little children. During their mother's illness and after her death the children roamed about for hours at a time on the moors back of their house. Often they picked

little bunches of heather to take home, or stood and watched the beck as it flowed over its rocky bed. This solitary life was almost forced upon them, for their father was not fond of children and spent most of the day in his study. It was from their father, however, that the children inherited their second great interest in life—their passion for reading, and they spent many hours together in their “children’s study,” poring over books and papers and discussing what they read. A few years later Charlotte, with her two older sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, was sent to the Cowan’s Bridge School. This school was situated in a damp location, and was very poorly managed. The two older sisters contracted consumption there, and died within a year.

Before long an attempt was made to send Charlotte to another school, and this time she was sent to Miss Wooler’s, a school of seven or eight pupils, situated about sixteen miles from her home, amid beautiful surroundings, and built in a dry, sunny location. Miss Wooler was a kind and efficient teacher and Charlotte progressed rapidly under her instruction. While at Roe Head Charlotte spent many happy hours wandering over the meadows and surrounding hills, and listening to the stories told by Miss Wooler of the past and present history of the country.

After finishing at Miss Wooler’s, Charlotte tried the position of governess in several families, but the work was very unpleasant to her. She also went back to Miss Wooler’s as a teacher, but had to leave on account of her health.

While at home one Christmas the sisters conceived the plan of having a school of their own. They saw, however, the uselessness of such a project unless they themselves were better prepared to teach. After much discussion it was decided that Charlotte and Emily should go to France and study for a half year. Instead of the schools they had first thought of attending, they went to a school in Brussels, kept by M. and Madame Heger. In spite of their extreme loneliness, they intended to remain at Brussels until the sum-

mer vacation, but M. Heger persuaded them to stay even longer by offering Emily the position of assistant music teacher, and Charlotte that of instructor in English. The sisters were called home on account of the death of their aunt, who lived at the rectory. Later Charlotte returned to Brussels and taught a short time.

After Charlotte's return home she felt that she must find some definite work to do. She tried in vain to get even one private pupil. At last she decided that she would try to write. "The Professor," which Charlotte had written in her spare moments, was not the kind of work which would become popular, and no publisher would accept it. In the face of disappointment and heartache Charlotte began to write "Jane Eyre." This book was a great success, and was discussed all over England. "Shirley" and "Villette" followed "Jane Eyre." It was fortunate that she had this interest in her sadness and loneliness, for Branwell, Emily, and Anne all died within the next two years, and the rest of Charlotte's life was spent at home. She married Rev. A. B. Nicholls, her father's assistant, after she was thirty years of age. She died March 31, 1855.

During the latter part of her life Charlotte spent much time walking out on the moors back of the manse. Before Emily's death the two sisters walked together, planning their work and endeavoring to cheer each other by talking of the little wild flowers which grew at their feet, the deep purple heather, the stream which flowed by the old quarry, or the rugged hills which they loved so dearly. After the death of her sisters, Charlotte walked alone. All of her life Charlotte Bronte possessed a passionate love for nature.

Charlotte began to show her fondness for the out of doors world when a little child. She tells us that the time spent on the "purple-black" moors was the happiest portion of the day. There are passages in "Jane Eyre" which give us a fuller picture of her delight in the beautiful in Nature. In speaking of the spring when fever broke out in Lowood

School, she is really giving us a picture of the spring at the Cowan's Bridge School when many of the girls were stricken with typhoid. Charlotte was one of the few who escaped it. In describing this spring she writes:

"April advanced to May, a bright, serene May it was. Days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigor. Lowood shook loose its tresses; it became all green, all flowery; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life; woodland plants sprang up profusely in its recesses; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows, and it made a strange ground sunshine out of the wealth of its wild primrose plants. I have seen this pale gold gleam in overshadowed spots like scatterings of the sweetest luster. All this I enjoyed often and fully, free and unwatched and almost alone."

Again, in speaking of the same spring, she says:

"That bright May shone unclouded over the bold hills and beautiful woodlands out of doors. Its garden, too, glowed with flowers. Hollyhocks had sprung up tall as trees, lilies had opened, roses and tulips were in bloom; the borders of the little beds were gay with pink thrift and crimson double daisies; the sweetbriers gave out, morning and evening, their scent of spice and apples."

In describing a twilight hour she writes:

"The flowers smelled so sweet as the dew fell, it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow; the moon rose with such majesty in the grave east."

In one of her letters to Emily, written while a governess in the rich, Yorkshire family, Charlotte says:

"There is such a thing as seeing all beautiful about you—pleasant woods, white paths, green lawns, and blue, sunshiny sky—and not having a free moment or a free thought left to enjoy them."

Poor Charlotte, it seems that she had so little opportunity to enjoy the things which she loved! After her first visit to the sea she wrote the following sentences in a letter to her, dearest friend:

"Have you forgotten the sea by this time, E.? Is it grown dim in your mind? Or can you still see it, dark, blue, and green, and foam-white, and hear it roaring roughly when the wind is high, or rushing softly when it is calm?"

It is pleasant to imagine Charlotte walking in the garden at M. Heger's, just as Lucy Snowe did at Madame Beck's; or enjoying a walk such as Jane Eyre indulged in one winter evening when:

"The charm of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws, but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here, for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle browsed; and the little brown birds which stirred occasionally in the hedge looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop."

All of Miss Bronte's books are so full of beautiful descriptions that it is impossible to even mention all of the very best ones. In "Shirley" we get a beautiful picture of rural life in England, and see, through the eyes of Caroline Helstone, the quiet, country churchyard, the Hollow, with its wealth of wild flowers, and the deep forests with their mossy dells, said to have once been inhabited by Robin Hood and his men. Of these forests she gives us a wonderful description. In speaking of the walk Caroline and

Shirley took when they stood and looked at Nunnwood, Charlotte Bronte writes:

"They both halted on the green brow of the Common. They looked down on the deep valley robed in May raiment; on varied meads, some pearled with daisies and some golden with kingcups; today all this young verdure smiled clear in sunlight; transparent emerald and amber gleams played upon it. On Nunnwood—the sole remnant of antique British forest in a region whose lowlands were once all sylvan chase, as its highlands were breast-deep heather—slept the shadow of a cloud; the distant hills were dappled, the horizon was shaded and tinted like mother-of-pearl; silvery blues, soft purples, evanescent greens and roshades, all melting into fleeces of white cloud, pure as azury snow, allured the eye with a remote glimpse of heaven's foundations. The air blowing on the brow was fresh and sweet and bracing."

Again, in describing the wood to Shirley, Caroline says:

"It is like an encampment of forest sons of Anak. The trees are huge and old. When you stand at their roots, the summits seem in another region: the trunks remain still and firm as pillars, while the boughs sway to every breeze. In the deepest calm their leaves are never quite hushed, and in a high wind a flood rushes—a sea thunders above you."

"I know where we could get nuts in nutting time; I know where wild strawberries abound; I know certain lonely, quite untrodden glades, carpeted with strange mosses, some yellow as if gilded, some a sober gray, some gem green. I know groups of trees that ravish the eye with their perfect, picture-like effects: rude oak, delicate birch, glossy beech, clustered in contrast, and ash trees, stately as Saul, standing isolated, and superannuated wood-giants clad in bright shrouds of ivy."

All through "Villette" we see Lucy Snow's quiet devotion to nature. When the solitary English governess longed for

companionship she went to the garden and walked among the flowers, or sat in a bower at the end of an adjoining lane and watched the twilight fade into darkness.

These last three passages I have chosen from "Jane Eyre." The first is a description of sunset, the second of a summer morning, and the last of "Moor House" and its surroundings. She writes:

"It is now the sweetest hour of the twenty-four: 'Day its fervid fires has wasted,' and dew fell cool on panting plain and scorched summit. Where the sun had gone down in simple state—pure of the pomp of clouds—spread a solemn purple, burning with the light of red jewel and furnace flame at one point, on one hill peak, and extending high and wide, soft and still softer, over half heaven. The east had its own charm of fine deep blue, and its own modest gem, a rising and solitary star; soon it would boast the moon; but she was yet beneath the horizon."

Of the morning after Jane leaves Thornfield she writes the following:

"Long after the little birds had left their nests, long after bees had come in the sweet prime of day to gather the heath honey before the dew was dried—when the long morning shadows were curtailed, and the sun filled earth and sky—I got up, and I looked round me.

"What a still hot perfect day! What a golden desert this spreading moor! Everywhere sunshine. I wished I could live in it and on it. I saw a lizard run over the crag; I saw a bee busy among the sweet bilberries."

This last selection is valuable, because here Charlotte Bronte tells us of Jane's attachment to Moor House, a house very much like the parsonage at Haworth.

"They loved their sequestered house. I too, in the gray, small, antique structure—with its low roof, its latticed casements, its mouldering walls, its avenue of aged firs, all grown aslant under the stress of mountain winds; its garden, dark with yew and holly, and where no flowers

but of the hardiest species would grow—found a charm both potent and permanent. They clung to the purple moors behind and around their dwelling, to the hollow vale into which the pebbly bridle path leading from their gate descended, and which wound between fern-banks first, and then amongst a few of the wildest little pasture-fields that ever borrowed a wilderness of heath, or gave sustenance to a flock of gray moorland sheep, with their little mossy-faced lambs—they clung to this scene, I say, with a perfect enthusiasm of attachment. I could comprehend the feeling, and share both its strength and truth. I saw the fascination of the locality. I felt the consecration of its loneliness; my eye feasted on the outline of swell and sweep; on the wild coloring communicated to ridge and dell by moss, by heath-bell, by flower-sprinkled turf, by brilliant bracken, and mellow granite crag. These details were just to me what they were to them—so many pure and sweet sources of pleasure. The strong blast and the soft breeze, the rough and the halcyon day, the hours of sunrise and sunset, the moonlight and the clouded night, developed for me, in these regions, the same attraction as for them—wound round my faculties the same spell that entranced theirs.”

In looking back over Charlotte Bronte's life, we are touched by its loneliness and sorrow. If, however, her life had been a carefree, happy one, she would probably never have gained that depth of character and close fellowship with Nature which enabled her to write as she did. We cannot help being thankful that since she came through as refined gold, she was not spared the fire.

—Grace G. Lilly.



The Campus at Nightfall

Under the whispering trees bent low,
I sit and hear the campus call,
So faint and sweet the hush of all—
The trees and breath of flowers below.

Alone I watch the twinkling lights,
The guardians of our night, shine out;
The idle breezes drift about
And bring me fragrant, rare delights.

Day's little worries take their flight.
In dreamy stillness I can hear
Forgotten music, sweet and clear:
So rest I, cradled in the night.

—Penelope McDuffie.



The Little Girl Who Was Afraid of the Dark: A Bed-time Story



SOMETIMES my dear little Letty likes the darkness. That is, not deep in the night, but when the stars shine overhead and our hammock swings lazily under the dark cedars. If I say it is time to go in, it is never too late for a story—"just one more."

And because Letty is a very nice child and the stars do not shine in my room, I stay. We listen to the soft noises of the night until Sleepyland seems quite near, and then I begin a new bed-time story:

Once upon a time there lived another little girl named Letty. Like a child you may know about, Letty was afraid when night came—so much afraid that she sometimes forgot to pretend to be very brave and never let anybody suspect how frightened she was.

But Aunt Virginia knew all about it, because many times after the light had been turned out she had felt Letty's arms searching for her and a tiny voice calling: "Aunty! The Dark!"

That must be why, Letty thought, on dark summer evenings when father liked to stay out on the piazza, Aunt Virginia did not have her go upstairs with only Mammy Lil, but sat in the big rocker and held her close until father was ready to take her up to her room. Although Aunt

Virginia did all this and more in spite of Mammy Lil's grumbling, "Dat chile ain' gwine be fitten to live wid ef Miss Virginny keep on," Letty was happier in broad daylight or in the safe light of the sitting room lamp.

So when father asked one evening, "Why don't you go and get Christine? I saw her out in the hammock at the corner of the piazza"—poor little Letty, her eyes growing wide at the thought of Christine, the favorite in a large family of dolls, left alone to suffer the terrors of night, would only answer: "The Dark."

"But 'The Dark' is not going to hurt you, Babykins," said Aunt Virginia. "You shall see if it does."

Then frightened little Letty, her arms tightly clasped around Aunt Virginia's neck, was carried downstairs, through the dim hall, and out upon the broad dark piazza. The magnolia tree looked very big and black, and there was not even a baby moon to lighten the way, but Aunt Virginia went straight to the hammock and Christine.

"Well, well," said father, as his little girl reached the lamplight. "So 'The Dark' did not eat you? Let me see if you are safe." He tossed her high, smiling at her look of doubt.

She was remembering the afternoon she had gone upstairs on an errand for Aunt Virginia. Had she not seen it—"The Dark"—a figure waving dark robes that stretched before her and rustled on each side of her? When they found her after her scream, she kept crying: "Somebody—The Dark!" And all Aunt Virginia's soothing and all father's talk about shadows could not take away the memory of that day.

It was a long time after that when Letty played all one afternoon running races with Blink, the old collie. She would have liked to rest now with Christine in the hammock by her side for a quiet swing. But Christine, she remembered, was lying on the sofa upstairs. Letty thought of the long hall and the stairs and—and The Dark. Then

she patted Blink and sighed as if trying to make the best of things. To be sure, Blink was a good old fellow and Letty liked to run races with him or hide in the fence corners to have him find her, but Christine was different, you see.

Letty settled herself in the hammock and swung idly. Finally she lay so still that Aunt Virginia, who was passing through the piazza, stopped to kiss the half-closed eyes and say, "Look out for the sand-man, Letty!"

That is a baby story, of course, about the sand-man, but Letty was too sleepy to do more than smile, as if to say she knew much better than that. Pretty soon she felt the hammock swung by some one else and looked up to find standing there a tall white figure she had never seen before.

"Aren't you tired of swinging, little Letty?" asked a voice soft as the sound of the wind in the far-off pines. "You may come with me if you like."

It may have been that Letty was only half awake, or that she was so astonished she forgot she was sleepy; anyway, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, she took the hand offered her and asked: "Where are we going?"

"Oh, almost anywhere will be interesting," said the stranger smiling. "But I think we should go to the garden first."

Letty knew every corner of the old flower garden with its trellises of heavy-clustered wisteria, its pink and white oleanders, and its hundreds of roses and lilies, but she had never seen it so wonderful as now. At first it was only a soft rustle of wind, Letty thought, or it might have been the waving of the thin robes fluttering around the tall lady, but then a very strange thing happened. For the flowers which had drooped from the day's heat suddenly began to sway softly, bending far toward the ground or stretching themselves aloft. And filling the air all about them were millions of wee white figures.

But for their size it would have been a tumult of sound. As it was, Letty could hear only the faintest murmur, "O Queen of Rest!" but the white lady must have understood. She smiled and lifted her arms high, holding her hands toward the sky and then over the flowers about where she stood.

There was a flutter of white, and almost quicker than Letty's eyes could follow, the sprites were thronging at every flower. You may be sure that now Letty's eyes grew big with wonder as she watched a dozen tiny forms smoothing out a leaf the hot sun had wrinkled, another group busy at twining a branch of honeysuckle, and everywhere hundreds more hurrying along with tiny watering pots. Letty could stand still no longer. She ran to Aunt Virginia's rosebush and pulled a pink bud that had been half-opened and just that moment sprayed.

"Why, it looks like dew," she cried.

"Perhaps it is dew," said the Queen of Rest. "And I think Aunt Virginia would say you must not stay too long in the damp garden. Shall we go back now?"

"Oh, no!" cried Letty, and then added hastily, "that is, I mean, I should *like* to see more."

She could hardly help wishing out loud that she might see just how the roses were opened and find out all about the Queen of Rest. It did not seem a very appropriate name, she thought, and it was not half beautiful enough for the lovely lady who stood smiling in the soft light.

Still she did not like to be impolite, so she only said: "If we go back now, may we come again?"

"You may come every night, although I may not always come with you," answered the Queen of Rest. "I have many things to look after besides the garden, but I am always here when the sun goes away. If you did not have your night eyes open, you would call me 'The Dark,' and be afraid, but now you will know better."

"The Dark!" Letty opened her eyes wide.

There was nothing she could see but a patch of light from the hall door. She heard Blink's sniff as he turned on his mat and then a bird's sleepy chirp from the syringa.

At Letty's cry, as she sat up quite straight, a light step sounded on the piazza floor. Aunt Virginia was saying: "Don't be afraid, Babykins. I have been here all this time, and 'The Dark' shall not get you."

Letty spoke quickly: "I am not afraid of 'The Dark' now, Aunty. If you only have your night eyes open—" She did not go on, for Aunt Virginia was laughing and saying: "You are dreaming, Letty. Wake up now and let us go upstairs to father."

I do not know whether it was because Letty did not like to be laughed at or that she wished to share the secret with no one except Christine; at any rate, she kept it all to herself until she was an old, old lady and everybody had forgotten that she was once "THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK."

—P. McD.





Compensation

High up in the tip-top chamber
Sat two maidens lone and sad,
Looking out upon the campus,
For they had the mumps, and
They had 'em bad.

Two long weeks they sat and suffered,
Pitied by companions glad,
Unable to eat the good things sent them,
For they had the mumps, and
They had 'em bad.

Days passed on. They grew much better,
But were fed on soup till they both got mad;
But you see they couldn't eat anything else,
'Cause they had the mumps, and
They had 'em bad.

To "Peg O' My Heart" on Friday night
The others all flocked in uniforms clad.
But these two were left in their high-up room,
'Cause they had the mumps, and
They had 'em bad.

And on Saturday night in the dining hall
A masquerade ball was what they had;
But these two didn't even get any ice cream,
'Cause they had the mumps, and
They had 'em bad.

THE HYPHEN OF WARD-BELMONT

But Sunday night 'twas a different affair,
And into the chapel went maidens so sad,
While these two sat up and read novels in glee;
But they had the mumps, and
They had 'em bad.

—Dorothy E. Smith.





Old Kasaan



T the close of a beautiful afternoon in August, we were to land at Old Kasaan, a deserted Indian village not far from the southern boundary of Alaska. This village had been uninhabited for almost fifty years. A powerful tribe of natives had lived there, but a fatal epidemic had so reduced their numbers that finally the little remnant of this once flourishing race abandoned the site of their deadly calamity.

We went ashore in lifeboats and ascended the same sloping, rocky strand where the great, grotesquely painted, war canoes were drawn up half a century ago. The tide was low and the wet beach was strewn with shells, prickly little brown starfish and the tangled ribbons of yellow brown kelp. The water line was marked by whitened driftwood. Before us rose the houses of the village, five or six gray, weather-beaten, dilapidated buildings with two great totem poles at the doorway of each. A soft, dark background of cedars shut in the view.

We went up a few broken steps to the level of the street. On either side of these steps rose the largest totem poles in the village, two great carved shafts of wood fifty feet high. Of their former bright colors only the faintest trace of green was left discernible. Yet a certain majesty seemed to cling about these faded, gray columns that bore upon their curiously carved sides the mystical emblems of the religion of a race once happy and powerful.

Two smaller totems carved like the first flanked the doorway to the largest house in the village. It was a square building, with the warped boards dropping from the framework. In the center was the square, grass-grown hearth with a square opening in the roof just above it, and around the sides of the room there was a raised platform. The structure was supported on a framework of massive columns and beams which were smoothed and shaped by a slate adz. The columns were also carved and painted with the totems of the two great chiefs who evidently had occupied the lodge. On the raised platform there were two queer canopy beds, each somewhat resembling a box turned on its side. Forty or fifty people sometimes lived in these houses, sleeping on the platform and keeping their belongings there. Scattered about the house were bits of pottery, an iron kettle or two, trunks, and chests of native make with rounded corners and decorations of intricate designs, all just as the Indians had left them in their hurried departure.

Then we wandered down the street of the village. Everywhere a rank growth of weeds had sprung up, wild celery with its feathery green sprays, and the elderberry with its bright, red berry. There were many totem poles, some crazily aslant, others so old and decayed that the grasses and little wild flowers had taken root in the crevices. The other houses were built on the same plan as the first, and presented the same ruinous aspect.

Slowly we retraced our steps to the landing place, trying to imagine the quiet street filled with color and stir and life, and thinking of how Old Kasaan must have looked half a century ago when the place was thronged with ragged, dirty, happy children, snarling, fighting dogs and the busy women going back and forth; when just at this hour the strong, young fishermen of the tribe were drawing up their canoes on the long beach, and covering them with bright-hued blankets.

And all the while the two great totems at the landing place were looking out to sea, seeming in their bright colors to greet the home-coming tribesmen with a welcome at once benignant and mysteriously awesome. As we rowed out to the steamer, they looked on us, too, but in their gray, somber desolation they seemed to stand there wrapped in mournful dignity, waiting calmly, ceaselessly, for the return of the glory and power of a scattered, dying race.

—A. P.





Ward-Belmont's First April Fool



ABOUT a week before All-Fools' Day the Ward-Belmont students developed a mania for mass meetings. Every day at chapel Miss McClure made the following announcement: "All students are asked to come to the chapel at five this afternoon; no faculty members expected."

Impelled by curiosity, all the girls gathered at the appointed time. It seemed that there was a general desire for a holiday, notwithstanding the fact that we had had a long vacation at Christmas and a whole day Thanksgiving. By unanimous consent a committee was appointed to petition "the powers that be" for this holiday. A sufficient length of time was to be given for careful consideration of this request.

On the following Monday morning the President arose, amid breathless silence, to announce that we would—*not* have a holiday. Strange to say, not a murmur arose, but there was a tense silence which seemed to say, "What next?"

More mass meetings were in order. The air was charged with excitement and expectancy, which seemed to have affected the faculty, for Dr. Landrith calmly announced that any attempt on the part of the student body to take a holiday would be considered defiance of authority, and would be dealt with accordingly. Seniors and self-regulating girls were warned to weigh well this statement.

The height of excitement was reached when Dr. Landrith called a mass meeting of his own. Filled with curiosity, the girls thronged to Assembly Hall, wondering just how the trying situation was to be met. Since the President realized that April fool jokes were in order, he proposed to "go the girls one better" and give the greatest surprise of the year.

"We shall spend April the first in Lebanon as the guests of Castle Heights, leaving Nashville at 9:30 on a special train."

After the first gasp of surprise a burst of applause greeted the announcement; bedlam broke loose and girls literally fell into one another's arms.

At 4:30 next morning the rising bell *began* to ring. At 9:30, accompanied by about twenty members of the household and faculty, we arrived at the Union Station and found our train of seven coaches awaiting us. In what must have seemed to the onlookers an endless line, we filed into the train. Fifteen, thirty, forty-five, sixty minutes passed and still the train did not pull out, but no girl was willing to leave without the lunch. At last a heavily loaded truck, in charge of Riley, appeared. The lunch was quickly put aboard and we were off.

After a ride of an hour and a half we reached Lebanon. Then came what some of the girls termed a "ten-mile walk" before we turned in at the ivy-covered entrance to the Castle Heights campus. We were enthusiastically greeted by the students and cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Rice. The girls gave nine rahs for Castle Heights and joined in singing "We're Coming," the Ward-Belmont medley. The boys responded with their "Alma Mater" and fifteen rahs for Ward-Belmont.

The ubiquitous Mr. Wiles had accompanied us. The girls were told to form a semi-circle in front of the buildings; the boys were asked to "climb into the attic" and look pleasant in anticipation of the lunch to follow.

After the pictures were made, Dr. Landrith explained that a box lunch had been prepared and that the boys were to be our guests, provided each "picked out a good-looking girl" to accompany him to the "lunch wagon." This proposal was hailed with delight, for the girls were hungry from the long walk, and the boys—well, it's just possible they were hungry too. The company broke up into groups, secured their boxes, and scattered over the beautiful green campus to enjoy an abundant and delightful lunch. Butter-milk was graciously dispensed by Dr. Blanton, our distinguished Vice-President, to whom much of our pleasure for the day was due.

The girls were then shown the various buildings and over the grounds. The gracious hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Rice did much to increase our enjoyment of the occasion. All too swiftly the time passed and soon the gong sounded for our return.

The boys were allowed to accompany us to the train, so the way did not seem as long as it did in the morning. It is said that a road never seems so long again as it does when first we travel it—this may account for the seeming shortening of the way on our return. Slowly the girls boarded the train and, after a last hearty cheer from the boys, the journey back to Nashville was begun. As Dr. Landrith passed through the train the tired girls expressed their appreciation to him in various ways for his hearty entrance into their enjoyment and for the assurance that, deep down in his heart, our President likes to give his girls a good time when he can.

EDITORIALS

THE HYPHEN OF WARD-BELMONT
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NOTE.—The Editor wishes to thank Miss Marguerite Willing for her assistance in collecting and editing the sorority notes.

In the grinding pressure of school duties, many students feel that they fill their places in the life of the college if they give their time and effort merely to the preparation of the daily work. These girls hold themselves aloof from participation in the activities of the school, and so long as they do not find the restraint too heavy they are indifferent to the actual trend of the progress of their college. Because of a lack of wholesome school spirit, these girls live in the school without becoming factors in its life; and through this unthinking apathy they lose much of the value of their college experience.

Many girls would shake off this unconcern if they could gain a consciousness of the fact that college means far more than a monotonous round of work or a midnight feast or two. A broader conception of the value of college life would awaken in them a spirit of loyalty. They would become loyal enough to their school to take pride in the appearance of its campus and buildings; loyal enough to co-operate with the college authorities in their plans for its administration; loyal enough to be true to the spirit of its organizations, class, social and religious; loyal enough to stand firmly by the principles and ideals of the institution.

THIS "STYLISH" POSE.

Style has many fads and fashion has many "freaks," but the latest is this stylish pose and walk. It may have originated from the ancient Greek and Roman goddesses, and its purpose may be an awakening interest in all forms of gracefulness, but if Venus could only for an instant view her youthful imitators she would waste little time in wafting herself back to classic Olympus.

Gracefulness is supposed to be based on naturalness. But how could it ever be natural for any one to stand on one foot with the other lost somewhere in the distance, with the shoulders drooping and the chest sunken? This slovenly, unnatural pose is decidedly detrimental to health. It prevents good, deep breathing. If you really desire to appear graceful, carry yourself naturally. Hold your head up well, throw your shoulders back and hold your chest high.

At last it is possible to have chafing dish suppers without the exercise of undue precaution and vigilance. The kitchen opposite the Domestic Science laboratory has been equipped with all the utensils necessary for the prepara-

tion of a "spread." The little room back of the chapel, formerly used as a Y. W. C. A. committee room, has been furnished with table and chairs. Mrs. Carmichael is ready to provide the materials. Now any girl may make her favorite kind of candy, or serve a chafing dish supper with all its accompaniments. Many thanks are due those who have made this privilege possible.

"Is that the action of a 'Self-Regulating girl?'" How often this is said to us and how often it creeps unbidden into our minds. And then in answer to this thought we feel: "Well, I'd rather not be a 'Self-Reg,' for then I wouldn't always have it thrown up to me." This is the thought that comes to us, and perhaps it is natural. But if we could realize that it is best that we have some restraining influence around us, and respond to it, then it would cease to be an irksome restraint. There have been, in both Ward and Belmont, organizations similar to our Self Government Association, with the same high purpose. The spirit of our organization grows through practice. With the passing of the years it spreads and grows deeper like a great river. Let us establish a precedent which cannot be surpassed. Let us make it mean much now in our school, that we may be benefited and that we may have a spirit and influence which will be a vital part of the school life of Ward-Belmont.

—V. McC.

HONOR IN EXAMINATIONS.

It is very encouraging to note from time to time that there is a tendency in the schools of this country toward higher standards of honor in examinations. Illustrations are frequently occurring. One was the announcement from the University of Chicago that ten students had been ex-

pelled for alleged dishonesty in examinations. These students had been tried by the "Student Honor Court," a jury of their fellow-students.

Help us to make the last HYPHEN the best of the year, a magazine representative of the highest literary ability of the school. We need the active interest and co-operation of all the students.



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

CHAPEL TALKS.

The services in the new-old chapel are a joy. No desks frown up at us to remind us of the lessons we do not know, and no books mutely appeal for our overdue attention to their contents—nothing to distract us except the letters we have just gotten out of our “keyless” lock boxes; and this temptation, like the poor, we have with us always. Opera chairs, the grand organ, indeed, the whole environment, contribute to an atmosphere of reverence which no place, previously, has possessed.

* * * *

BIBLE CONFERENCE MESSAGE.

Ward-Belmont was not on the list of the meeting places for the Winona Extension Bible Conference held in Nashville February 22-29; but Ward-Belmont declines to be left out of anything as good as was this Conference. All but one of the leading world-famed speakers appeared on our chapel platform; and even Dr. Campbell Morgan, who was too busy to come to us, was heard at the Ryman Auditorium by our student body.

* * * *

Dan Crawford came first—original Dan Crawford, unspoiled by the artificiality of modern civilization, about him the very fragrance of the “high grass” in the heart of Africa. He not only told us many interesting stories about the natives of the Dark Continent, but also touched our hearts with a great longing to help them to know our Christ; and, thanking the wonderful missionary and philosopher for the privilege, we are going to help him and the

"White Angel," Mrs. Crawford, by building a "Ward-Belmont School" in the exact geographical center of Africa. Several days after he left Mr. Crawford sent back the following characteristic letter:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Feb. 25, 1914.

My dear Dr. Landrith:

Just one loyal wave of the hand in retrospect to my brave pals in Ward-Belmont, who did that glorious thing for Africa. I was drooping a bit that day and felt lonely, and like ocean ozone came the true tonic of your kindly deed. Around that school we will build in far Africa, the lion will roar and the golden crested crane will be calling, and all who did the deed in America in after years will know that in such a splendid way they rallied to the call of the needy.

My first lion skin I will present to Ward-Belmont, and when you see it under your feet, remember the weary warrior with the "White Angel." Loyally yours,

D. Crawford.

* * * *

One of many morals that his story suggests is that, with all our spending, we must save enough to pay promptly and in full our pledges to this fund.

* * * *

Our second chapel guest was Rev. Dr. F. N. Palmer, of Winona Lake, Indiana. His address on "The Stimulus of Bible Study," helped us to love better and desire to know more of this "most inspiring book ever written."

* * * *

Perhaps the most edifying of all the chapel talks of Bible Conference week was the one made by Dr. C. M. Cobern, the eminent archaeologist of Pennsylvania. He gave us a new vision of the Bible in the light of modern discoveries among the buried cities of "the Land of the Book," Egypt and the Holy Land. He confirmed our faith in the Bible and calmed our fears that modern science or any

other thing that is true might contradict the words of Holy Writ. Dr. Cobern's pick and shovel have wrought wonders for American Bible students, and we are all glad that he came to tell us what he uncovered on the earth's yonder-side.

* * * *

It is a far cry from Dr. Cobern's stories of unearthed papyri to Dr. George R. Stuart's tales of living people. "The very funniest man I ever heard," was the individual and collective verdict. But his merriment served to send home his message, never to weaken it. His touching final appeal that we live in readiness for the Master's summons set us a-thinking seriously enough about daily duty and the need for vigilant attention to conduct and character.

* * * *

The last visitor was S. D. Gordon, of New York, author of the many "Quiet Talks" books that have comforted thousands of troubled hearts.

* * * *

THE SHEPHERDESS.

President Landrith quoted in a recent chapel talk the following exquisite lines of Alice Meynell, who, in a straw vote conducted by a London newspaper, stood second in the contest for poet laureate. In that same contest Dr. Robert Bridges, who was given the post, stood tenth.

The comment of the President was on the duty of right thinking and right speaking, the theme of the poem. He emphasized especially the last stanza, concerning which he declared, "I believe it correctly describes nine-tenths of the girls who hear me today."

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;

She guards them from the steep;

She feeds them on the fragrant height,

And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
 Dark valleys safe and deep.
 Into that tender breast at night
 The chastest stars may peep.
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
 Tho' gay they run and leap.
 She is so circumspect and right;
 She has her soul to keep.
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.

* * * *

Dr. Fort, the new pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, visited us at chapel recently. He not only gave us a good message, but also extended to us a cordial invitation to worship at his church.

* * * *

Daniel A. Poling, formerly of Columbus, Ohio, but now of Boston, spoke at the chapel hour, March 18, on "The Grip That Holds." Mr. Poling is Associate President and Citizenship Superintendent of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and one of the most noted temperance orators in the United States. He and President Landrith have long been intimate friends and are associated in the "Flying Squadron of America."

* * * *

Mr. Warren H. Manning, a well-known landscape gardener of Boston, was a chapel guest Friday, March 27. As he talked we soon became convinced that the planning of an attractive garden is a careful and scientific matter, and that the process consists in more than sowing a few seeds in a haphazard way. Mr. Manning made us long for a little plat of ground to beautify.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Y. W. C. A.

On Wednesday, March 4, Mrs. J. E. McCulloch, of Nashville, gave a very interesting talk accompanied by stereopticon views. She spoke of the pitiable conditions existing today among the negroes in America, and asked why we were not as willing to help them as we are to help the negroes in foreign lands.

March 27, Miss Smith, the Student Secretary of the South Central Field, arrived for a stay of a few days with the Ward-Belmont girls.

* * * *

While Miss Smith was with us the election of officers for the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet of next year took place. The installation service was held in the Chapel Sunday night, March 29, and the following girls took their new offices: Dorothy Brokaw, President; Pauline Ewell, Vice-President; Mary Pierce, Secretary; Lois McManus, Treasurer; Mary Ross Lloyd, Finance Committee; Jennie White, Room Committee; Evelyn Percy, Social Committee; Ona Sims, Membership Committee; Julia Wooten, Music Committee; Virginia McClain, Bible Study Committee; Esther Lee Smith, Missionary Committee.

* * * *

Nearly every Saturday afternoon the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A. keeps "open house" for all of the members in the Y. W. C. A. room from four to six. Games are

played, refreshments are served and the girls are given an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other. Watch the bulletin board for the announcements of these social gatherings.

* * * *

The following have been appointed as faculty advisers for the new Y. W. C. A. Cabinet: Dr. Landrith, Miss Mason, Mrs. Rose, Miss Sheppe, Miss Williams, Miss Boyer, and Miss Ross.

* * * *

The new system of reminding the girls of the Y. W. C. A. Wednesday night services proved so successful the first time we tried it that we will hereafter hold our meetings in the chapel so that we can accommodate all the girls who wish to come.

LECTURES.

On the night of March 6 Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, of New York, read "The Piper," Josephine Preston Peabody's Stratford prize play. The material for the play is drawn from the same old legend on which Browning's poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is based. Mrs. Baker impersonated each character with a clear insight and a sympathy that impressed upon her audience a very vivid picture. We all became children again as we listened to the alluring charm of the piper's call.

* * * *

Monday, April 9, Senator Webb told us war tales. For more than an hour we listened to battle experiences so vividly described that we could almost smell the powder and hear the tramp of marching feet. This kind of history is most attractive and very real, because told by one who was on the scene.

DEPARTMENTS

Music Department

Miss Myrtle Elvyn, the accomplished pianiste, who has appeared before on our platform, pleased us all with her brilliant playing on Tuesday evening, March 3. Her control of the instrument was excellent and her technique wonderful. She was very gracious and at the close of her program gave as an encore the popular "Humoresque" of Dvorak, with exquisite interpretation.

One of the most artistic student recitals of the year was given Friday evening, March 6. All departments of the school were represented by the performers.

Another Faculty recital was given on the evening of March 10 by Mr. Arthur Henkel, our organist, and Mrs. Marguerite Palmiter Forrest. The great organ under Mr. Henkel's management is Ward-Belmont's pride. We are always glad when Friday noon comes with its half hour of inspiring organ music. Mrs. Forrest has appeared before this year in a recital of her own. On this particular occasion her voice was more beautiful and bird-like than ever.

March 12 we had a unique musical treat. A chorus of Welsh girls, the Royal Welsh Choir, made Ward-Belmont one of their stops in a tour of America.

An impromptu concert of the Vanderbilt Glee Club on the evening of March 23 gave us a pleasant surprise. They came to Ward-Belmont early in the evening accompanied by their director, our Miss Boyer, took dinner, and afterwards sang a group of college songs and Glee Club melo-

dies. A cordial reception was given them, and in appreciation of their entertainment we sang our own "Alma Mater."

The University of Tennessee Octette gave an enjoyable recital in the Auditorium on the afternoon of March 18. Their program included some good solos and well sung ensemble numbers, closing with Kipling's "Recessional."

On March 17th we had the honor of hearing one of America's greatest organists, J. Fred Wolle, of Bethlehem, Pa. He played with great masterfulness.

Recently another of our monthly students' recitals was given. These recitals are a credit to the musical department.

Home Economics Department

The girls in Miss Nesbit's second year cookery classes have completed successfully their work in serving breakfasts. They are to give luncheons and dinners during the last quarter.

Miss Fraser's classroom has been freshly papered and painted and provided with an ironing board and shelves for the new sewing boxes.

Miss Reaney recently gave an interesting demonstration at the Russell Street Presbyterian Church on "Food for the Invalid." Two trays were prepared and each was garnished so attractively as to tempt the appetite of any convalescent. Miss Reaney was assisted by two members of her class, Misses Hattie Hambright and Alice Burnham.

—F. S.

Expression Department

On Wednesday afternoon, February 25, Miss Townsend had a studio recital. The program consisted of "Short

Story Studies." Readings were given by Misses Armstrong, McManus, Sutton, Killebrew, Basinger and McLain.

Another recital was given Monday afternoon, March 2. A character study was read by each of the following students: Misses Petross, Griffin, Jane Douglas Crawford and Rowland.

In a third recital on Wednesday afternoon, March 18, a miscellaneous program was rendered. Those taking part were: Misses Cooper, Glenn, Rickman, Hatch, L. Craig, Marshall and Barker.

On the afternoon of March 5 Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker of New York, met the Expression students in the studio, and after a talk on the gift of expression and the course of study, gave two short readings. The first was one of Anderson's fairy tales, entitled, "The Swine Herder," though Mrs. Baker preferred to call it "The Magic Gifts." The second was one of Kipling's short poems, "The Song of the Camp Animals." This pictured a procession of the different beasts of burden, whose speed Mrs. Baker represented by effective changes of rhythm and movement. Those who heard her in the afternoon felt eager to enjoy her wonderful reading of "The Piper" that night.

Art Department

On March 18 an Arts and Crafts exhibit was held on the lower floor of the "Gatekeeper's Lodge." There were many specimens of beautiful work, such as desk sets in brass and copper, a nut set, a suede bag inlaid with German silver, bracelets, chains and necklaces. The work tables, benches and tools were also shown, tempting each girl to try her skill at this fascinating work in metals. No department in school is more interesting than that of Miss Gaut.

The pictures made for the Annual are so clever and attractive that they will be a prominent factor in making this first Ward-Belmont "Milestones" a better year-book than any ever before published by either Ward or Belmont.

Physical Training Department

After a long and weary time, Miss Morrison and Miss Frantz have completed the "gym" schedules, and woe unto those who miss classes twice, for it means that dread sentence: "Study hall for a month!" Honestly, girls, it is fine down there now. You can work on all kinds of nice things which will make you fat or thin, just as you like.

As for the swimming pool! Why, it's the most popular place in school. The Seniors have asked as one of their privileges that they be allowed to go in three times a week. Listen! You can have your suit in your locker now, and you don't even have to wring it out. Think of it! We are expecting to produce several Annette Kellermans before the year is out.

V. McD.

Through the kindness of Miss Frantz the Seniors enjoyed the use of the swimming pool on Friday night, April 10, for the first time. This is a privilege much enjoyed.



SOCIAL EVENTS

Miss Fraser entertained several of her Domestic Art pupils Tuesday afternoon, April 7.

Miss Frantz was hostess to Misses Craig, McManus, Avery, Eba and McLemore, from four to six, March 24.

Miss Mason gave a "feast" to the girls of first floor North Front, from nine-fifteen to nine-thirty April 3. All the girls had a most enjoyable time.

Miss Fraser entertained with "tea and talk" March 12. The following guests were present: Misses Howe, Hill, Hughes, Grinter, Horn and Holmes.

The dinner party given by the Ohio Club Friday, March 20, at the Hermitage Hotel, was an occasion affording great pleasure to the seventeen present. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Miss Clark, Miss Mason, Miss Fraser and Miss Boyer.

The Kansas-Nebraska Club enjoyed a delightful six-course dinner at the Hermitage Hotel, in honor of Kansas Day. Dinner was served in a private dining room, and covers were laid for twelve. The table decorations consisted of roses and ferns, the favors being pink tea roses. Miss Nesbit, of Nebraska, an honorary member of the club, chaperoned.

Mrs. Blanton proved herself a most gracious hostess the afternoon of March 24, when she entertained the girls of Faith and Founders' Halls. This was one of those delightful occasions when all the girls of one hall could enjoy an afternoon together. Miss Anna Blanton and her visitor, Miss Matilda Oniwake, assisted Mrs. Blanton in serving a dainty and delicious lunch.

Hon. B. M. Chipperfield, of Canton, Ill. who visited his daughter Margaret for several days, was host at a dinner party given at the Hermitage Hotel, Saturday evening, March 7. Misses Margaret Chipperfield, Orlene Bass, Margaret Barker, Emma Bracken, Gertrude Wilson, Marion Conley and Miss Mason were his guests.

The College Preparatory Class was charmingly entertained, from four to six, March 21, by Miss McDuffie and Miss Earle. The hostesses received in the gymnasium, which was attractively decorated with palms, carnations and hyacinths. Entertainment in the form of a unique tableau, representing various types of college girls, was enacted by Misses Bass, McDearmon, Betty, Hatch, Miller, Jones, and Overall. Miss Sullivan sang an appropriate song as each college was represented, Miss Ida Blanton accompanying her at the piano. A delightful ice course was served, little paper, college flags being presented as favors. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing.

Sorority and Club Notes

ALPHA KAPPA PSI.

For the last few weeks we have been busy pledging and are now glad to welcome the following girls into our sorority: Becky Bell, Mary Pierce, Gladys Wolfe, Addie Forman Young, Bernice McClean, Margaret Asher, Opal Woodley and Margaret Curry.

Mrs. W. L. McClean, of Lancaster, Mo., visited her daughter during the past month.

We are interested to have received the announcement of the engagement of one of our sisters, Miss Eleanor Wilson, to Mr. W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of Treasury of the United States.

Every Saturday night we have had "open house" to our friends. On the night of March 14 our guest list included the following faculty members: Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Prof. and Mrs. F. A. Henkel, Misses Townsend, Cason and Cox.

Mrs. Ruby Laffoon visited her daughter Laura for a few days last month.

Katherine and Annie Hays Rice spent a week-end at their home in Lebanon, Tenn.

Addie Young has been home for a short visit.

Ora Chattin spent a week-end at her home in Winchester, Tenn.

Bess Johnston spent a week-end with relatives in the city.

Vivian Johnson spent a week-end with friends in Springfield, Tenn.

Mrs. J. R. Wilson, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting her daughter Alice for a few weeks.

BETA SIGMA OMICON.

Lizzie Dee Bouldin spent a very pleasant week at her home in Scottsboro, Ala. She also spent the week-end with Sarah Shannon.

Elizabeth McDonald spent the week-end with Anita Williams.

Gladys Hatch spent a very enjoyable week-end with Jeanette Sloan.

Brita Benton, an old Beta, is in Nashville with Mrs. Kenneth Crittenden.

We are looking forward to a promised visit from Mrs. Hatch, of Kansas City.

Hilda Quackenbush left March 27 for a visit of several days at her home in Springfield, Ill.

Anita Saunders has gone as a delegate from St. Louis to Jacksonville, Fla., to the D. A. R. Conference. We are very sorry that she will not return to school this year.

Elise Beaven spent a week-end with Anne Beasley.

Hope McCowan spent a week-end with Townzella Jones, who is still at the Governor's mansion.

Virginia McDearmon spent one Saturday with Frances Sawyer and her uncle. Frances Sawyer's uncle, Mr. Francis Elliot, has been in Nashville and she has spent many pleasant week-ends with him.

Francis Head has returned from a week at her home in LaGrange, Ky.

Louise Schureman spent the week-end at Gallatin, Tenn.

Helen Arnold's mother has been at the Hermitage for several weeks. Mrs. Arnold and Helen have now gone to Jacksonville, Fla., for a week.

Elizabeth Eba spent the day at the Governor's mansion Tuesday, March 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hager announce the birth of a son, to whom they have given the name John Franklin Hager. Mrs. Hager was formerly Loula Tate Fall, a Beta.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Phi Mu Gamma is glad to welcome into its membership Rachel Rucker, of Memphis, Tenn.

Gertrude Wilson and Evelyn Hageman have enjoyed week-end visits at the home of Mary Wilson.

Margaret Chipperfield has spent several delightful week-ends with Harriett Overton.

Phi Mu Gamma has been very fortunate in receiving visits from the following old girls: Elizabeth Wade and Lucy Wilson, from Pulaski, Tenn.; Elsie Young, from Fredonia, Ky.; Cora Dee Eldridge, from Princeton, Ky.; and Margaret Rebman, from Holdenville, Okla.

Harfiette Hewitt has been home for several weeks on account of illness, but is expected to return soon.

We are glad to welcome into the Sorority Gladys Wiggins, of Homer, Ill.

Emma Bracken spent an enjoyable week-end at her home in Chicago.

Valera Hardesty spent a week at her home in Louisville, Ky.

Among the parents who have recently paid us delightful visits are: Mrs. Perkins, of Muncie, Ind.; Mrs. Palmer, of Sheridan, Ind.; and Mrs. Hageman, of Muncie, Ind.

We are glad to have Rachel Rucker with us again. She has been visiting at her home in Memphis, Tenn.

Ruth Pitts spent a week at her home in Fayetteville, Tenn.

We are anticipating with pleasure a visit from Helen Fair, our Grand Ruler, and Rose Heilman, the Chapter Inspector.

SIGMA IOTA CHI NOTES.

We are glad to have Martha Pound with us again after an absence of two months.

Mary Martin has returned to school.

Margaret Rickman spent a week-end at home, also a week-end in the city with Anne Beasley.

Mary Evans spent a week-end at home in Shelbyville.

We are sorry that Sarah Shannon is again a day pupil.

The Sigma Iota Chi banquet which was given at the Hermitage Hotel, on February 27, was an event of much pleasure. The sorority colors, purple and gold, were beautifully carried out in the decorations of violets and jonquills, which were arranged in large baskets on the table. At each place was a corsage bouquet of violets, the sorority flower. Besides the chapter members our guests from the city were: Edith Jones, Percy Warner, Sarah Shannon, Martha Hays, Ailyn Coleman and Byrdie Parks. Our chaperones were Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Steer, Miss Mason and Miss Ross.

We are glad to welcome into our chapter Mary Lucille Chandler.

Master Robert Craig spent a delightful week with his sister, Adeline Craig.

Mary Evans and Elizabeth Frierson spent Easter at home.

Marguerite and Vivian Willing spent a week-end in the city with Ailyn Coleman.

Mary Denmark spent a week-end with Martha Hays.

Corinne Smith and Margaret Rickman spent a week-end with Sarah Shannon.

We have received an invitation to the wedding of Agnes Vance to Allen Douglas Berry, the wedding to take place April 14. Both are from Nashville, and Miss Vance is a member of Grand Chapter of Sigma Iota Chi.

THETA KAPPA DELTA.

The Thetas are glad to welcome into the sorority Iley Nunn Cage, Mary Clark and Elizabeth Prince.

Mrs. Hanke and Miss Lillian Hanke visited Myrtle for a few days on their return from New Orleans.

Georgie Mae List visited in Jackson, Tennessee, for a week, the guest of Seassums McCoy.

Susan Glenn has been home for a few weeks, but we are glad to know that she will return soon.

We were sorry to lose Madge and Nell Brantley for a few weeks on account of the death of their grandfather, but are glad to have them with us again.

Georgie Mae List left the first of April for Little Rock, Arkansas, to be an attendant in the wedding of Miss Kathleen Barkman.

We are looking forward with great pleasure to the visits of Florence Townes, Rosamond Harris and Catherine Clark, Thetas of last year.

Mrs. Gnaedinger, of Chicago, spent a few days with Florence during the first of April.

Mary Dale Robertson left Friday night, April 10, to spend a week at home.

DELTA TAU SIGMA.

Since the last notes went in we have pledged Christine Hunt, Mary D. Houston, Frances Robinson, Henrietta Lindsey, Imogen Slayden and Frances Williamson.

Marion Leftwich has returned from Florida. She has been away a month and her sunburned cheeks give evidence of many pleasant hours spent on the water there.

The pledges entertained the old members at a luncheon on March 26.

Pauline Nathan, who during the winter months has been boarding at the school, has returned home and is now a day student.

Annie Mai Underwood spent the Easter week-end in Springfield, Tenn.

SIGMA PHI KAPPA.

The Sigma Phi Kappas gave a dance at the Centennial Club February 27.

A linen shower was given at Mary D. Allen's home, in honor of Cora Lee Waddle, who was married to Mr. Roy Shelton, March 31.

We are glad to welcome Francis Landstreet into the sorority.

The annual sorority luncheon was given at the Hotel Tulane April 11. We had for our guests Mrs. Schmitz and representatives of the other sororities of Ward-Belmont.

COTILLION CLUB.

The Ward-Belmont Cotillion Club gave the third dance of the year in Middlemarch, April 11. The room was decorated with pennants, banners, and flowers, and the many attractive little cozy corners were thrown into the shadow by the soft pink shades on the lights. Veto's orchestra furnished the music for the occasion. The grand march was led by "Ike" Percy and Miss Margaret Rickman, and many pretty figures were formed. Delicious punch was served during the evening. Those present were: "Ike" Percy and Miss Margaret Rickman, Tom Conway and Miss Mary Torrey Lear, Jack Graham and Miss Mattie Sue Avary, Sam Graham and Miss Frances Lusk, Austin McDonald and Miss Frances Head, Lee McCray and Miss Katherine Newsome, Lieut. Bracken and Miss Lizzie Dee Bouldin, Bob McLemore and Miss Mary Clark, Don Smith and Miss Martha Pound, Jack Betty and Miss Marguerite Willing, Mac McDearmon and Miss Vivian Willing. The stags were: Messrs. Dick Jones, Baker, Willingham, Asher, Stephens, Sturgis, Martin, Knox, Anderson, Thornton, Manney, Street, Cooper, and Fisher. The faculty members present were: Miss Norris, Miss Cason, Miss Lewis, Miss Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. Blanton and Dr. Landrith.

GLEANINGS

FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

What should be of great interest to the suffragettes of Ward-Belmont was the riot created at a co-ed game of basket ball the other day. The High School girls mobbed Referee Guy Denton after a close decision. There was no bloodshed. Vanderbilt was awarded the game after High School refused to continue. Just think of that—you girls who are always on the warpath for men's scalps; but try not to forget that after all the excitement the game was decided in Vanderbilt's favor.

The dancing of Pavlowa and her Russian company was too nearly perfect to be easily described. To say it was true art would be putting it mildly. We can only say that it was grace itself. Even the tedious intermissions could not dampen the ardor of the audience, which was never satisfied with one encore.

It was a rare treat after a month of grand opera and star-course singers to see John Drew at his best. Just a couple of little plays with John Drew to furnish the fun and even the most critical of us went away satisfied.

"Joseph and His Brethren" was perhaps the most spectacular play that has ever been produced at the Vendome. Pauline Frederick, who is said to be the most beautiful woman on the stage, starred in this splendid production.

Under the direction of Ward-Belmont College and DeLong Rice, Mr. Leahy presented Tetrazzini and assisting artists to the music lovers of Nashville. The Ryman Auditorium, with a seating capacity of seven thousand, was crowded. The audience showed its appreciation by heartily welcoming Rafael Diaz, tenor, Yves Nat, pianist, and Pietro Caso, flutist, as well as the world-famous prima donna. Tetrazzini was very gracious and especially pleased the audience with her many encores.

L. B. C.



EXCHANGES

The February issue of *The Journal* of Southwestern Presbyterian University is especially good. Most of the material is unusually interesting and no department is slighted. The first story, "The Sunset Bank," is told exceedingly well. "The Poor Plowman, Robbie Burns," is very well told. The notes on the various phases of school life are very complete and give a vivid idea of the activities in the school. The Exchange Department is good; but there seem to be no editorials. A lack of poetry is noticed.

The Chicora Almacén has in its last issue a very good collection of short stories. The story of the mountains is full of local color and gives a very true picture of the mountain people. Quite interesting is the story of colonial days, "The Mascot of Marion's Men." "The Strength That Failed," a continued story, is very good; the reader's interest is held successfully and he wonders if Elizabeth was "the most perfect actress" or "quite innocent, after all." The discussion of "Prometheus Unbound" is handled with clear insight. It is rather short, but on the whole well written. The short piece of poetry, "A Rainy Day," is the only piece in this issue, and as it is very good in thought and execution, we suggest further attempts at rhyming. There are also very few jokes and they are given an insignificant place in the magazine. The department called "The Mirror" is a very good idea, for it contains criticisms on *The Chicora Almacén* by other magazines, and each contributor is able to see himself as he is seen by the other schools.

The Stanford Sequoia has a splendid literary department, which seems to be the main feature. "Nanji" is some-

thing very original and especially worthy of notice. Another good article is called "The Confessions of a Timid Man." "Blurred Borders" is a peculiar story, but intensely interesting. The short stories in the "Sketch Book" are snappy and light, and add a great deal to the magazine. The poems read easily, with good meter and a lilting flow of words.

The Chattanooga University publication, *The University Echo*, which comes every other week, is an unusually breezy paper. It is of interest to every one and although it does not attempt to have an extensive literary department, its short pieces are very good. The last basketball and baseball scores and write ups, the locals, jokes and general news give evidence of live interest in reporting school activities.

Our exchanges have been placed in the library, and we should be glad to have all the girls read them. They are of interest not only because of the character of their contents, but because they form a link of comradeship between our school and others.





As I was Saying

Gladys Wiggins: "I wish they would change the color of the covers of these *Hyphens* with every edition so you could distinguish them."

Hilda Palmer: "But the school colors are blue and gold, Gladys."

Hortense Moore: "Yes, we get the blues and they get the gold!"

* * * *

Latin Teacher: "What English word is derived from 'celeritas'?"

Bright Freshman: "Celery."

* * * *

"The Senior was born for great things,
The Junior was born for small;
But no one has yet found the reason
Why the Freshman was born at all."

—Senior.

* * * *

Maybe the Senior was born for great things,
And the Junior was born for small;
But if you stop to consider,
The Freshman's the cause of them all.

—Freshman.

* * * *

Teacher: "When did the revival of learning begin?"
Pupil: "Just before exams."

Suffragette: "What is your opinion of women who imitate men?"

Mere Man: "They are idiots."

Suffragette: "Then the imitation is successful."—*Ex.*

* * * *

A fat, old professor

Sat down on a thorn.

A Greek saw his actions

And the tango was born.

A man trod a banana,

Which caused him to slip.

The girl who was watching

Invented the "dip."

Uncle Sam asked Huerta

To resign from his station.

The foreigner's actions

Are called "hesitation."

* * * *

Julia Wootten: "Who's going to assist Mr. Henkel in his recital?"

Bess J.: "I am. I'm going to turn his music for him."

* * * *

Elizabeth D. (studying Latin in Chapel): "What means cease firing?"

Frances S.: "Stop shooting!"

* * * *

Susan (at 8:30, hurriedly writing some "theory" scales): "E—f—g—h—i—j— —!!"

* * * *

Vance: "Say, Lenora, does Easter come on next Saturday?"

Where is her mind?

* * * *

Curious Student: "What is wine made of?"

Wise Student: "Dried apples!"

Miss Wright: "Let me see in your locket."

Miss Fain: "Oh, he's a lady."

* * * *

Miss McDuffie: "Where did the Philadelphia Congress meet?"

Miss Drisdale: "Baltimore."

* * * *

Eleventh Commandment: "Keep off the young grass."

* * * *

Mary Betty (joining in a discussion about Dan Crawford and his "Score one for John Bull!"): "Well, who is John Bull, anyway?"

* * * *

Gert. Wilson: "Someone has my book, Miss Lewis."

Miss Lewis: "I hope it does them more good than it did you."

* * * *

Miss Hatch: "Where did the Greeks come from?"

Lucile O.: "From Greece."

Miss Hatch: "Correct! Where did the Romans come from?"

Lucile, promptly: "Roumania."

* * * *

Teacher: "Willie, use disposition in a sentence, please."

Willie: "When youse wants to fight, youse stands in disposition."—*Ex.*

* * * *

Absence makes our marks grow rounder!

* * * *

The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we do not use.

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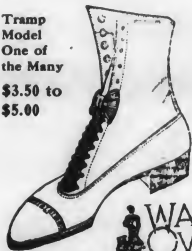
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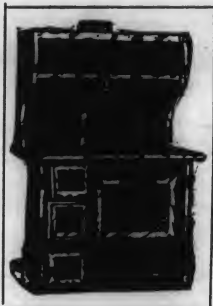
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Commencement Program

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

3 to 5:30 P.M.—Domestic Art and Crafts Building. Exhibition of the Department of Domestic Art (Direction of Sara T. Fraser) and of the Department of Arts and Crafts (Direction of Sara M. Gaut).

FRIDAY, MAY 15.

8:15 P.M.—Ward-Belmont Auditorium. Orchestral Concert, Fritz Schmitz, Director.

SUNDAY, MAY 17.

7 P.M.—Roof Garden, Y. W. C. A. Vesper Service.

TUESDAY, MAY 19.

4 to 6 P.M.—Ward-Belmont Park. A Pageant, "The American Indian in Lore, Legend, and History." Arranged and directed by Pauline Sherwood Townsend. (Small admission fee.)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20.

10 A.M. to 3 P.M.—Public Exhibit of the Laboratory and Work of the School of Domestic Science. Direction of Misses Nesbitt and Reaney.

THURSDAY, MAY 21.

8 to 11 P.M.—Art Studios, Art Reception. Lamira Goodwin, Director. (Admission by card.)

FRIDAY, MAY 22.

8:15 P.M.—Ward-Belmont Auditorium. "Sherwood," a play by Alfred Noyes, presented by the School of Expression.

SATURDAY, MAY 23.

4 to 6 P.M.—Ward-Belmont Park. "Park Day." (Admission by card.)

SUNDAY, MAY 24.

4 P.M.—Ward-Belmont Auditorium. Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Herbert L. Willett, University of Chicago.

MONDAY, MAY 25.

8:15 P.M.—Annual Concert; School of Music, Emil Winkler, Director.

TUESDAY, MAY 26.

8:15 P.M.—Ward-Belmont Parlors. Reception to the Alumnae Associations and to the Graduates of 1914.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27.

10:30 A.M.—Ward-Belmont Auditorium. Commencement Day, Delivery of Diplomas. Address by former Governor J. Frank Hanley, of Indiana.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Minna

NOTE.—In this story there is suggested a possible ending for the situation developed in "Within the Law."—EDITOR.



YOU will either tell me who committed the theft or take the punishment yourself," the man snarled at the girl, angered by her sullen indifference. "Some one will go to prison for this."

Into the girl's solemn, brooding eyes came a quick gleam of fear and hatred for the man who sat before her.

"But it isn't fair," she cried fiercely.

The man smiled sneeringly; at last he had awakened her. The girl's attitude in this affair had angered him. The theft in the big department store had taken place at her counter, and, while he believed she was innocent, he felt sure now that she knew who the guilty person was. For almost an hour she had stood before him, dull, impassive, indifferent to the angry threats of the man whose word was law in the big department store.

"I guess that puts a different light on matters." He laughed sarcastically. "Come now, all this loyalty in protecting a friend is very well in its place, but not here. You know who that girl is. All you have to do is to tell me her name and you go back to your usual place and nothing more will be said to you about it."

"But I can't. I just can't," the girl moaned. But he saw the strain was beginning to tell on her.

The man gave his best plea. "And, then, you know, your family might possibly be concerned," he said coolly.

He saw the girl start, and her face whitened even beyond its usual pallor.

"That makes a difference, it seems," he said. "But come," he went on, almost kindly, "none of that will be necessary. You know you cannot afford to spend several months in prison. Just give me the name and you go free."

The girl's face reflected the struggle going on in her mind.

"Her name," the man said softly.

"It—O, no, I can't tell you! It is so unfair, so cruel of you to make me do this. Don't you see—O, please, won't you understand—she is my friend! Don't you see why I can't?"

The man's kindness vanished; his face was hard and stern.

"You tell me her name," he said in cold, even tones, "or you go to prison for her. That is final."

The girl was shaking pathetically. Her hands went up to cover her ghastly face. The room was very still.

"Give me until to-morrow morning," she whispered at last. "I will tell you then."

"Very well," the man answered. "You may go." And as he heard her open the door, he called after her insolently, "And don't forget your family."

Her family! All through the long dark night, as the girl tossed miserably on her little hard bed, that thought was uppermost in her mind. What would her little family do without her wages? How could they exist while she passed months in prison for a crime of which she was innocent? Unconsciously her family had plead their cause that evening in every kind word, in every brave smile. She could not, must not, forsake her family. Surely her first duty was to them. But, if she told! Vividly she saw

what would follow; she saw the scorn of the other girls toward her; she saw the hundreds of tiresome days before her, when, without a friendly word or look, she would struggle on alone. She knew what they would say and wondered whether she could live through it all, even as she knew she would have to. Before her eyes came a slim, white-faced figure, whose big, pleading brown eyes held hers. "Don't tell them; O, Minna, don't tell on me!" "But you did wrong," Minna answered her sternly. But, even as she answered, there came rushing back to her a hundred little kindnesses, little acts of friendship, that meant so much to her sensitive heart. She saw how much that was good and pure there was in this young girl's heart—this girl, whose love of beautiful and costly things had overcome her. How easily and peacefully and gladly Minna would have offered herself a sacrifice on the altar of friendship! Without fear she would have faced the long, dark months of imprisonment. With what courage she would have fought the long struggle afterward! But, insistently, came that other voice in the darkness: "You are not your own to give. You belong to your family; you belong to them and you must help them. You could sacrifice yourself; you cannot sacrifice your family."

Throughout the long night Minna lay there, fighting alone her great struggle. At last, when the cold gray dawn came creeping into her dingy room, her mind was made up. Trembling, she slipped out of bed and knelt on the cold hard floor. Then she covered her face with her hands and prayed.

"Dear God," she whispered, "I believe I am doing right, and if I am, you will help me."

At eight o'clock that morning a young girl walked into the office of the head of the big department store. Her face was peaceful. Very quietly she said: "I have come to tell you her name."

—Elizabeth Louise Schureman.



Charlotte Bronte



HE parsonage of Haworth village stands with the little straggling village below it, the barren moors stretching away above. In the village lives a rugged, silent race, a keen, unimaginative, practical people, which hides its loves and cherishes its hatreds, a people which lives out life, its thought as well as its vision bounded by Haworth.

From the village one turns with relief to the moors. Lonely and barren they may be, but they are covered with the restful purple heather, and they afford a beautiful unbroken solitude. And to one whose imagination is fruitful, the moore need not be lonely. They may be peopled with a thousand fanciful beings in whose presence the wandering, restless heart finds peace.

It was to these moors that Charlotte Bronte turned, that she might in some measure escape the despairing loneliness of a motherless child. It was to these moors that she came as a woman to find comfort for the loneliness that she could not escape. And it was to these same moors that she turned when her heart had found a resting place and she lived in the peace of contentment.

This peace of contentment, however, was something which came to Charlotte Bronte only after years of struggle and doubt and suffering. As a child and as a woman she suffered intensely from the narrowness and the restraint to which she was subjected. There was always the feeling that the circumstances of her life were pressing in on

her and forcing her into a conventional routine. She gave expression to this feeling in a letter to a friend, saying:

"My life since I saw you has passed as monotonously and unbroken as ever; nothing but teach, teach, teach, from morning till night."

She spoke again in the same strain when she was filling the position of a governess. Referring to the life led by the people in whose home she taught, she uttered her protest.

"It is dreary work to look on and listen. I see more clearly than I have ever done before that a private governess has no existence."

After this experience in teaching, Charlotte Bronte decided finally that if she was to teach it must be in a school of her own, and with the end of establishing such a school in view she went to Brussels to study. The first year, when she had as a companion her beloved sister Emily, was spent happily and profitably, but the following year when she returned alone was a time of terrible depression and loneliness. Her letters to friends at this period were full of sadness. To Emily, whom she missed cruelly, she wrote:

"I get on here from day to day in a Robinson-Crusoe-like sort of way, very lonely, but that does not signify." But reading between the lines one knows that it does signify much to the hungry restless heart.

Later, at the beginning of vacation, her health broken, her heart quivering with homesickness, she wrote almost frantically:

"I know that I am to stay here during the five weeks that the holidays last and that I shall be much alone during that time and consequently get downcast. . . . It is the first time in my life that I have really dreaded the vacation. Alas! I can hardly write, I have such a dreary weight at my heart."

There was something beneath all this, however, that went

deeper than the most poignant homesickness. There was a general dissatisfaction with the seeming emptiness of her life; a clamoring for recognition and employment of her awakening and growing powers.

With her mind in such turmoil she felt that she could no longer retain her position as teacher in Madame Heger's school, and when the occasion presented itself Charlotte Bronte returned to her home, to the moors, where at least her vision might be free.

The disappointments and sorrows that came to her in the years that followed were many and bitter. First, came the realization of her brother's depravity, a realization none the less painful because it was gradual. As long as he lived Charlotte Bronte's spirit was in revolt against the necessity of enduring the shame and anguish of Branwell's sin; yet when he died she was broken down with grief because her only brother was gone. The deaths of Emily and Anne followed within the year, and at last Charlotte Bronte was left alone with her half-blind, broken father. Her heart demanded love, her very life, it seemed, depended upon the sympathy of those near to her, and now she felt herself to be utterly alone. It is small wonder that the old feeling of restlessness returned with renewed strength.

In the meantime Charlotte Bronte had been writing and publishing. The poems published by the three sisters had not been successful, but the three novels—"Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," which followed later—met with quick and gratifying appreciation.

Outwardly Charlotte Bronte's life changed much. She made several visits to London. She widened her narrow circle of friends and became known personally to some of the masters of literature. People sought to know her and probably would have lionized her had she not shrunk within her sensitive self at the thought of publicity. She could not change her nature. All her life her heart had been searching, searching for what she herself could hardly know.

Now that she had accomplished what to many people would have brought satisfaction and exultant happiness, it seems that she might have had peace. But she did not have it. Restless in mind and body and spirit, she had always been and she remained so. She seemed to be always reaching ahead for the thing she could not quite grasp. This intense restlessness, this aching dissatisfaction with life, was a quality so dominant in her character that it not only shaped the course of her own life, but it determined the character and lives of the women whom her mind created. Out of a clear understanding of what was best and finest in her own character, Charlotte Bronte has conceived Jane Eyre, strong, thoughtful, and womanly. From the depths of a morbid introspection she has forced herself to bring Lucy Snowe, shrinking, repressed, intensely powerful, and intensely pathetic. In Shirley Keeldar her imagination has followed its inclination and has created a woman such as Charlotte Bronte herself might have been had life been kind instead of harsh to her, a vital woman interested in the solution of every problem of life, broad in her views, tolerant in her sympathies, lovable, gracious, and happy.

Manifested differently in each of these three women is the expression of that same unrest found in Charlotte Bronte herself. Nothing is told of the childhood of Shirley Keeldar and practically nothing of Lucy Snowe's, but it is clear that the childish suffering of Jane Eyre is that of Charlotte Bronte, intensified, perhaps, but founded on bitter experience. In childhood the peculiar restlessness would naturally assume the form of suffering and loneliness, because it is in itself an element that a child cannot understand. Jane Eyre's fierce arraignment of Mrs. Reed, her passionate resentment toward the powers of Lowood school could hardly have been conceived by one who did not thoroughly understand the sufferings of a child.

The restlessness of mind and spirit which Charlotte Bronte experienced during her life as a teacher and student

at Brussels finds its parallel in the life of each one of the three. When Miss Temple leaves Lowood, Jane Eyre awakens to the realization that her life is dull, that she is not finding the outlet of her power. It is then for the first time, perhaps, that she really understands that she is not happy. Referring to Miss Temple's going, Jane Eyre says:

"It was not the power to be tranquil which had failed me, but the reason for tranquility was no more. . . . Now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes, of fears, of sensations and excitements awaited those who had the courage to seek real knowledge of life. . . . I traced the white road. . . . How I longed to follow it further!"

And that was the cry of Charlotte Brontë's own heart. She longed to seek further, and, knowing that she had not the courage to do it for herself, she tried to do it through her books.

After Jane Eyre has come to Thornfield and before she has felt the calming, sympathetic influence of Mr. Rochester, her heart utters again its cry for freedom, and this time it arises not from unhappiness or active discontent, but rather from a quickened spirit.

"I climbed the three staircases, and having reached the leads, looked out over sequestered field and hill and along dim skyline, and I longed for a power of vision which might overpass that limit. . . . I desired more of practical experience than I possessed. . . . It is vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquility; they must have action, and they will make it if they cannot find it. . . . Women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties."

As Charlotte Brontë, after she became the wife of Mr. Nicholls, overcame much of her spirit of restlessness, so Jane Eyre in a greater degree finds the solution to the question she is eternally asking in her love for Rochester. It is only when something greater than this love influences

her that she is impelled to leave Thornfield and go searching for that which belongs to her. But the year that she passes away from Rochester is not happy, because she is questioning again, seeking to know the reason for every circumstance which is forcing her into a position distasteful to her, and it is not until she returns to Rochester that she finds the true resting place of her heart.

In the character of Lucy Snowe the restlessness of spirit is a pitifully different thing. She lives in an attitude of antagonism, her mind is morbid and her vision is warped. She desires a widened mind and an opened heart, but she will not allow herself to reach out and take them. She says almost as Jane Eyre might have said:

"I did long achingly . . . for something to fetch me out of my present existence and lead me upwards and onwards." But quickly repressing herself, she adds with a sort of forlorn determination: "This longing and all of a similar kind it was necessary to knock on the head." She does not wish to allow herself even to hope, and therefore because she is human there is always a struggle.

Thus rebelling and suffering in silence, Lucy Snowe is left, when the long vacation comes, in Madame Beck's school, practically alone as Charlotte Bronte was left, the helpless prey of a gloomy introspection. She uses almost the words that Charlotte Bronte had used in a letter:

"My heart almost died within me; miserable longings strained its chords. . . . Looking forward at the commencement of those eight weeks I hardly knew how I was to live to the end. . . . Even to look forward was not hope. . . . The hopes which are dear to youth. . . . I knew not and *dared* not know. If they knocked at my heart, sometimes an inhospitable bar to admission must be inwardly drawn."

But Lucy Snowe has to contend with a restlessness which troubled neither Jane Eyre nor Shirley. It is the restlessness of a heart which loves and receives no love in return.

It is true that Jane Eyre does not know that Rochester loves her, and Shirley fears that Louis Moore may never speak, but neither is hopeless. In her love, real or fancied, for Graham Bretton, Lucy Snowe is utterly hopeless.

On the night of her return to the school, after the weeks spent at La Terrasse, she undergoes a terrible struggle, which is expressed in an imaginary conversation between Reason and herself. Referring to the hope that through her letters she may reach the heart of Graham Bretton, inexorable Reason says:

"At your peril you cherish the idea or suffer its influence to animate any writings of yours."

"But if I feel, may I never express?"

"Never!" declared Reason.

And Lucy Snowe, groaning "under her bitter sternness," accepts the word as final, beyond appeal.

Perhaps a certain kind of peace comes to Lucy Snowe when she is at length established in her own school, but it is not the peace which arises out of the knowledge of a supreme end gained, a worthy ambition gratified. She is never ambitious. She does not live to accomplish, but rather accomplishes to live.

From the study of the repressed, morbid character of Lucy Snowe, one turns to Shirley Keeldar with the relief with which one would quit the society of a cynical, embittered woman for that of a joyous, unspoiled child. On Shirley, Charlotte Bronte lavished all that was beautiful and desirable in woman as she imagined her. Of course Shirley too is a restless, seeking creature. She could not be otherwise because she was conceived in a mind that was never at rest. But her restlessness is a beautiful thing to see, an eagerness to know life, to know it from all sides, a laudable intolerance of the narrow views prevalent concerning the "sphere of woman," an intense desire to choose for herself, and to be hampered by no restricting convention.

a desire arising from her consciousness of her ability to choose wisely.

With this opinion of Shirley, therefore, it is easy for a sympathetic listener to understand and appreciate her when, in reply to Caroline Helstone's conventional opinion that a woman must of necessity feel herself unworthy in the society of a clever man, she breaks out impatiently: "Oh, there I cannot follow you! That crotchet is one I should not choose to entertain for an instant. I consider myself not unworthy to be the associate of the best of them—of gentlemen, I mean."

Again, when Caroline reminds her that if she were married she could not go when and where she pleased, Shirley replies with quick emphasis: "No, I could not—there it is. I could never be my own mistress more—a terrible thought—it suffocates me!"

All through the life of Shirley the unrest of her mind and spirit expresses itself more through her attitude to the bigoted narrowness of the times, and through her own resulting actions, than through spoken words of her own. She speaks much of her friendship for Robert Moore, which is real, of her sympathy for him which is sincere; yet one feels her greater friendship and sympathy for the people in poverty and wretchedness about her.

Of Shirley's attitude toward love she says much in her whimsical fashion and much is left for the reader to infer. The resulting impression is rather hazy and unsatisfying. What Louis Moore, as her future husband, thinks on that subject is interesting.

"Once this day I . . . resolved to get a look down her deep, dark eyes. Difficult to describe what I read there. Pantheress! beautiful forest born! Wily, tameless, peerless nature! She gnaws her chain. I see white teeth working at the steel! She has dreams of her wild woods and pinings after virgin freedom."

With all her wildness, however, there is something so

lovely and appealing in Shirley that one can readily understand Louis Moore's passionate love for her. He knows well that there will always be days when she will evade him, when the longing for "wild woods" and "virgin freedom" will sweep over her. But the suffering this must bring will be more than forgotten in the many days of perfect happiness that her joyous, youthful heart will make for him.

From the study of these three characters, all possessing qualities similar to those of Charlotte Bronte, yet all essentially different from each other, the question arises in one's mind as to which of the three she might have grown most like had the circumstances of her life been different. One hopes it would never have been Lucy Snowe, and fears it could never have been Shirley Keeldar, and yet Jane Eyre possesses characteristics that Charlotte Bronte could never have possessed. It seems as though each time she created a new woman she must have taken a little bit of herself and expanded it into a living, compelling creature. Perhaps within her there remained still material for a hundred such creatures, from all of whom the sparks of life taken and gathered into one being might express the complexity of Charlotte Bronte.

—*Ethel Griffin.*



The Tide in His Affairs

PROFESSOR MACKAY has been an unusually efficient instructor, and since he has retired we must fill his place with a man who will enter into the work and keep it up to its high standard. There is no one to whom we could offer this assistant professorship in English with more confidence in his ability and greater assurance of his success than you, Mr. Anderson. You are the only instructor available for the place just now, and your work up to this time shows that you can fill the vacancy satisfactorily. What are you going to do about it?"

The President scrutinized keenly the earnest, troubled face of the young man before him.

"I feel as if I have about as much work as I can do just now, sir; and I have had very little experience."

"We realize that you lack experience, but you are young enough to adapt yourself to the new requirement quickly. The work should be no more exacting than your present duties."

The look of perplexity had not left the face of the young instructor. After a pause, the President said kindly: "No doubt you find this proposition very startling. Think it over carefully and give me your decision tomorrow."

With a few halting expressions of gratitude for this undreamed-of opportunity, Anderson took his leave as if in a daze. Thoughtfully the President looked after him as he strode down the wintry street. There had been something

lacking in his demeanor, something artificial, something not quite sincere, perhaps. Yet the President knew he was a rigidly conscientious man. Of his fitness for the place there seemed no doubt, for he was apt at explanations, possessed of a ready fund of knowledge, ambitious, industrious, able to write well, and deeply and genuinely interested in his line of work. Surely he would accept the new position.

Meanwhile Anderson's brain was in a whirl as he tramped out toward the open country. He tried to think clearly and honestly.

"A man who will make a success of the undertaking"—could he? Were what he himself believed a certain glibness and cleverness in the questions and answers of the classroom, a phlegmatic composure, the knowledge of a confused mass of unrelated facts, a fortunate relation with his students—were these really the dignity of bearing, the originality of illustration, the clearness of logic, the profoundness of thought, the keen insight into character that should be the qualifications of a professor in the big university? He knew he could strain every nerve to fulfil the duties of his office, but this alone could not insure success, and he was not sure of his real fitness for the position. But the President had said he was the only man for the place.

Then another line of thought arose in his mind, and finally his decision lay between two questions, questions of motive, of conscience. If he accepted, notwithstanding his serious doubt as to his fitness for the place, would it be simply through a desire to gratify his ambition by this accession of honor, to satisfy his covetousness for position and praise? If he refused, would it be because of a sluggish satisfaction with his present position, a selfish desire to escape irksome responsibility; would it be a deliberate rejection of a valuable opportunity?

The stinging cold bit his cheeks and numbed his feet. With a start he realized that it was growing late. Walking briskly, he soon reached his boarding house. Supper over,

he explained his dilemma to his chum, a young laboratory assistant.

"You see, Bob, I have my hands full as it is, and with the other, would have practically no time of my own. It may be an opportunity I cannot afford to miss. But I have not the intellect, the experience, the—I feel as if I lack every requisite, old man."

"Nonsense, Hal! You know you can do it. It's in you. Don't miss your chance because of an absurd notion like that. Everybody knows you can make good. Why don't you go and talk to the Dean about it? He'll help you to decide."

"That's a good idea, Bob. I'll go and see him to-night."

The Dean was a kindly old man, who understood young people and their needs with peculiar sympathy. He listened a little impatiently as Anderson tried to explain his problem.

"Don't dally around and let this opportunity slip away from you, lad. Brace up and believe in yourself. You are growing morbidly conscientious in this matter of self-confidence. If you put your best into the work, you are sure to succeed. This is an unusual opportunity for a man of your age."

"I know I must not lose my opportunity, and yet—" There was still a trace of anxiety and perplexity in his voice.

"Surely you are not afraid of the work, lad," said the old man sharply. "The price of the position is sacrifice and hard work, to be sure, but that you can afford to pay."

The next morning Anderson notified the President of his acceptance. There were still four months of school in which he might become established in the work, a task to which he set himself diligently and earnestly. His new classes were much more advanced than those he had previously taught, and it was necessary for him to prepare a course of long lectures. He worked on them with painstaking, plodding care. Never had his knowledge seemed more superficial;

and he soon came to haunt the reference library at all hours, seeking to acquaint himself more perfectly with his subject.

As the weeks flew by and he realized that his classes were not covering the work, he redoubled his efforts to stimulate the flagging interest of the students. However, as the endless round wore on him, he lost his vigorous enthusiasm in the work. Yet he held to the task grimly. He began to see why the work of his students seemed so flat and stale and colorless. They lacked the inspiration that comes from a teacher of a personality that can startle the mind into thinking; they needed the stimulation of profound intellectuality on the part of the instructor. He saw that the thoughtful, serious students found his lectures trite and lacking in force in spite of their carefully planned construction and polish. He knew that Professor Anderson was no better nor greater than obscure Mr. Anderson, the instructor.

He tried every means to make the work take on a gripping, compelling interest, but he was jaded with weary weeks of fruitless effort, and his influence with the students was as weak and ineffectual as before. Persistently he worked away, stubbornly refusing to acknowledge to himself that he was a failure.

The bitterness of those weeks developed in him a sternness and, when he was most weary, a capacity for self-scorn.

One day in the last week of May, he reached the point where the whole situation suddenly became clear to him. It was a hot day and the students kept up a fretful buzz of conversation, while he tried to conduct the class, his head propped wearily on his hand. Patiently he proceeded with the discussion, a literary criticism, trying not to heed the frank indifference on the faces of most of the students. Finally it came, a misquotation, a blunder of some kind which he corrected, a cleverly worded, catch question from an excellent student who barely concealed his scorn for the paucity of his instructor's intellect. Anderson could find no

ready answer and involuntarily sought to gloss over his ignorance with a quick statement, half apology, half falsehood. The student's face showed instantly that he saw through the pitiful subterfuge. Just then the dismissal bell cut short the recitation, the class filed out noisily, and he was left alone.

So it had come to that. He was telling petty little lies to give a false impression of his attainments. Now he perceived how it was that he had seemed so well fitted for the assistant professorship. He recalled how he was in the habit of airing with easy confidence the opinions he unconsciously borrowed from books; how he allowed people to attribute to him talents he never possessed and even sought by petty deceits to strengthen their favorable impressions. Bitterly he confessed to himself that he was a sham, a weakling for letting people flatter him into pretending to be what he was not; he was a pitiful fool to have attempted what he knew he could not accomplish, and in such a way he had violated the trust imposed on him when he accepted the office.

Mechanically he locked his desk and started home across the campus. The lengthening shadows under the trees were flecked and powdered with the gold of the late afternoon sun. The place was deserted. A cool breeze had sprung up and he was grateful for its refreshment; the quiet beauty of the place soothed him and the stateliness of the firmly rooted old trees gave him a sense of latent strength. He drew in deep breaths.

Oh, if he could only shake off all the trifling deceits and miserable half-truths that had crept unnoticed into his life! If he could be free from weak susceptibility to well meant, but injudicious, praise; if he could only be absolutely honest, unswervingly sincere with himself and with his friends! He was seized by a sudden resolution to leave as soon as possible the environment that tempted him to be artificial, to go where he could be surrounded by the beauty and breadth

and truth of the out-of-doors. It became clear to him that this was the only course he could pursue; resignation of his office, afterward an Indian guide, a little camping outfit, and then the sheer wonder and beauty of the fastnesses of the Rockies.

It was hard to face the Dean and say good-bye, but the old man understood the situation clearly.

"You are following the right course," he said. "Prepare yourself thoroughly for the next opportunity, and when it comes, you will grasp it and make good."

—Alice Parker.



EDITORIAL

THE HYPHEN OF WARD-BELMONT.
Published by the Students of Ward-Belmont.
NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1914.
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Perhaps the best index to the progress of Ward-Belmont this first year is a comparison between the conditions existing in the school in September, and our surroundings today. Classroom, campus, dormitory, there is not a phase of our school life that does not give evidence of the wonderful improvements that have been made throughout the school. A consideration of these changes compels a sincere admiration for those in executive authority, the powerful personalities that have reduced to order a hundred confused details of our boarding school life with patience and thoughtful care.

No one can be insensible to the beauty of our campus these glorious spring days. After a tiresome day of discouragement and worry, nothing so calms the mind and cheers the

heart as the restfulness of the smooth sweep of grass with its modest treasure of little wild flowers, and of the trees when the glint of the sun is on their delicate, shifting tracery of green.

All mankind has become greatly indebted to Dr. Pearce Kintzing, who has just completed a method of treatment to cure tetanus, or lockjaw. At present the eyes of the world are directed toward a small hospital in Baltimore, where these complete cures are taking place, through Dr. Kintzing's discovery. So far, nine cases have been successfully cured, which causes the doctors to believe that a cure has really been found.

Dr. Kintzing has devoted his life work to the study of tetanus and is known as "the father of the carbolic acid idea." His method is a radical change from previous treatments of this disease, for he injects carbolic acid solution into the muscles and not into the veins, as has formerly been done. This cure is considered by physicians to be one of the milestones in medical progress.

With the advent of May come some of our most beautiful days. The early morning hours are the best part of the day, which a few of us appreciate. A brisk walk in the park makes one fit for a whole day's work, a habit worth cultivating. When you have enjoyed this "treat" for a few mornings you will be only too glad to continue it. And, girls, when we go home let us surprise our families by greeting them at the breakfast table, and let us not be "backsliders."

They are a battered company, these books that have claimed our attention so insistently all year long. There is this Latin book with its binding of stern black, its pages thumbled and penciled, a black-ribboned monocle rakishly cocked in Jupiter's stony eye, or a bristling moustache and

goatee hiding Cæsar's iron mouth. Then there is a rhetoric with rules underlined and many a theme assignment scribbled on the margins. Next come those French or German books. We are glad we kept the pages clean from those occasional aids to translation not included in the editor's notes. It took a little more work, but the sense of satisfaction that it brought was worth it. Then there is an algebra whose confusing maze of figures fairly makes you dizzy. Here is that chemistry laboratory manual, its covers stained and frayed. Here the pages are blistered, with tears perhaps, or was it from the drops that spattered it when that troublesome beaker of boiling water broke? Then notebooks of every kind and music with the book of scales and exercises on the bottom of the pile. We pack them all safely away deep down in our trunks. Before we need to look at them again, we have three long, happy months of vacation.





The Chattanooga Trip



WHEN the bell rang Friday morning, April 17, nine teachers and sixty-three care-free girls hurried to chapel. We waited and waited until it was nearly time for the Chattanooga train to leave, and still our "Specials" had not come. That necessitated our crowding the regular car, but we did not care so long as we caught our train.

As soon as the train was well under way Dr. Landrith called the roll. We soon remembered that we were hungry, and about twelve thirty we were more than glad to welcome box lunches.

Early in the afternoon our train pulled into Chattanooga, and we lost no time boarding the "Specials" awaiting us. As we started around the mountain the sight of so many white hats seemed to startle the people who saw us. The entire ride was very pleasant, every turn bringing new beauties in sight. We could not look long enough at what lay before us as the car circled the mountain.

The top reached, we walked to the Point of Lookout Mountain, and the grandeur of the picture was sufficient to still even school girls for a few minutes. The guide showed the principal places of interest and pointed out seven states in the far distance. Immediately each girl tried to get a glimpse of her native state. Nearer we saw the battlefield where so many of our soldiers gave up their lives. How we wished we had studied our history a little more! Before

going down we made a cursory examination of the Museum and registered in the old book there.

All too soon we had to leave the mountain. Those who wished went down the incline and the others returned on the trolley. It was after dusk when we reached the Patten Hotel, and since every one was hungry, we lost little time in going to dinner. It was a very happy feeling to be in a really, truly hotel once more. We listened to a few laughable "Experiences of a Red-Headed Man," and were free to do as we chose.

Saturday morning immediately after breakfast we filed out on the walk with raincoats and hats. We got into sure enough automobiles, none of your "rubber-neck" affairs, and took a forty-mile ride through Ft. Oglethorpe, Chickamauga Park and across to Missionary Ridge. Some new view was constantly seen and admired, and by no means was the ride the least enjoyable feature of our trip.

We had lunch and left for Nashville about two o'clock. Both days the weather was all that could be desired, and favored a pleasant excursion into one of the prettiest sections of Tennessee. As we approached Nashville we cheered heartily for Dr. Landrith and Mr. Gaffney, who made the trip possible.

—Fay S. Wall.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

CHAPEL TALKS.

The Ward-Belmont Auditorium was decorated in palms and Easter lilies for the Sunday morning Bible School Easter exercises. Miss Townsend's reading, Henry Vandyke's "A Handful of Clay," and Mrs. Forrest's beautiful song, "The Resurrection" (Shelly), added much to the impressiveness of the occasion.

At noon Chapel recently we enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Eastman, President of the Ward Seminary Alumnae, and Mrs. Leftwich, of the Belmont College Alumnae. Miss Townsend, who introduced them, stated that they had come to "give their moral support" to plans for the pageant proposed to be given by Ward-Belmont students under Miss Townsend's direction. President Landrith and Vice-President Blanton made short talks of endorsement, and the alumnae visitors, though declaring they came not to talk, made some neat speeches which were heartily applauded.

During the week's absence of Dr. Landrith in the East, Dr. Blanton conducted the chapel services. Mr. Washburn's solo and his reading of Sam Walter Foss' poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," formed delightful features of one service. At another Dr. Blanton talked earnestly on habit-forming, and warned us all against the first indulgence in any wrong.

The Ward-Belmont Sunday morning Bible School held a happy May morning session in the chapel on May 3. Dr. Landrith conducted the specially prepared program. The choir, under the direction of Madame Graziani, rendered a beautiful anthem. The school gave the Superintendent a

delightful surprise in the presentation of a May basket overflowing with roses and sweet peas. Among other features of the program was the following responsive reading arranged by the Superintendent:

Theme: "A May-time walk to Chapel, and the thoughts that came by the way."

THE WORLD AS IT SEEMS TO CHRISTIANS.

Dr. Landrith: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."—King David.

School: "Oh, world as God has made it! All is beauty: And knowing this is love, and love is duty."—Robert Browning.

Superintendent: "My wish is to people other hearts with love of flower and woodland path, and drifting cloud and dimming light and moonlit distance and starlight, and voices of bird and wind, and cadence of the rainfall and the storm, and to make men and women more the lovers of this bewildering world fashioned by the artist hand of God."—William A. Quayle.

SOME FLOWERS AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

Dr. Landrith: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—The Christ.

Superintendent: "The difference between the lily and the man is, the lily grows to fade, and the man grows to develop into a greatness of soul-life. Growing up to last forever; that is the meaning of our life, that is the engaging thing."—William A. Quayle.

School: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a

house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—St. Paul.

Superintendent: "There's pansies, that's for thoughts."
—William Shakespeare.

School: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."—St. Paul.

Dr. Landrith: "I would not have you ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that you sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, so them also which sleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him."—St. Paul.

School:

"In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings:
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human beings.
And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better Land."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

Superintendent:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dewpearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:

(Everybody with triumphant voice.)

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.' "

—Robert Browning.

LECTURES.

On Wednesday evening, April 22, in the Assembly Hall, Miss Lizzie L. Bloomstein, of George Peabody College, gave an illustrated art lecture. Her subject, "The Madonna in Art," was presented in an attractive manner, and showed the different forms through which this type of art has passed, and the change from austere beauty to womanly tenderness as the ideas of Christianity permeated the world and left their imprint on every phase of thought. Miss Bloomstein's description of the word-picture found in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs was unique and interesting. Like some of the rare paintings which she described, this picture loses none of its beauty of form or coloring through the passing of time, but glows as beautifully today as when first painted by that master-artist of human character. Our pleasure in the beautiful pictures was increased by the thought that we were the means of adding something to the Scholarship Fund of George Peabody.

"The Value of Poetry in Life," a second delightful lecture by Dr. Mims, of Vanderbilt, was given April 25. He told of the power of poetry's inspiration and uplift; made an appeal to the young womanhood of today to catch this inspiration and make poetry a force in their own lives and the social life of our country. In dealing with poetic form and technique, Dr. Mims spoke of the means the poet uses to produce effects on the mind and the emotions through the great power of rythm and through the means of suggestion, alliteration and atmosphere. He richly illustrated these thoughts with quotations from the great poets, and before he had finished he had won for himself our enthusiastic admiration of his normal, humanistic scholarliness.

One of the most opportune and informing of all of the addresses of the year was that of Bishop Francis J. McConnell, of Denver, Col., on "The Situation in Mexico." Dr. McConnell is the author of several books, among them "The Diviner Immanence" and "Religious Certainty." Until he

was elected Bishop he was President of DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind. Mexico is included in his work as bishop, the large missionary activities of the Methodist Church in that disturbed republic being committed to his care, and he has been much in Mexico for the past two years, returning from there very recently. He gave a most informing talk about the character of the people, the difficulty of pacifying them even if they were conquered in the usual military sense, and what he regarded as the unwisdom of our country's intervening just now. Brightened with bits of inimitable humor, every step of the way he led us into a knowledge of Mexico and an interest in the conditions there that none of us had before received. Bishop McConnell paid a tribute to the patriotism of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, but urged his hearers to exert whatever influence they had against the declaration of war, for, said he: "I have a son thirteen years old, and it is my judgment that if we went into Mexico with our troops, neither he nor I will live long enough to see our troops withdrawn."

—G. L.

Y. W. C. A.

Esther Lee Smith had charge of the Y. W. C. A. meeting on April 8, and she talked to the girls about forming an "Eight-Weeks Club." She said that each college girl owes a debt to the girls in her home town, and that by organizing an "Eight-Weeks Club" while she is at home during the summer vacation she can benefit many lives.

The meeting on April 15 was led by Virginia McDearmon. The subject, "The Value of Hardships in Our Lives," was well handled and increased in interest through many timely illustrations.

On April 29 Miss Lipscomb, Mr. Anderson and Dr. Johnson, three Student Volunteers from Vanderbilt, came to us with accounts of their respective work in the foreign fields. The topics of the evening were "Evangelization Work," by Mr. Anderson, "Medical Work," by Dr. Johnson, and "Educational Work," by Miss Lipscomb.

DEPARTMENTS

Music Department

On Wednesday evening, April 15, in the Assembly Hall, a most enjoyable recital was given by Mme. Elise Graziani and Herr Fritz Schmitz. More than ever we appreciated Madame's mellow voice and her excellent interpretation. Herr Schmitz delighted the audience with several beautiful numbers. The "Fantasia Appassionata" was especially appreciated.

Miss Roberta Smith, a pupil of Mrs. Winkler, gave a piano recital in the Assembly Hall on Monday evening, April 20.

A recital was given by Miss Margarite Meiers on Friday evening, May 1. Miss Meiers was assisted by Miss Virginia McLean and Miss Corinne Walker.

Students' recitals were given April 17 and April 24. These recitals are a credit to the music department. Indeed, the work in music has been very successful this year, and it will come to a fitting climax in the Commencement concert which is now being prepared.

—E. P.

Expression Department

Jeanette Sloan, of the certificate class, gave a studio recital April 18, at eight o'clock. Her program consisted of the following numbers: "Da Musica Man," "Leetla Gorgio Washington," "Cuddle Doon," "Mio Carlotta," "David and Jonathan," by Phelps, and "The Way to the Wedding." Her audience was much pleased by her reading, which was characterized by distinction and spirit.

On Saturday afternoon, April 18, in the Assembly Hall, Miss Townsend presented with her children's class "The Miracles of the Lights," a play written by Jane Douglas Crawford when she was ten years old, and dedicated to Miss Townsend. To be sure, it was a fairy play, full of dainty mystic beauty. Some of Miss Morrison's little pupils danced solos. The entire play was very charming and those of us who return next year will look forward with great pleasure to the next children's play.

The Indian Pageant promises to be the most spectacular entertainment of the year. It is to take place on the broad lawn in front of the Academic Building, a site giving unusual scenic advantages. Several hundred girls will take part.

Home Economics Department

On Wednesday, May 13, from 3 to 5:30 o'clock Miss Fraser and Miss Gaut held a joint exhibition of the work completed in their classes during the year. Miss Gaut used her arts and crafts materials for decorative purposes, and Miss Fraser showed both hand and machine sewing. Miss Fraser and Miss Gaut were assisted by the members of their classes, each of Miss Fraser's girls wearing the dress she had made.

Miss Fraser's pupils are pleased to know that she will return next year.

The pupils who enter the Domestic Art classes next year will enjoy a much more extensive course. The present two-year course will be enlarged to a three-year course, leading to a diploma which will entitle the holder to become a teacher of Domestic Art. Several more literary subjects and a course in designing which will lead to costume designing will be required. Miss Fraser is planning many interesting and helpful lectures and demonstrations to be given by practical dressmakers, modistes and tailors.

On May 20 Miss Nesbitt and Miss Reaney will give an exhibition of work done in their classes. The Domestic Science laboratory will be open all day to visitors.

The Domestic Science Course will also be enlarged. Many girls have already expressed their desire to take this course next year.

Some of this year's Senior Domestic Science girls are planning to teach in the fall.

The Senior Domestic Science Class has served a series of dinners to the members of the faculty. Each of these dinners consisted of eight courses and was prepared and served by the girls themselves.

Miss Reaney recently took her Home Administration classes to Montgomery's furniture store for a study of all kinds of wood, the construction of furniture and period furniture. Mr. Montgomery gave an impromptu lecture and succeeded, with little effort, in arousing much interest in the girls.

—F. S.

Physical Training Department

Something new and interesting! A regular hair dryer in the "gym" now. This leaves nothing to be desired. No more wet locks in classes nor colds to be nursed on third floor Founders'. Life to the swimmer is one grand, sweet song. As the hot days come, so do the girls go—to the swimming pool. Come on in, the water's fine!

—V. McD.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Thursday afternoon, April 23, Miss Olive Carter Ross, the sponsor, entertained the Senior Middle Class at the Hudson House. Readings were given in a charming manner by Miss Jeannette Sloan and Miss Dorothy Whitelaw. Miss Ruth Graham and Miss Ione Zigler sang a number of beautiful solos, and Miss Lewellyn Ewing delighted the guests with several violin selections. The girls at the Hudson House assisted in serving dainty refreshments.

* * *

Miss Fraser was "at home" Thursday afternoon, April 30, from four to six, to several girls of her Domestic Art Class. The guests were: Misses Freda Zimmerman, Marjorie Mollison, Ruth Riebenack, Gertrude Roose and Mary Tysor.

* * *

A party of about forty girls enjoyed a trip to the Hermitage Saturday, May 2. They left school at nine in an automobile, reaching the Hermitage about eleven o'clock. After looking through the house, they partook of a box lunch, picnic fashion. In the afternoon the girls drove through the country, stopping to visit the Confederate Soldier's Home. Then followed the return trip to Nashville and an enjoyable tour of the city, the party arriving at school in time for dinner.

—V. C.

On Friday, May 1, the Beta Sigma Omicron and Phi Mu Gamma Sororities entertained with a tea. About three hundred guests were received during the afternoon. In the receiving line were: Mrs. Blanton, Miss Campbell, Miss Norris, Gladys Hatch, Virginia McDearmon, Gertrude Wilson and Maud Funk. The house and porch were beautifully decorated in palms and the flowers of the two sororities. Punch was served on the lawn and music was furnished throughout the afternoon. A delicious ice and salad course was served.



Sorority and Club Notes

ALPHA KAPPA PSI.

Bess Johnston and Ora Chattin spent the week-end in Franklin, Tenn.

Laura Laffoon is in school after an absence of five days. She attended the wedding of Mr. Polk Laffoon at Covington, Ky., and made a short visit at home on her return.

Vendla Eklund and Julia Wootten spent the week-end with Lucy Grannis at Lebanon, Tenn.

We were very glad to have a visit from Mrs. Curry.

Miss Alma Rankin, an old Belmont girl, will visit Mattie Lee Reib during Commencement.

Mrs. Wilson and Alice spent the week-end in Clarksville, Tenn.

We are very sorry that Mary Pierce was called home on account of her father's illness.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Phi Mu Gamma is glad to have pledged Jane Miller from Dallas, Texas.

We are glad to have Harriett Hewitt back with us after a prolonged illness.

Elizabeth Perkins spent a delightful week-end at Clarksville, Tenn.

We are glad to have Elizabeth Skillman back at school after her illness. We also were glad to have Mrs. Skillman with us and shall welcome her return at Commencement.

Hortense Moore and Ruth Pitts have spent many pleasant Saturdays with Mrs. Chas. Oldham in the city.

Orlene Bass has enjoyed several week-ends at the home of Mrs. J. W. Clayton.

Phi Mu Gamma has enjoyed frequent visits from Margaret Creighton and Mackie Davis, of this city. Emma Bracken has been pleasantly entertained several times at the home of the latter.

Lucie Porter Terry, a former Phi Mu Gamma, has been visiting in Nashville for about two weeks and will return to be the guest of Mackie Davis at Commencement time.

Phi Mu Gamma announces the wedding of Lucy Wilson, of Pulaski, Tenn., to Mr. James Rogers; also that of Sudie Team, a former Tau, to Dr. Harold V. Johnson, at Ft. Worth, Texas, on April 22.

Alberta and Carrie Mae Wilson, both old Phi Mu Gammas from Pulaski, Tenn., spent several days with us.

Lucile Miller enjoyed a pleasant week at her home in Evansville, Ind.

SIGMA IOTA CHI.

Mrs. Fisher is with her daughter, Aileen, for an extended visit.

Martha Pound, Mary E. Demmark and Evelyn Pearcy spent a delightful week-end in Allgood, Tenn., with Margaret Rickman.

Mrs. Rickman is expected soon for a short visit.

The annual convention of Sigma Iota Chi will be held in Nashville the latter part of June.

Marie Byrne, a Sigma Iota Chi of last year, is in the city as the guest of Evelyn Coleman.

Trilby McGoodwin, a former Sigma Iota Chi, is expected for Commencement.

Ruby Duncan has been visiting her sister Clare.

We have received an announcement of the marriage of Ruby Tucker, a former Sigma Iota Chi, to Frank H. Haynes.

Marguerite and Vivian Willing spent a week-end in the city with Sarah Shannon.

THETA KAPPA DELTA.

We were glad to have a short visit from Miss Florence M. Darlington, a Theta of 1906.

Mrs. Dillard, of Birmingham, Ala., has been visiting Dean for some time. During her mother's stay in Nashville Dean has enjoyed many social events in the city.

Madge Brantley spent a very pleasant week-end with Julia Simmons in Springfield, Tenn. She has also spent several week-ends with Georgia Mizell.

Margaret Millender spent a week-end at the home of Mrs. McGill, on the Vanderbilt campus.

Myrtle Hanke and Flornece Gnaedinger have enjoyed several week-end visits in the city.

Elizabeth Prince and Dean Dillard have visited Mrs. George Tennyson several times recently.

We were disappointed that Georgia Mae List did not return to school. She will go to Jacksonville, Fla., for the reunion as sponsor from Pine Bluff.

Mary Dale Robertson visited her home in Marianna, Ark., for ten days.

The Thetas enjoyed an automobile ride on the 15th of April.

We are looking forward with pleasure to promised visits from Ione Brown and Florence Townes.

DELTA TAU SIGMA.

Delta Tau Sigma entertained Friday afternoon, May 8, at the home of Bessie McFarland with a tea. The house was decorated with ferns and Aaron Ward roses, the sorority flowers. In the receiving line were Miss Earle, sponsor, Anita Williams, Bessie McFarland, Marion Leftwich, Annie Mai Underwood, Mary Wilson, and Katrina Overall. A two-course menu was served, carrying out the colors of turquoise blue and gold. Two representatives of every other sorority were present, besides many personal friends and

several members of the faculty. The guest list numbered about sixty.

BETA SIGMA OMICRON.

Lizzie D. Bouldin and Mattie Hunter spent the day with Woodie Barton.

Gladys Hatch spent a week-end with Jeanette Sloan.

Elise Beaven spent a week-end with Louise Burger at Watrace, Tenn.

Louise Schureman spent a week-end at Tullahoma, Tenn.

Frances Sawyer, Virginia McCray, and Virginia McDearmon spent a week-end with Frances Lusk.

Cathryne Newsome has gone to Atlanta to attend Grand Opera.

Mrs. Arnold, after several weeks in Nashville, has returned to her home in Superior, Wis., and we are glad to have Helen as a boarder again.

Helen Arnold spent the week-end with Ada Talbot.

One Friday afternoon the Betas enjoyed a very pleasant automobile ride with Miss Clark as chaperon.

Hope McCown and Elizabeth Eba have both enjoyed very pleasant visits with Townzella Jones.

Arwin Scott spent the week-end with Alberta Brandau at Clarksville, Tenn.

Katherine Davenport spent a week at her home in Chattanooga.

Thursday, April 26, we pledged Nora Crowe, of Kansas City, Mo.

THE COTILLION CLUB.

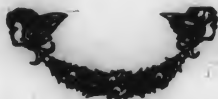
One of the most enjoyable affairs given by the Cotillion Club this year took place Saturday night, April 25, in "Middlemarch." The hall was artistically decorated in the club colors, yellow and white. Jack Betty and Miss Laura

Jennings, both of Alabama, lead the grand march. A delightful menu was served at a late hour.

The last Cotillion Club dance of the year occurred Saturday night, May 9, in "Middlemarch." The decorations of pennants, pillows, and palms were very charming in their effect. The orchestra, which was screened off by a bank of ferns, furnished such delightful music as to insure a pleasant time to all those present, whether participating in the dancing or not. The grand march was lead by Dick Jones, of Washington, and Miss Willing, of Mississippi. The favors were especially attractive and appropriate for a May night. Punch was dispensed throughout the evening and at a late hour a two-course menu was served.

The Cotillion Club recently welcomed into membership Mr. Tom Conway, of Texas.

The Club will be reorganized next year by those members of this year's Club who return to Ward-Belmont.



GLEANINGS

FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Mr. Anderson was kind enough to take some of the girls to the Vanderbilt-Kentucky Track Meet. They tried to convince the girls left at home that it was really embarrassing to pass before all the Vanderbilt boys, but we hear from a reliable source that they took all the time they could in locating the right seats, and naturally occupied the center of the stage at the time. It was even said that some of the girls tried to monopolize the chaperon.

And while speaking of chaperons, "we'll have to hand it" to that particular chap-eron.

Thursday night, April 30, was Vanderbilt night in Nashville, and right merrily did we respond as the Vanderbilt Glee Club appeared in its twenty-fourth and best annual concert. This was one of the events of the year for Ward-Belmont girls, and we did our little best to inspire the Club to their greatest effort. The Pageant Burlesque was decidedly a new feature and was amusing from start to finish. We were indeed proud of Miss Boyer, as we felt that the success of the Glee Club was due largely to her efforts as director, an opinion in which the audience seemed to concur. Miss Boyer sang, "Ho, Here the Gentle Lark," by Bishop, delighting her hearers by the sweetness and the exquisite modulations of her voice.

—L. B. C.

EXCHANGES

As this is the last issue of the HYPHEN this year, we shall not attempt to criticize any magazines. It is unnecessary to say that we have enjoyed immensely every one of our exchanges, and that their fair, unbiased criticisms have done us more good than we can perhaps realize. We hope to have every one of our exchanges again next year.

Below is a list of the publications that we have received this year:

- University of Alabama*—Tuscaloosa, Alabama.
- The Centralian*—Conway, Arkansas.
- The Mirror*—Conway, Arkansas.
- The Oracle*—Arkadelphia, Arkansas.
- The Stanford Sequoia*—Palo Alto, California.
- The Talisman*—Tallahassee, Florida.
- The Orange Banner*—Jennings, Florida.
- State College for Women Magazine*—Tallahassee, Florida.
- The Aurora*—Decatur, Georgia.
- The X-Ray*—Anderson, Indiana.
- The Informer*—Geneva, Indiana.
- The Optimist*—Bloomington, Indiana.
- The Owl*—Elkton, Kentucky.
- The Tattler*—Shreveport, Louisiana.
- Central College Magazine*—Lexington, Missouri.
- William Woods Record*—Fulton, Missouri.
- The Drury Mirror*—Springfield, Missouri.
- Sharps and Flats*—Cincinnati, Ohio.
- The What-Not*—Milton, Oregon.

- Chicora Almacén*—Greenville, South Carolina.
Daedalian Monthly—Denton, Texas.
Vanderbilt Observer—Nashville, Tennessee.
University Echo—Chattanooga, Tennessee.
White Haven Journal—White Haven, Tennessee.
Wallace World—Nashville, Tennessee.
University of Tennessee—Knoxville, Tennessee.
The Hume-Fogg Echo—Nashville, Tennessee.
The Column—Memphis, Tennessee.
The Bowen Blade—Nashville, Tennessee.
Purple and Gold—Clarksville, Tennessee.
Hawkins Hammer—Gallatin, Tennessee.
The High School Herald—Lawrenceburg, Tennessee.
The Grove Comet—Paris, Tennessee.
Montgomery-Bell Academy—Nashville, Tennessee.
The Garnet and Gray—Savannah, Tennessee.
The Bethel Courier—McKenzie, Tennessee.
The Journal—Clarksville, Tennessee.
Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Staunton, Virginia.
Sweet Briar Magazine—Sweet Briar, Virginia.
The Mercury—Racine, Wisconsin.





As I Was Saying

Miss Lawrence: "Who was George Washington's wife?"

Mable Y.: "Mrs. Washington."

* * * *

Student of W. B.: "Miss McClure, what do they do to you when you cut a recital?"

Miss McC.: "I don't know; I never tried it."

* * * *

Miss Thach: "Please tell me something about the Pass at Thermopylæ."

Frances: "It's called 'Hot Gates,' and then wasn't the charge of the Four or Five Hundred there?"

* * * *

Backward, turn backward, Oh, Time, in thy flight,
And give me a girl whose shirt is not tight;
Whatever her follies, we care not a whit,
But give us a girl whose skirt is not split.

* * * *

Senior: "How is apple butter made?"

Freshie: "By churning cider."

* * * *

Mary J.: "What author do you like best?"

Helen: "My father."

Mary J.: "What did he ever write?"

Helen: "Checks!"

—Exchange.

In History Class: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

"At the bottom, like a letter."

* * * *

"That man has a great command of English."

"An author?"

"A general in the British Army."

* * * *

It is said: "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."
Why stop there? An onion a day keeps every one away.

* * * *

MY SPRING BONNET.

(With apologies to "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to my heart
Is my new spring-time bonnet,
Which I carefully purchased
After days of despair!
For who can decide
On a question so weighty
Without growing sleepless
Or wearied with care?

CHORUS.

Oh, ye dear spring-time bonnet—
Ye precious straw bonnet,
Ye bonnet which flattened my purse like a weight!
I love you, and feel very proud of my headgear
When I stroll down the street
With you on my pate!

* * * *

Another History Recitation: "What was Washington's farewell address?"

Another Student: "Heaven, ma'am."

Alice Burnham had read and re-read the menu at Skalowski's. When she had "taken it in," she said to the waiter: "Say, waiter, have you anything with onions in it?"

* * * *

I love a pretty maiden,
For her I fondly sigh,
Her face so sweet I often greet,
But of me she's very shy.
I follow her day after day,
'Mid scenes of strife and squalor,
If you would view this maiden, too,
Look at a silver dollar.

—*Ex.*—

* * * *

"There are more important things in life than money."
"Yes, but you haven't time to notice them if you haven't got the coin!"

—*Exchange.*

* * * *

"Who was the first man?"
"Washington; first in peace, first in war, first in —"
"Wrong; Adam was the first man."
"Oh," disgustedly, "if you are speaking of foreigners."

* * * *

When first they saw each other
A light crept into their eyes,
The blazing light of interest
At that moment did arise;
And when they met together,
They did life's tale commence.
Oh! 'tis a solemn moment
When two cats meet on a fence!

—*Exchange.*

* * * *

Miss Sheppe: "Did you study that proposition?"
Harriet: "Why, I looked it over."
Miss Sheppe: "Oh, yes, you mean you overlooked it."

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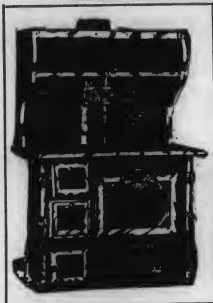
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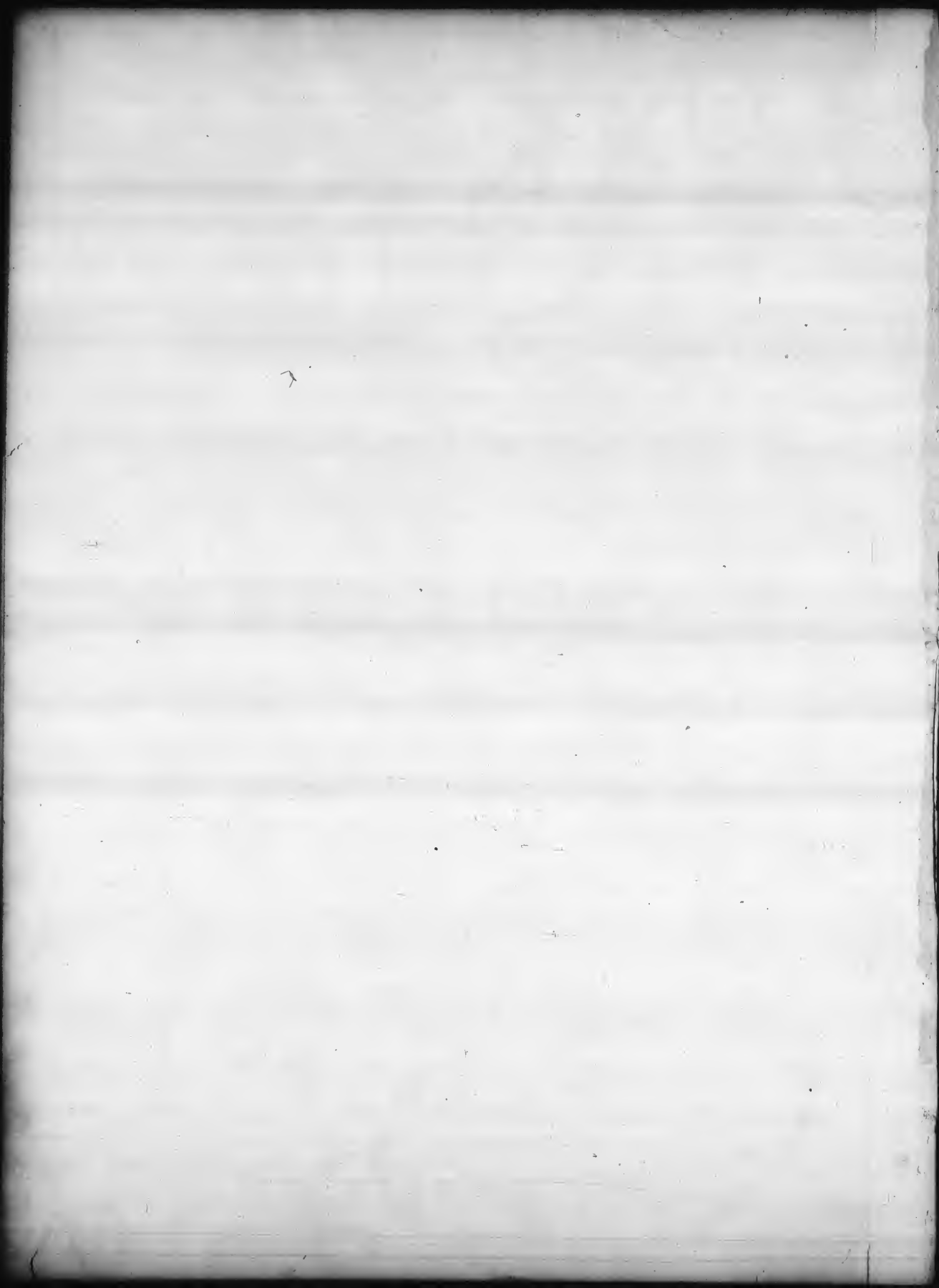
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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1914.

NUMBER 1

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN MAKES ITS INITIAL BOW

Comes to Claim Friends and Fill Long Felt Want—
Students and Faculty All Are Interested—
Future Outlook Very Bright

Well, here it is! The first issue of the Ward-Belmont Weekly Hyphen, which we students have brought forward for your approval—and don't you like it? Well, of course you do. For this is a paper of the students, by the students, and for the students. It is a factor of our school life of which the student body as a whole has expressed its approval. How do we know this? Because of that wonderful mass meeting held on the morning of November the fourth in the Academic Building, a meeting which manifested the true spirit of the Ward-Belmont girls, which showed their loyalty and their school spirit and their perfect willingness to uphold anything which the school needs.

Promptly at the ringing of the tenor-five bell all the students assembled in the auditorium. Of course it was indeed a difficult matter to forfeit that French test, that English lesson, or that practice period, but overpowering curiosity conquered, and the girls very nobly and meekly assembled.

As soon as every one was quiet, Dr. Blanton made a short talk, introducing Mary Pierce, the President of the Senior Class, who announced the purpose of the meeting—namely, to institute in our school this weekly paper. She brought before the eyes of the students the paper itself and what it would contain. The audience was immediately affected and they applauded profusely.

The next speaker was Mabel Bunch, President of the Senior-Middle Class, who made a short address on the benefits to be derived from such a paper. By this time the students were shouting quite a good deal of enthusiasm.

After Mr. Cox said a few words, Mr. Martin came forward. He began in a graceful and dignified manner to expatiate upon his opinion of a school paper. In a few minutes, however, this sedate dignity disappeared, and he began to walk madly back and forward on the platform, gesticulating with his head and hands. A "divine" inspiration seemed to have come to him, and such a magnificent, eloquent, overpowering, completely babbling and truly convincing flood of oratory Ward-Belmont has never before heard. He made the audience forget that they were even indifferent on the subject of a Ward-Belmont paper; in fact, while this same inexhaustible eloquence still poured forth, he made them forget everything except the wild distribution of subscription cards, which was their duty to sign as quickly as possible, and then pay their dollar to support the "Weekly Hyphen." Still Mr. Martin talked, completely oblivious of the teachers behind, who were in mortal fear lest he take up the cards before the girls had time to think of their names and to sign them to the cards. Finally, all cards were gathered up, cards representing every member of the school. And then Mr. Martin, his face wreathed with

(Continued on Page 3.)

WHEN CUPID AND PUCK JOIN HANDS

Ward-Belmont Girls Get a Taste of
Things as They are to be
Fun Runs High.

A beautiful feature of last week was the marriage of Mr. Percival Crazy Allen to Miss Adeline Freak Young, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell Young. Rev. Jacob Spitznagel of the Holy Roller Church officiated.

The affair was a gorgeous one, given in the "Reception Hall" of first floor Founders' Hall. The room was decorated in spray of Jimson weed and onion tops. Behind the screen of palms, the Thomas Symphony Orchestra, accompanied Miss Linnie Headley as she rendered artistically "A Perfect Day." Lohengrin's Wedding March was played as the wedding party streamed into the room. Miss Maggie Wilson was maid of honor. She was gowned in a yellow chrysanthemum dress of a late fashion, carrying an armful of yellow and white chrysanthemums. She looked her best. Mr. Wooden Block acted as best man. Little Miss Ophelia Hobbs was flower girl, strutting as she went a few leaves for the large feet of the bride to crush. The father of the bride gave her away, while he wiped the tears from his face. The mother was almost overcome, but she survived the shock.

The bride wore a gown of white brocaded satin overdraped with mosquito bar. They tried to get orange blossoms, but were forced to use cauliflower instead. The effect was stunning. She carried a bunch of withered and fastly shattering red roses. "Humoresque" was played softly all during the ceremony on a comb by Mr. Thomas himself. After the tie-up, the bridal party withdrew to Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and later they found themselves keeping time to "There'll Be a Hot Time in Old Town to-night."

The guests were ushered in with good service by Mr. Augustus Wart. The happy couple received many beautiful presents, many of which came from the noted bargain store, Kress'. After December 1st they will make their home at 175 Founders'.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

November 19, 8 p.m.—Justin Thatcher. Song Recital, Centennial Club.

November 20, 8:15 p.m.—Alma Gluck. Song Recital, Ryman Auditorium.

November 21, 3 p.m.—"The Treasure Hunt." Play by Ward-Belmont Primary Department, Centennial Club.

November 23.—Tennis Finals begin. Ward-Belmont Courts.

November 26, 3 p.m.—Thanksgiving Day. Vanderbilt-Sewanee Game, Vanderbilt Campus.

November 26, 6 p.m.—Thanksgiving Day. Puritan Dinner, Ward-Belmont.

November 27, 8 p.m.—Angelo Cortese. Harp Recital, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

December 3, 8 p.m.—Mrs. Edward MacDowell, wife of the composer. Lecture, Centennial Club.

December 4, 8 p.m.—"The College Widow." Vanderbilt Dramatic Club, assisted by Miss Applebee.

SPIRIT OF CONVENTION AS SEEN BY SCHOOL

Suffragists After All Prove Charming Women—Street
Speaking and Mass Meetings Attractive
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WITH THE SORORITIES

Each Busy Doing Things and Having
a Good Time.

Phi Mu Gamma was unusually fortunate in having seven of her old girls back at the opening of school. Those who returned are Misses Evelyn Wagman, Elizabeth Perkins, Ruth Pitts, Margaret Chipberfield, Valera Hardesty, Elizabeth Smith, and Jane Miller.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained during rush with two or three teas and informal functions at their house. The sorority has also received a number of visits from members and friends in town.

Mrs. Miller, of Dallas, Tex., Mrs. M. L. Hageman, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Perkins, all of Muncie, Ind., were with us during the opening of school. Mrs. Hageman is now spending several weeks in Nashville, visiting her daughter—Mrs. Smith, from Bardonia, Ky., has been spending several days with her daughter, Miss Elizabeth. We have also had visits from Mrs. Thomas Young, of Fayetteville, Tenn., and Mrs. Walter Gwynne, of Martha, Tenn., sisters of Miss Ruth Pitts.

Phi Mu Gamma is delighted to announce as pledges Misses Katherine Barrett, of Louisville, Ky., Gladys Clark, of Mattoon, Ill., Mildred Hill, of Henderson, Ind., Florence and Elizabeth Hull, of Pittsfield, Ill., Cecil Lewis, of Pueblo, Col., and Robilee Patrick, of Carmi, Ill.

All of the girls have been most fortunate in spending week-ends with friends and relatives both in and out of Nashville; also in attending several social functions in Nashville.

Phi Mu Gamma has had a number of old girls back for short visits. Miss Lucia Porter Terry, of Glasgow, Ky., was here during rush and will return later in the winter for a more extended visit. Miss Cora Bell Eldred, of Princeton, Ky., spent some time with her sorority sisters, as did Miss Elizabeth Skillman, of Morganfield, Ky. Misses Alberta Wilson and Elizabeth Wade, of Pulaski, were with us for several days and Miss Rachel Rucker also made us a short visit.

Vendome.

December 7, 8 p.m.—Ernest Hutcheson. Piano Recital. Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

The National American Woman Suffrage Association held its forty-sixth annual convention in Nashville from November 12 to 17. During these few days, many of the most brilliant and best known of the suffragists of this country were in the city, and spoke either in the business sessions, in the evening meetings, or in the informal street gatherings.

All of Nashville had a fair opportunity to judge of the quality of women present. For several weeks the public has awaited the coming of the "suffragettes"—those weird creatures of the cartoons and newspaper stories—and it was with much surprise that many people saw that the suffragists were ordinary women. It must be acknowledged that the attractive appearances, the charming personalities, and the womanliness of the delegates turned many scoffers into ardent adherents of the cause of woman suffrage.

Aside from all personal attractions of the visitors to Nashville, the one thing which stood out above all else was the spirit of the convention. It is hard to define that intangible something which pervades a body of people, and for want of a better word, we have called it the spirit. It showed itself in several ways: in the eagerness of the delegates to be at work, in their interest in what was being done, in the earnestness with which they considered questions of action and policy, and above all, in the one aim, common to everyone present, the securing of the franchise for women.

Several Nashvillians remarked that they had never seen Capitol Boulevard so much alive as during the few moments preceding the calling in order of the meetings. Almost all of the delegates went to the Capitol by this thoroughfare; and, in their eagerness to be on hand at the first minute of the session, in their rush from committee meeting to committee meeting, they mounted the hill and the steps of the Capitol at a pace which made many older Nashvillians stand gasping with amazement. The interior of the building was like a bee-hive; everywhere the women were discussing questions of vital importance, and the constant buzzing of conversation made a great contrast to the languor of the few men who loitered against the walls to see "what the women were doing." The conversation of these women was not about clothes and

(Continued on Page 3.)

Our Motto

To live great life in deeds, in books, in art;
Great parts of one great plan;
To fare forth with this challenge to the heart—
Achieve! Press on! I can!

—Will Allen Dromgoole.

IMPORTANT GATHERING

Athletics Organized with Miss Pierce
as President.—All Pupils are
Active Members.

On October 23rd, there was an exceptionally important mass-meeting held in this school for several purposes, the main one being to speak of organizing an Athletic Association.

The meeting was presided over by Miss Mary Pierce, who, after explaining the idea very fully, asked that the students vote for an Athletic Association.

We are mighty happy to say that there was not one "no" or objection.

After having fully decided that Ward-Belmont could not get along without an Athletic Association, it was discussed and the conclusion was reached that a committee should be appointed to draw up a good constitution.

Miss Mary Pierce was unanimously elected Chairman pro-tem of the Association and as presiding officer, appointed the following girls on the Constitution: Misses Ethel Payne, Corinne Smith, Mary Hill, Hermosa Brown and Margaret Noolin.

It was then decided that owing to the great number of girls, both boarders and day students, the school should be divided into three clubs, day students in one, and the boarders into two. Of course each club was to have a captain who was to be unanimously elected by the student body, and Miss Hermosa Brown, Miss Clara Graham and Miss Mary Gwathmey were elected.

As to the work of the Constitution Committee, no report has been made as yet.

The clubs were divided by two of the captains drawing names, the day students being under Miss Gwathmey.

Student-like each club tried to get ahead of the other by voting on the best name. The day students called themselves "Athenians," those under Miss Graham, "The Regulars," and last, but not least, under Miss Brown, "The Panthers."

The best of all names next—the colors. Now we know that if people have any spirit in them at all, it certainly ought to come out when they see their colors. The Athenians chose pretty colors in green and white. Don't you know if you were an Athenian no matter where you

(Continued on Page 3.)

WE WANT YOU.

THIS is your paper. We want you to assist in making it the best of its kind. Let each one do her part to contribute to the success of the Hyphen. Put your suggestions and contributions in the box. They will be cheerfully received by the staff.

Ward-Belmont Hyphen

Published every Thursday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen "What is Individuality?" Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration all articles should be signed and turned in by the latest of the Monday preceding the following issue.

Subscription, \$1.00; Per Copy, 5c.

MY HOBBY—INDIVIDUALITY.

"Oh, God! Let me be superior or inferior; but let me not be mediocre."

When individuality is held up to you as a beacon light to guide you to the realms of the blessed you ask: "What is individuality? What does it give you? How do you get it?"

Individuality is absolute independence of mind and character and body and soul. It is originality; it is personality; it is that indefinable elusive thing of the spirit, that distinction of difference, that sets up the barriers between a man and men, between a woman and women, between a fellow and the common herd.

And what does it mean to be above the common herd? Saul was head and shoulders above the multitude; therefore he was king. He was an individual. But first it gives you self-confidence. It introduces you to the person that you are, a person capable of accomplishing things, a human being that knows himself, and knows that he has the power to scale the heights or sound the depths. This is self-confidence.

Self-confidence brings recognition. You are taken at your own valuation largely. The value you set on the "goods you deliver" is most likely to be taken at par. If you have great belief in yourself, others will believe in you. They recognize the spirit of difference that elevates you, that sets you apart and this spirit is individuality, with its "short-stop," self-confidence. Then you have recognition.

With recognition comes power. When the public has realized you as a dominating influence, they bow down to this and pay it homage, and you have power. You have positions of honor and slaves at your beck and call. You are Saul, head and shoulders above your fellows.

But how do you get individuality? Do not be asleep. Do not let one old horned ram in the stock be the only possessor of individuality. Do not go around jumping fences when he jumps and cropping grass when he crops and be-baling when he bales. Be the horned ram of your flock and let others run to the tinkle of your bell.

Thrust theory aside, to gain individuality, you must use your own brain. Build up cells of gray matter of your own. Do not carry around photographs of other people's brain cells. See if you cannot have a thought case once in a while without its giving you the headache. Use your God-given privilege of having your own opinions.

And when you do have a thought form an opinion that you know is right, stick to it and live up to it. Live by your own definition of conscience and taste and be true. Then have you unsharpened the sword of individuality.

WHAT?

This is your paper. It is the putting down in black and white of the general atmosphere and spirit of your school. It is the means by which your school conveys to outsiders its standards, its aspirations, its accomplishments. It is the instrument which you may use as an expression of your thoughts on any live school question; provided, you are an optimist; because we believe an article characterized by pessimism would be sadly out of place in this weekly overflow of Ward-Belmont optimism. Your enthusiasm and your interest, combined with the honest efforts of the staff, are going to make ours the school paper par excellence.

WHY?

Because you exhibited an earnest wish for a school paper, you now have this Ward-Belmont Weekly Hyphen—the result of your enthusiastic pep meeting, and your consequent contributions, literary and incidentally financial. Because you seemed to desire a news bulletin other than your own letters, you now have one which you may send home, if you please; otherwise, send it to Johnny.

THE FLYING SQUADRON.

Ward-Belmont is glad to lend its President, Dr. Ira Landrith, to so great and wide an enterprise as The Flying Squadron, which is accomplishing marvelous things for temperance. Three of the States visited by the Squadron—Arizona, Washington, and Oregon—went "dry" in the November election. The Squadron will be in Council Bluffs and Iowa City, Iowa, Joliet, Aurora, and Chicago, Ill., this week.

OPERA CHORUS.

Much interest has been manifested in the newly organized Ward-Belmont Chorus. Preparations are under way for the presentation of the opera of "Martha," to be given in concert form, which will be given during the spring quarter under the direction of Mr. Martin. Rehearsals have been in progress during the past few weeks, and from every indication the work of the chorus will have the enthusiastic support of the student body.

There is much excellent material in the school for a project of this nature, and it is hoped that every one who can sing will lend their support to this delightful phase of our school's activities.

COLLEGE SONGS A SUCCESS.

Because Mr. Washburn took a kindly interest in us and taught us a school song last week, we were able to respond to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's request for a song with the following (to the tune of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"):
 "It's a long way to Ward-Belmont,
 It's a long way to come,
 Far away from those at home,
 Good-bye, scenes of childhood,
 Farewell, homes so dear!
 It's a long way to Ward-Belmont,
 But my heart's right here."

A pianola player piano has been added to the equipment of the Music Department. This will be used to assist in illustrations in the class in musical appreciation, which has already become one of the most popular courses offered.

HOME ECONOMICS.

Trip to Swift's—Change in Domestic Science Staff—News Notes.

Miss Reaney, with Mrs. Herbrick, Mrs. Burke, and Miss Swift, took the Domestic Science pupils on a very interesting trip through Swift and Company's Wholesale Market one afternoon last week. One of the demonstrators explained in full the different meats, processes of smoking and curing, making of butter, soap,

and cooking of meats. The real benefit, which the girls derived from the trip was to get a better understanding of the purchase of meat, including the prices of the various cuts, and which cheaper cuts contain more nourishment than the more expensive. Later, the girls were served some of the fine products, which were the more enjoyed after having seen the cleanliness of their method of preparation.

Mrs. Frank Herbrick, who formerly had charge of the Home Economics Department at Ward Seminary, has taken the place of Miss Nesbitt, who resigns to go to Egypt. The girls were very sorry to see Miss Nesbitt leave, but are anticipating a pleasant year with Mrs. Herbrick.

IMPROVEMENTS IN AND OUT OF DOORS

"Pride cometh before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." However, the Fidelity girls are so proud of their new hardwood floors that they are willing to suffer the falls. Every one knows it's a great deal easier to slide than walk; and the Fidelity girls are literally sliding through life, thanks to this latest improvement. Those who do not live in Fidelity have this same opportunity when they pass through Recreation Hall, where the floors are as beautiful as those in their own homes. The comfortable little rocking chairs that have been generously added make the rooms much more home-like. The girls greatly appreciate the general sitting rooms on each hall, which add much to the social life of the corridors. The rooms on the second floor of Pembroke and on the third floor of Fidelity are cozy and attractive.

The improvements on the campus are even more noticeable. Where yesterday were gravel driveways, the grass now grows, as by a miracle. A new macadam driveway not only enhances the beauty of the campus but is a substantial improvement.

Some of the girls are already dreaming of the time when golf links will adorn the thirty acres that have been added to the campus back of Heronholm. The new tennis courts make possible the enjoyment of this popular sport to a greater extent than formerly.

Then there are the new basket ball field, the newly laid cement walks that the girls appreciate more with every rainy day. Old Belmont Hill is dressing up in her best.

FOUNDERS' MEDAL.

The students assembled in the chapel of the Academic Building at 12:45, Wednesday, November 18th, to listen to an address delivered by Mrs. Joseph T. Howell, of Nashville, President of the Belmont Alumnae Association, which she represented. The purpose of her address was to explain to the student body the conditions under which the Founders' Medal is offered to the students of the school. This Medal awarded by the founders of Belmont College through the Alumnae Association, for the best written and most effectively delivered essay, or oration, on some question of educational interest, or some subject connected with service.

Last year the Medal was won by Charles Hamilton of the Class of 1914, on an oration on "The Most Important of All Arcs." In order to impress the students and further awaken interest and competition, Mrs. Howell displayed the Medal which she is just sending to Miss Hamilton and urged the students to enter heartily into this competition, and by so doing to become themselves more proficient in the art of writing and speaking.

The battle in Flanders is hanging in the balance. Minor advantages are gained on both sides, but the great issue remains undecided.

BRILLIANT FACULTY RECEPTION AT COLLEGE

Ward-Belmont, Vanderbilt University and Peabody College Faculties Guests Recently of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton.

Recently Dr. and Mrs. John D. Blanton entertained with charming informality with a reception at Ward-Belmont. Their guests were restricted to the members of the faculty of Ward-Belmont, Vanderbilt University and George Peabody College for Teachers. This occasion has a deeper and more lasting meaning than the usual reception has, for it was given with the desire of bringing into closer accord and more perfect friendship the faculties of these three great Southern educational institutions. Believing that in unity there is always strength, and that a sympathetic co-operation and thorough understanding of the needs, ambitions, and aspirations of these faculties could be rebound for the mutual good of all, caused Dr. and Mrs. Blanton to extend their cordial invitations. That they were justified in their beliefs was more than apparent last evening by the number

of their guests and the sincere appreciation shown.

The entire reception suite of the college was brilliantly lighted and decorated most attractively with potted plants, in which white chrysanthemums predominated. Palms, ferns, and multicolored growing plants were arranged in groups before the windows and in the recesses. A number of artistic musical numbers were given. Among them were two exquisite vocal selections from Mrs. Marguerite Palmer Forrest, whose clear, rich tones earned for her a warm reception. Presiding over the frappe table were graduate students of the school.

Receiving with Dr. and Mrs. Blanton were Dr. and Mrs. Emil Winkler, Mr. and Mrs. F. Arthur Henkel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. Browne Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Schmitz, and assisting throughout the rooms were the other members of the faculty.

ART.

I suppose that by this time every girl has seen our art studio on the top floor of the Academic building. Maybe some have been stopped by those awful steps and they are "breath takers"—but it's worth the trouble to go clear to the top and "see the sights."

First comes the china painting room. This is a favorite place with beginners. As the year progresses however, they gradually creep into the art room to learn some real sure enough drawing. Then is when they have come to a full realization of the fact that Miss Goodwin knows what she is talking about when she says: "There is no royal road to art."

The etching room is an interesting place in which to spend a morning if you don't mind soot on your nose and ink on your hands. But the best of all is the life class. Here we have a model every week and paint and draw in colors or charcoal. Next to this and separated by brown curtains (which, by the way, are not at all green as was announced in the Hyphen last year) is the clay room. Here is where young "sculptoreases" are laying the foundations for future works that will make them famous. Here is where three copies have just been modeled from a famous statue which the girls have dubbed "Snookums."

With the pottery room added to these others, our studio is complete and one of which we should indeed be proud. Miss Goodwin frustrates the idea that a person cannot be in two places at once because she certainly knows what is going on in all five of these rooms all the time and manages to move around "right fast" even if some people do think she wears her heels too high.

THE HERMITAGE.

The Ward-Belmont girls made their annual pilgrimage to the Hermitage this fall. The trip of thirty miles through beautiful autumn scenery was made in trolley-buses and auto buses. The girls went through the historic mansion and visited the old-fashioned gardens. About noon the odor of sizzling bacon and freshly made coffee reminded every one of lunch. The fun reigned high and always seemed to center around Dr. Blanton. We wonder why, for some one observed the same coincidence was true on the Craggy Hope trip.

EXPRESSION.

Much interest is being evinced by all the students this year and each girl is making some attempt to "find herself" and share the ennobling influence of her work with some fellow student. Miss Townsend, as a proof of this, is quite delighted with her Monday afternoon class in voice and poise and the vocal interpretation of literature, to which all boarding and day college students are cordially invited to attend. A splendid attendance has been most gratifying.

The Vanderbilt Dramatic Club is again under the direction of Miss Townsend this year. Rehearsals for "The College Widow" are in full swing and the club has done Miss Applebee the honor of asking her to play the leading woman's part, which was so delightfully taken by Mrs. Harry Anderson a few years ago. At Miss Townsend's suggestion the club has decided to give the proceeds to the Belgium sufferers.

Through the professional courtesy of Prof. Harris, of Vanderbilt, the Expression Department and their friends were able to hear his delightful reading of "The Fortune Hunter" last Monday evening in the studio. Professor Harris was most enthusiastically received and another visit from him is eagerly looked forward to by all who had the pleasure of hearing him.

On Saturday afternoon, at the Centennial Club, Miss Townsend will present the children of the Expression Department in Miss Maria Thompson Davies' delightful play, "The Treasure Hunt." Miss Martha Ashby will play the leading role of "Pinkie."

On Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock Miss Townsend served tea in her studio to some of her friends who were in Nashville as delegates to the Suffrage Convention. Among those present were Miss Martin, of Montana, and Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Page, of Massachusetts.

The first Saturday in May, 1915, is set apart for a nation-wide celebration of suffrage.

The Rockefeller Foundation has sent a ship load of food for non-combatant Belgians, and will undertake relief in a large scale.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN
MAKES INITIAL BOW

(Continued from Page 1.)

the happy smiles of success, took his seat—still talking.

Before Mr. Martin had time to catch his breath, a commotion was noticed in the back of the room and there was seen a young lady rushing up to the rostrum as fast as maidenly dignity permitted. And what do you suppose this young lady wanted? She desired to give into proper hands the dollar for the "Weekly Hyphen" before the rush set in, for she knew that as soon as the meeting was dismissed there would be such a rush for the contribution box that she should never be able to approach it. (Three cheers for Mr. Martin!)

Several days later the staff was selected, which is indeed excellent. Now with such a staff behind it and with the never-failing aid of the student body, we are going to put out a periodical which will serve as a means of keeping the students well informed of the detailed happenings of our large school, to give those at home a summarized account of our proceedings, and to let the general public know that we not only exist but prosper, and that we possess the best college paper in the South. All we need is the universal co-operation of the students. Shall we get it?

SPIRIT OF CONVENTION
AS SEEN BY SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 1.)

business, but it concerned the choice of amendments to the federal constitution and the policy of federal-listing Senators and Representatives who opposed legislation regarding women and children. In their papers to be on hand, the delegates thronged into the convention hall, and during the business sessions, no places were vacant.

The delegates were not content with merely occupying their chairs; they were interested in what was being said and done. Anyone who has visited either a state or a national legislature has been disillusioned by the attitude of the men representing the people. They seem to pay attention only to the particular bills which they foster. Not so these women. They cared not alone for their own opinions; they were interested in what other people had to say on every subject before the House. The discussions carried on were to the point and showed knowledge of the subject and vast information. It made one proud to be a woman and a suffragist when one heard the speeches from the floor and saw the skill of the chairman of the convention.

Beyond the eagerness to get to work and the interest in the proceedings was the deadly earnestness of these women. When the policy of federal-listing Senators was under discussion, each delegate had her own opinion on the matter, and she prepared to state her opinion to state it in a logical form and in the intensity of the moment, many had at once but they abated suddenly by the decision of the Chair. They waited their turn for the floor. The women were not here for mere amusement, they had work to do, they were deeply earnest in doing that business.

And above all other things, the most impressive was the aim of these women. They had a vision—the ennoblement of all women—and the fulfillment of this vision, they were working. They wanted the world, not because they wished to rule men do, but because they felt that it a panacea for all evils, because they believed it means a bettering of the world, a step toward that goal for which we are all working—justice and peace on earth.

The convention was not to decide what the delegates wanted to accomplish, but how to achieve it, what means to use, what policies to follow.

Someone who had the opportunity to stand facing the convention remarked upon the expression of the eyes of these women. They were shining, even in business they kept the vision. In no better place could one have seen the eagerness, the interest, the earnestness, and the aim. In the eyes of the delegates was to be found the spirit of the convention.

ANNA T. BLANTON.

IMPORTANT GATHERING.

(Continued from Page 1.)

might see those colors, whether in hat or gown, why you would just simply feel like yelling right there and then.

Three cheers for the red and the white. Wouldn't you just know that those colors belonged to the Regulars? Why it just sticks out all over, you can tell a Regular every day of the world, whether you ever saw one or not.

But listen! Aren't Panthers usually black and yellow, or gold as the Panthers prefer it called?

Next in order come the ever necessary cheer leader. Did you ever think that if you didn't have a cheer leader, what a dreadful muddle cheers would be in? Why just think of it, they play one of the most important parts in all schools. Have you heard that the Athenians have chosen Anita Williams? That girl can make most as much noise as the whole club put together. Everyone thinks the Regulars had good taste in choosing Susie McLeomore and Corinne Smith; they will certainly help them to make a grand success of their cheers.

Who said Hermosa Brown was not a good cheer leader? Everyone has seen how successfully she has taken over the leading of our school songs at various times. She is a Panther.

For tennis captains, Martha Winn for the Athenians, Margaret Noolin for the Regulars, and Mae Mohler the Panthers.

A great interest has been taken in both songs and cheers by all three clubs and we earnestly hope that some will be printed somewhere in this paper.

Now in the way of athletics, starting at the very top, we have had physical examinations, which have caused many groans, as well as slips of paper in Miss Smith's and Miss Jones' letter boxes reminding them of a failure to appear for said examination.

As the weather has been decidedly in favor of tennis, there has been an exceptionally interesting tournament. Sixty-six players signed up for it, and we may add that a great deal of spirit has been shown at some of these games. However, the tournament question will have to be postponed for a week or two.

The girls are practicing up for the swimming contests that may come off in the near future, and often you will hear great peals of laughter from the lower floor of the Academic building, which indicates that some one is being "ducked."

There has been little practice for basketball, owing to the tennis tournament, but a number of girls have signed up for it.

Any morning will find a class of children dancing or singing and on Friday swimming has been started for the little tots.

The gymnasium classes, especially dancing and fencing, as well as swimming, are to be started next week.

Mr. C. F. M. Niles, of Toledo, Ohio, will spend Thanksgiving in Ward-Belmont with his daughter, Miss Sarah. Mr. Niles is Ex-President of the National Organization of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

ROSTRUM TALKS.

Dr. Anderson, Dr. Thomas and Others Talk to Ward-Belmont Girls.—All are Given Warm Reception.

Dr. W. M. Anderson, of Dallas, formerly of Nashville, addressed the Ward-Belmont students in two chapel services during the past week. He not only established a second home here by making all the girls "just love that man," but left them material for real thought. For instance: "Are you here just to sleep, eat, and study? No! You are here to improve physically, to develop morally, and to advance intellectually." It is to be hoped that throughout the year his three "B's" will continue to hush about: "B" unselfish, for selfishness is the grandmother of many sins. "B" sincere—what is a flirt but a once beautiful rose strewn with petals, offering its stalk to a man for his wife? "B" optimistic, for nature is the incarnation of optimism and the world at large loathes pessimism. He expressed for the girls what they had many times felt, but gave them these thoughts in such a humorous yet forceful way that they will long remember Dr. Anderson and his chapel talks.

The address given from the Ward-Belmont rostrum during the past week have been real events in the lives of the girls here, because they have come from women of world renown and of wonderful inspiration to school girls.

Dr. M. Carey Thomas, the President of Bryn Mawr, before giving the subject of her talk, introduced herself as one having a peculiar interest in this Southern school, she herself being a Southern woman. Then her subject: "What after school here? More college work? There most assuredly should be for those girls whose circumstances are such as to allow two more years of college work. By four years of this work a girl will train herself to be more efficient in all walks of life; to be better able to fill the place of wife and mother; to be able to take part in civic and national affairs of interest; to become broad-minded; to so realize the wonder of life that she will be able to reap the rewards of a well-lived life; to be independent of others for a livelihood regardless of her future fortunes; in short, to appreciate all that is good in life." But because only one woman out of forty-eight attends college, Dr. Thomas gave to those girls who may not hope to complete a college education an inspiration in the statement that should they devote one-half of an hour each day to the study of one subject, in twenty years they would be an authority on that subject.

At the chapel service Monday morning, November 16, we had the unusual pleasure of hearing Rosalie Jones, better known as General Jones, of New York City.

Miss Jones spoke of her delight in speaking to a body of students, and of the fact that the suffrage speakers are eager to interest the school girls, because they must rely on them in the years to come. She said that in every civilized country women have some amount of suffrage, and should have equal suffrage in this country. It has been proven, she said, that women can be educated equally with men and succeed; and she asked: "Why deny them the full privilege of men?" Miss Jones brought up the ever-ready argument that the ignorant women should not vote. She said that the girl who is compelled to work and is thrown with men is placed in this class, while the wealthy, educated, cultured women are not. Miss Jones considers that the women of foreign birth who are considered ignorant are in the minority and should rarely be considered in this class.

"The vote is a simple matter," she continued, "and it is difficult to whip the people that vote into line, for 'You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.'"

Miss Jones said that the women pay taxes, own land, wear clothing that is taxed, and therefore should be represented. The classes excluded from the vote are idiots, the insane, criminals, children, and women. There is no reason why women should be placed in this category. Some people object to the methods used by the suffragists, but without these methods the people of the countryside would be ignorant concerning the cause of suffrage. General Jones said in closing that the point of her address was, "Votes for women in the United States of America."

Jane Addams, of the famous Hull House, who has been in the city in the interest of the National Woman Suffrage Association, gave an interesting talk to the student body in chapel last Friday evening.

Many interesting facts were given concerning woman suffrage and the students were told of the present-day conditions of the great movement. Miss Addams said that the attitude of suffrage is changing in every country, especially America. Italy, Scandinavia, France, and China possess equal franchise, but the northeastern and southern parts of America do not. The reason we are so far behind in this question is because we look at government as we think it is. Woman is related to the city hall in an endless variety of ways. Politics regulate the home. The child's milk is inspected by a man appointed by the government, and why should not she have something to say about whom he should be. In Chicago the nurses in the public schools tried to eliminate disease; finally they became members of the health department. Is not politics doing away with disease and caring for children? Yet it is thought that it is no business of hers when the city takes poor children into their care. Congress spent an entire session on pure food laws. The tariff concerns woolen clothes which women wear. The child labor laws are made by Congress. Women are trying to follow into government their own occupations. In olden times it was the custom that men only voted to go to war. Men do not use their minds enough about voting. Men think it means war. Women think it means clean milk, betterment of children, hospitals, public schools, and playgrounds. When Chicago received the municipal vote, men treated women as kindly as before. It does not effect social and family relations. It helps to take part in the betterment of the community. Some girls are afraid to become suffragists because they will become unpopular with the young men, but this is not true, because the broad-minded young men are intelligent enough to be suffragists themselves.

CRAGGIE HOPE.

Shall we ever forget the day Ward-Belmont spent at Craggie Hope. It was a typical fall day, the beauty of which was enhanced by the spot chosen for the picnic. There was the swinging bridge, which a few of the bravest of us dared to cross; the country school and its ambitious teacher; the giant chestnut tree, and the Fresh Air Camp—all of which we shall never forget. As usual, Dr. Blanton had thought of our welfare and had provided a feast—coffee, bacon, sandwiches, tomatoes, cakes, candy, punch, and pickles, cheese, and crackers. It is to whom we owe thanks for such a pleasant day spent in the woods, our dinner, and our absence from school.

THETA KAPPA DELTA.

Misses Frances Hayes and Susan Glenn have spent several week ends with Miss Vance Talbot.

Misses Frank Montgomery and Lucile Robertson spent the week end with Miss Katherine Winsted.

Miss Leonora Williamson, of Columbia, a Theta of last year, paid Ward-Belmont a short visit last week.

Miss Susie V. McLeomore and Miss Elizabeth Prince spent the week end with Miss Georgia Missett.

Miss Sarah Helm Elder, of Clarksville, Tenn., was the guest of Miss Susan Glenn this past week end.

We are sorry to lose even for a short time one of our pledges, Josephine Blackwood, of Detroit, Mich., who returned home on account of illness.

Theta Kappa Delta entertained with an informal party for Miss Aileen Stewart last Saturday night, announcing her seventeenth birthday.

BETA SIGMA OMICRON.

Misses Helen Arnold, Frances Craven, and Effie Rutherford spent last week end with Miss Kathryn Timberlake.

Misses Helen Arnold and Mary Hill are going to spend this week end with Harriet Overton.

Misses Lila Davenport, Lucile Heath, and Margaret Anderson will spend next week end with Miss Kathryn Timberlake.

Mrs. Alfred Burr was in Nashville several days last week.

Announcements have been received to the marriage of Miss Marie Newman to Mr. Robert F. Dodd on Saturday, November the 14th.

Miss Irene Knox's mother was in Nashville several days last week.

Misses Gladys Hatch, Lissie Bouldin, Amin Scott, and Frances Head are expected at Ward-Belmont for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. gave its first social entertainment Friday afternoon. While the guests were being served hot chocolate and sandwiches, Miss Virginia McLain gave a violin solo and Miss Jeannette Sloan a reading, both of which were thoroughly enjoyed. After several victrola records were given, all present joined in singing the new Ward-Belmont song.

The Y. W. C. A. is a big organization and every girl is cordially invited to become a member of it. Regular meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Come and see what is being done.

Mrs. Blanton has asked all boarding girls to wear Pilgrim caps and shawls to dinner Thanksgiving day. The Y. W. C. A. will furnish these costumes already made for 15 cents, or the goods cut out for 15 cents. Patterns can be secured for 5 cents.

The new girls' programme given at a recent Y. W. C. A. meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Several girls told their first impressions of Ward-Belmont and about the different things that had caused them to admire the school.

The Y. W. C. A. will help every girl to become better acquainted and to get more enjoyment out of her school life.

We note in war news that the pen is mightier than the sword.

METROPOLITAN STAR COMES TO NASHVILLE

Alma Gluck Soon to Appear in Nashville for Her
First Performance—Second Patti Claims
Great Host of Admirers.



ALMA GLUCK

ALMA GLUCK Programme

- a "Serpina" aria from the Opera Sava Padrona.....Pergolesi
- b Lusinghier plu care.....Handel
- c Oh! Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me.....Handel
- d So Sweet is She.....Old English Music. Anon. Arr. by Arnold Dolmetsch
- e Fingo per mio diletto.....Anon. Arr. by Pauline Viardot

Aria: "Bel reggio lusinghier" from the Opera "Semiramide".....Rossini

- a Little Russia Folk Song.....Arr. by Efreim Zimbalist
- b Fruhlingslieden.....Rachmannoff
- c To Gather Berries.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
- d The Czar's Bride.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
- e Fruhlingslied.....Rubinstein

- a Hebrew
- b Italian
- c Spanish
- d French
- e Scotch
- f German
- g American

Mr. Vladimir Shalevitch at the Piano.

Every one is looking forward with great interest and expectations to the coming of the noted opera singer, Alma Gluck, who will be heard at the Ryman Auditorium Friday evening, November 20. This will be the first appearance here of this metropolitan opera star.

Miss Gluck's voice is a lyric soprano, said to possess more nearly the Patti quality than any other living singer. Her endowment of charm, intellect, radiant health and wonderfully beautiful voice have given her a phenomenal career.

As an opera singer she wins such comments as the following from the New York Tribune, whose critic, Mr. Krehbiel, is one of the best authorities: "The exquisite art which Alma Gluck again disclosed is a performance which still remains the most complete and perfect piece of vocalization she has put to her credit."

Alma Gluck's beautiful voice and her ability to sing folk songs in seven

different languages created such enthusiasm at last night's concert."

The above paragraph is culled from the Brooklyn Eagle and refers to Mme. Gluck's appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 30. As a linguist, Alma Gluck is a veritable polyglot, and, what is more, when she sings or speaks in a foreign language her pronunciation is remarkably good. Her talent for languages equals her talent for music. Mme. Gluck, fortunately, was reared in a cosmopolitan city, New York, where she had ample opportunity to exercise her gift for learning languages.

To hear Alma Gluck sing "My Lullaby," a song in the Scottish dialect, is to be truly convinced that she is exceptionally endowed with the faculty of expressing the accents and inflections of various languages and dialects. Alma Gluck was born in Rumania, brought to New York in infancy, and educated almost entire-

SIGMA IOTA CHL

Six of our old girls returned this year—Misses Mary Denmark, Leona Roberts, Bess Allen, Myrtle Love, Louise Craig, and Corinne Smith.

We are glad to welcome the following new pledges: Misses Barbra Byrne, Charleston, W. Va.; Sadie Rosendale, Mildred Swartsbaugh, Toledo, Ohio; Chita Beasley, Pulaski, Tenn.; Alex Field, Knoxville, Tenn.; Irene Batley, Dallas, Tex.; Aylma Allen, Hubbard, Tex.; Hazel Hall, Mo-Leansboro, Ill.

Miss Mamie Byrne, of Charleston, W. Va., one of our old girls, was back for a visit at the opening of school.

Miss Mary Julia Street, of Alabama, was with us during rushing season.

Miss Bess Allen spent a very pleasant week end at Murfreesboro.

Miss Corinne Smith spent the week end with Miss Lillian Warner recently.

Miss Luella Strickland, of Valdosta, Ga., is coming for a visit to her cousin, Miss Leona Roberts, real soon.

All of the Sigma Iota Chis had an invitation to attend the wedding of Miss Marguerite Welling to Mr. Gann Johnson, both of Jackson, Miss.

Miss Margaret Rickmon is expected to be with us on Thanksgiving.

Miss Mary Denmark spent the week end with Martha Hayes.

Miss Bess Allen's father was here for a few days last week.

Miss Chita Beasley spent last week end out in town with friends.

Miss Barbra Byrne was out for the week end with relatives recently.

Miss Tribby McGoodwin, of Lake Providence, La., is to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with us.

Miss Aylma Allen spent last week end at Lebanon.

Miss Evelyn Percy, one of our last year girls, has recovered from her recent illness and is in New Orleans spending the winter.

ALUMNI.

Miss Letha Stanley, of Tulsa, Okla., a former Ward Seminary girl, was married on October 28, 1914, to Mr. E. C. Lawhon, of Tulsa.

Miss Lillian Parks, of Drew, Miss., was married November 18 to Mr. S. C. Atkinson, of Drew, Miss. Parks was a pupil in Ward Seminary and Ward-Belmont.

Cards have been issued announcing the approaching marriage of a former Ward Seminary pupil, Miss Louise Bonner, of Mexia, Tex., to Mr. W. N. Johnson, of Corsicans, Tex.

Miss Marie Newman, a former Belmont girl, of Abbeville, Ala., was married to Mr. Robert Dodd, of Nashville, on November 14, 1914.

Mrs. Alfred Burr (nee Hazel Wilson), a former Belmont pupil, visited friends in Ward-Belmont this week.

ly in New York; yet, to hear her sing French, suggests Paris; her German is pure Hanoverian German; her Italian is as lovely as that of the born Florentine; her knowledge of the Slavonic tongues is remarkable; altogether she must be acknowledged as one of the most accomplished linguists among modern singers.

PICNIC OF TEXAS CLUB

Party Spends Day at Priestly Springs and Has Interesting Adventures.
Also Fine Luncheon.

On Saturday, the twenty-second of October, the Texas girls enjoyed a boat trip up the Cumberland River. This was the first of a series of entertainments planned by the Texas Club for the year 1914-15.

The pleasure began at twelve o'clock, when the special car arrived to convey the party to the river. Every one was provided with a box lunch, even the chaperones, who were Dr. Blanton, Miss Herley, Miss Turner, Miss Blythe, and Miss Boyer (very delightful ones, be it known). At the wharf three of the swiftest boats, whose habit it is to ply the waters of the Cumberland, were steaming up for the voyage. Dr. Blanton passed refreshments around, when all were settled, then the fun commenced. The river was beautiful and many interesting landmarks were passed, including a cave in which David Boone is said to have taken refuge from the Indians.

The destination, Priestly Springs, was reached about half past two; also the limit of the physical endurance of some (lest ye know it not, river trips whet the appetite). Priestly Springs has many and varied attractions, but the most appealing one to the majority was the camp of three fishermen; not exactly the camp or the fishermen, although both were very picturesque—it was the fish, hoo cakes, and coffee that they cooked. Could anything have been

more delicious in connection with the box lunches and later ice cream and cake? The afternoon was spent in various ways, according to the tastes of each, climbing cliffs, snapping snap-shots, lazily lounging or talking TEXAS. One of the thrilling episodes of the day was the passing of a large river boat which almost upset the small boats with the big waves it made.

At four o'clock, anchor having been raised, the homeward voyage commenced. On one of the boats was a victrola, which had been played constantly and greatly enjoyed. As the boats approached the city, the lights on the river were reminders of the nearness to "the end of a perfect day."

Having arrived again on dry land, "rahs" were proposed and vigorously proclaimed in honor of the chaperones.

RAHS FOR THE CO-EDS.

The scholarship averages of the co-eds for last year are as follows: Tri Deltas, \$2.24; Kappa Alpha Thetas, \$1.33; non-sorority girls, \$1.70.

The general average for the co-eds was \$1.73, for the men \$1.47. The general average for all students was \$6.59.—Vanderbilt Hustler.

The Hyphen calls attention to the Belgian Relief Fund. You can send your donation to the American Red Cross, 130 East Twenty-Second St., New York. Collier's says: "Trite is the saying, 'He gives twice who gives quickly,' but never was it truer than now; for winter is at hand, and human flesh and human souls are crying for help that none but we can give."

THE WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Offers Superior Advantages to Day and Boarding Pupils

1. LITERARY COURSES.

- (a) College Preparatory Certificate, with entrance to Wellesley, Vassar, Vanderbilt, University of Tennessee, etc.
- (b) First Year College Certificate (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), one year of thorough college work.
- (c) Ward-Belmont Diploma (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), representing completion of two years' college. University of Chicago has just accepted college work of a graduate of 1914 and granted advanced standing.

2. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dr. Emil Winkler, Director.

Sixteen teachers of American and European education, of proved ability in their profession. Courses in Piano, Voice, Organ, Violin, Musical Sciences, leading to certificates and diplomas.

3. SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION, Pauline Sherwood Townsend Director, assisted by Miss Mary Fletcher Cox and Miss Miriam Applebee.

Fundamental principles and correct habits first, natural development. Certificate may be earned in two years, diploma in three.

4. SCHOOL OF ART, Lamira Goodwin, Director.

Elementary Study, Cast Drawings, Oil and Water Color Painting, Life Drawing, Clay Modeling, China Painting, Pen Drawing, Pottery, Outdoor Sketching, Designing, Etching. As many of these phases of art study may be taken by a student as ability and time will warrant.

5. METALRY, at Ward-Belmont. Taught by Sarah M. Gaut.

Who has studied in New York, Boston and recently under special instructors in Chicago. The shop is ideally located and well equipped. A thorough course is given in metals, beginning with copper, advancing to silver and gold. Interior decoration in the course is treated in a most attractive way.

6.—SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS.

Comprising Domestic Science and Domestic Art. Mrs. Frank A. Herbrick, Director.

7. PHYSICAL EDUCATION—Physical Training and Swimming.

Open free to Day Pupils, under competent instruction, of Misses Sisson and Morrison.

8. INTERMEDIATE, PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS.

Miss Lillian Watkins and Miss Anne Cavert, Directors.

For Catalogue and General Information, Phone N. 446, or Call at the School

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE ST DENT OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1914.

NUMBER 2

MUSIC NOTES FROM SCHOOL

Interesting Events for Music Lovers Engross Attention of Faculty and Students of Ward-Belmont.

Seldom, if ever, have our students enjoyed such a treat, as was afforded them by Madame Alma Gluck when she captivated the hearts of an enthusiastic audience at her recital last Friday evening.

In a program which was of intense interest throughout, Madame Gluck disclosed her vocal and artistic gifts, which have given her such an eminent place among the world's great singers. Enthusiastic demands brought a large number of encores, all given in that inimitable manner for which the gracious singer is famed. This event will linger long in our memories as one of the best we have been privileged to enjoy.

Doctor Winkler's "Solo Class." Doctor Winkler's "Solo Class" comprised of pupils of the various teachers of the Musical Departments, presented the following program Thursday afternoon in his studio:

"Fairy Footsteps".....Farrar
"Dream Fairies".....Ducelle
—Miss Elizabeth Washburn (8 yrs.)
—"May Has Come".....Bohen
—Miss Irma Lucile Cohen (Mrs. Winkler)
—"Who Is Sylvia".....Schubert
—Miss Grace Landrith (Miss Forrester)
—"Minuette Antique".....Paderewski
—Miss eGorgia Alexander (Mrs. Winkler)
—"I Wept Beloved".....George Hue
—Miss Mary Louise Sharp (Miss Boyer)
—"Rose in Bloom".....Lohr
—Miss Alice Burnham (Miss Moyer)
—"Gavotte"—G Minor.....Bach
—"Impromptu in B Flat".....Schubert
—"Butterfly Study".....Chopin
—Miss Julia Barksdale (Mrs. Winkler)

Mr. Henkel.

Mr. F. A. Henkel, assisted by Mrs. Frances Crum-Morton, presented an interesting program at Christ Church Sunday afternoon. This was one of a series of free organ recitals, given under the auspices of the Nashville Art Association. Mr. Henkel is a favorite with music lovers and his artistic playing is always enjoyed.

Choral Society.

The Choral Society elected the following officers at their regular meeting Monday evening: President, Miss Harriet Overton; First Vice-President, Miss May Mohler; Second Vice-President, Miss Esther Creed; Secretary, Miss Susie B. McElmore.

Mrs. Edward MacDowell.

Mrs. Edward MacDowell will give a piano recital of her late husband's compositions at the Centennial Club, December 2nd, under the auspices of the Nashville Art Association.

Grand Opera.

Owing to the war the only Grand Opera in this country is being given in New York. The season opened at the Metropolitan Opera House Monday, November 15th, with Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera."

Misses Hood and Heron, former heads of Belmont College, are having built a beautiful new home. It is to be located on Harding Pike and built at a cost of about \$20,000.

REGULARS WIN FINALS IN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Athletics Engrossing Occupation at Ward-Belmont—Tennis, Basketball, Swimming, Dancing All Claim Many Devotees. Three Clubs Doing Active and Splendid Work.

The Tennis Tournament started in with sixty-six entries.

Nov. 2 saw the opening matches. There were about six matches played off every afternoon and excitement ran pretty high, increasing daily as the matches became more interesting and the names were nearing the fatal two.

The second week of the tournament found every one stepping lively; enthusiasm displayed itself in the broadest queries of "Who's playing this afternoon?" and, "Going to the game to-day?"

The semi-finals were started on Nov. 20, but were discontinued owing to the cold; however one match was played in which Lillian Byrd Whitsett defeated Effie Ruthertford.

The match was interesting and close, and in spite of the weather drew a crowd. The match between Beasie Allen, Regular, and Louise Benedict, Athenian, was one of special interest, causing two clubs to hold their breath, for it meant that either an Athenian or a Regular was to be put out of the race for championship. Beasie Allen, a Regular, was the winner.

It was a splendid match. The only thing to be regretted was that both could not have won.

The finale! To have ploughed through a tournament of sixty-six entries means "some" playing. The Regulars and the Panthers showed their pride and appreciation by coming out in full force.

Beasie Allen, Regular, defeated

Lillian Byrd Whitsett, Panther, in three straight sets.

The contestants, vanquished and victor, played the game to the finish, so the winner receives congratulations on a hard earned victory.

Names of Players.

It may be interesting to know that the following sixty-six are the ones who entered: Misses Patton, Overton, Webb, Williams, Beasley, Benedict, Wheeler, Hull, Harts, Whorley, Orchard, Brohat, Ray, Jordan, Spence, Graham, Mohler, Eryne, Winn, Martin, Officer, Williamson, Binnie, Conley, Allen, Cooper, Nathan, Fain, McEllan, Lindsey, Nollin, Carmichael, Niles, Hill, Ruthertford, Damaris Smith, McManus, Ruth Graham, Montgomery, Alford, Cole, Leftwich, Dowell, Magill, Holmes, Blanton, Harrison, Frances Williamson, Knox, Hardin, Pepper, Wallace, Staples, Langworthy, Reban, Owen, Sledge, Whitsett, Elizabeth Murphy, Blake, Mary D. Lewis, Landrith, and Groves.

Basketball.

Once the Tennis Tournament was over, basketball practice was begun in all seriousness. Any afternoon of the week there might have been found two teams playing up for the great event.

What is the great event? Why, it is not known that there was a basketball game on Thanksgiving morning, between the Regulars and Panthers?

It was the game of the season and such excitement has never been heard of; members of each club vowing that nothing could keep them from

that game. Songs and cheers were practiced more vigorously each day and enthusiasm ran to its very height.

Fine material has shown up. It is said that splendid work was done by all the clubs and each team had a fair chance of winning.

This is the first of a series of games that is to be played for club championship and perhaps some Varsity games may be arranged later. That is when the clubs will no longer be rivals, but will come together as one person to cheer for Alma Mater.

It is rumored that a basketball court is to be drawn in the Gymnasium, which will mean that basketball may be indulged in throughout the winter.

Gymnasium Work.

Though it has been said that Gymnasium is merely a substitute for out-of-door work, there is much to be done there of interest and value. All students except seniors are required to take two periods of regular gymnasium work a week. In addition to this, each student may take one period of dancing and one of fencing each week.

As proof that these are popular, one hundred and fifty have signed up for dancing and sixty for fencing. Seniors may have a choice so long as they do two periods a week.

The swimming pool will be open for general swimming from 4:30 to 5:30 daily.

Those who wish to learn, of whom there are 130, have been scheduled for class work.

fortable and convenient homes. It also includes the cleaning and managing of the house.

We are sure this course will prove interesting and beneficial to anyone wishing to enter.

Those waffles which the Domestic Science pupils turned out this week were "lickin'" good. The pupils have made great progress in the culinary art already and their prospects for the future are even brighter.

CLAIM CENTER OF THE STAGE

"Treasure Hunt" Wins Fresh Laurels for Miss Townsend and Her "Baby" Actors—Attractive Dancing a Feature.

On Thanksgiving night Ward-Belmont had the pleasure of seeing the children of the Expression Department in one of the most charming children's plays ever written, "The Treasure Hunt."

This play was written by Miss Maria Thompson Davies, a talented Nashville author, and staged by Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend. It was presented through the courtesy of Miss Davies.

One may almost imagine herself at the Children's Theatre in New York when the curtain rises on the wee cottage of "Captie," an old Confederate soldier who lives at the edge of a big forest. There is a Tree Fairy and a Star Fairy, for luck, you know, also a Beloved Cat, who introduces us to the Captain's orchard just before dawn. When the curtain rises again it is in the afternoon just before sunset, the best time of all for stories. Then it is, the children of Cloverland are seen crowding around "Captie" for a story. "Captie" can tell the most wonderful stories of what happened when he was fighting under the stars and bars; but on this particular night he has a most wonderful secret to tell them. Years ago he hid all his money right there near his house and now he has forgotten where. If he can not find it "they" will take him to the Old Soldier's Home. My, but it is exciting to see those children hunt! Pinkie, a laugh-ry girl goes down the well to look and the boys let go of the rope and she almost drowns. Dumping eats a lot of bugs while Janie, who is supposed to look after her, is hunting for the money. The stone wall falls down and almost kills some of them. Just dreadful things happen to those children, and after a long hunt they almost give up. Then the Beloved Cat finds the treasure and dear, old, "Captie" is saved from the Soldier's Home—saved to tell the children stories every night at sunset.

Following is the cast of characters: Pinkie, an April Shower Lamsie, Martha Ashby; The Apple Tree Fairy, Cornelia Murray; The Star Fairy, Sophronia Murrey; The Mosses, the Cat, but none the less the heroine, John D. Anderson; Lena, a vain little primp, Van Meter Proctor; Bob, an admirer who carries

(Continued on Page 3.)

We Thank Thee

We thank Thee Lord, for youth and strength,
For boundless happiness, for health,
For bright-eyed Hope and Courage Strong;
To fight our fight against the wrong;
For our home land with freedom bright
While other lands are plunged in night,
For comfort, pleasure, all good cheer,
For loyal friends both far and near;
For love, for work, for each good thing
That this Thanksgiving Day doth bring
With humble hearts, we thank Thee, Lord.

—Olive Carter Ross.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

November 27, 8 p. m.—Angelo Cortese, Harp Recital, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

December 2, 8 p. m.—Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the famous composer. Centennial Club.

December 4, 8 p. m.—"The College Widow." Vanderbilt Dramatic Club, assisted by Miss Applebee, Vendome Theatre.

December 7, 8 p. m.—Earnest Hutcheson, Piano Recital, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

December 11, 8 p. m.—Pavlova, with her company of dancers, Ryman Auditorium.

WE WANT YOU.

THIS is your paper. We want you to assist in making it the best of its kind. Let each one do her part to contribute to the success of the Hyphen. Put your suggestions and contributions in the box. They will be cheerfully received by the staff.

HIGH COMPLIMENT FOR SCHOOL'S MUSICIANS

A significant and unusual feature of the Cortese Concert of to-night will be the number arranged for Violin, Organ, and Flute. That Angelo Cortese, that master musician should invite three musicians from the Ward-Belmont faculty to appear in recital with him is an eloquent testimonial of his esteem and appreciation of their musicianship and skill.

The number referred to is one arranged for the flute, the organ, the violin, and violin. Respectively these instruments will be played by Messrs. Angelo Cortese, F. Arthur Hinkel, Browne Martin, and Fritz Schmitz.

HOME ECONOMICS

New Department Established—Interest Runs High.

There has recently been a new class established in the Domestic Science Department called the Home Management Class. This concerns the building and furnishing of com-

Ward-Belmont Hyphen

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, in order to receive consideration. All articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Monday preceding the following issue.

Subscription, \$1.00; Per Copy, 5c.

We regret that inadvertently the writer's name of the editorial, "Individually," was omitted from last week's issue. Mary Dance Lewis is the author of that article.

THAT HOME LETTER.

Every girl in Ward-Belmont wrote a letter home on Thanksgiving day, because this is one of the great family days of the year when all the kind-folks come together. What was that letter about? Approximately ninety-nine per cent of the girls will fill the letter with accounts of the exciting Vanderbilt-Sewanee game, the matinee, and the picturesque Puritan dinner. The remaining one per cent wrote a home-jerk letter, bewailing the fact that they must stay in school on Thanksgiving Day. One hundred per cent, (or the ninety-nine per cent who described the affairs of the day plus the one per cent who will not discuss the good times for fear their home-folks will think they are happy) have all equally failed to catch the true significance of the "Giving Thanks Day," if they added nothing else to their letters. What have they to be thankful for? They should tell the home folks how glad they are that they have bodies strong enough to take an education, that they have parents who are progressive and concerned enough about their daughters to want them to win that place in the world that an education gives, that they are among the group of "one fortunate girl out of forty-eight who has the opportunity of a college education," and especially should they slip into that home letter some place how thankful they are that the school of their choice is Ward-Belmont.

THE PETITION.

Has every Ward-Belmont girl signed the petition for lengthening the Christmas Holidays from December 31 to January 5? Does every girl understand that the petition will be granted if unanimously signed, and that she has only to pledge her individual honor not to leave school before December 17, and to be in her place again on January 5, and this delightful holiday season is hers? Can she ask anything more generous? A whole week at home before Christmas in which to make her engagements, to prepare her gifts, and to do the thousand and one things a girl needs to do—then, an opportunity to enjoy the New Year's festivities is included. If the students lose this, it will be because they have not sufficient school spirit to stand together—to pull together in team-work. Are the Ward-Belmont girls so lacking? No girl should hesitate on account of rates, because Dr. Blanton will make exceptions in those cases where the home-owner's rebates are given.

Whoever desires to leave home before the New Year, or else to get a zero for each recitation missed after December 31 should, of course, not sign this petition. She should be allowed these pleasures, but she would be depriving a vastly larger number of girls of a greater pleasure. The issue rests with the girls. The student body must decide.

DELIGHTFUL COMMENT.

The Nashville Banner made the following comment concerning the first edition of the Ward-Belmont Hyphen: "The Ward-Belmont Hyphen, a paper published by the students of this well known school for young women, has just made its initial appearance and is as bright and new as a little college journal as has been seen in many a day. From editorial to news columns it is replete with interesting features, well written and well presented. There is also a sparkle that is noticeable throughout which is distinctly refreshing."

The Hyphen staff greatly appreciates this word of kindly encouragement.

WAR AT FIRST HAND.

It was a very hot day about noon, in Florence, Italy, when we heard the news of the horrible European war for the first time.

We were standing in a very old Baptist watching some little Italian babies being baptized, when an American man walked up to us and asked if he might talk to us. He said we were the first Americans he had seen for several days who were smiling and asked when we should sail, and on what boat. We told him we were leaving the following week on the "Carpathia," and he replied, "You are fortunate, very fortunate. Thousands of Americans are stranded in Europe to-day with no money, and no idea when they will sail for America. My boat was canceled yesterday. I would pay twice as much for passage if I could get it. Anything—yes, to get home."

We were not "blue" over hearing this only we started thinking, "What if the 'Carpathia' would not come?"

We reached Rome about seven o'clock that evening. Every one we saw was talking of the horrors of the war, little newboys screamed the latest news from the councils. When we reached our hotel (in which several hundred Americans were stopping) we found most of the parties in despair over the situation. There was a party stopping there that intended sailing on the "Carpathia" and we were the only two parties in the whole hotel who dared smile. While at lunch the next day a telegram was received by Miss Ross telling us the "Carpathia" sailing was canceled. No one in America will ever know our feeling—there in Rome Italy, five thousand miles from home, stranded without money, and no way to get it, not knowing when our hotel would close, as it had a limited supply of food, and worst of all, not knowing when we could sail. We called our friends in vain. We did not even hear from home for weeks. Though it all Miss Ross was the kind and attentive chaperon she had been throughout the trip. She carried all the burden and responsibility and was always cheerful, trying to do something to make us happier. We realize now, if not then, what a strain she was under and how she must have felt, having all the responsibility, for we felt badly enough having none. While we met with many inconveniences, the people of Italy were most kind and our party has a great deal to be thankful for.

"Every cloud has a silver lining" must be true, for one night about eleven o'clock we received news—the "Carpathia" would sail. There was never any joy in our lines as great as that of knowing we were

really going home—America. We sailed for America at midnight, August 18th, with the band playing "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," and people singing as they had never sung before.

I think the climax of Miss Ross' goodness to us was shown when she wrote a poem. We had been out of sight of land three or four days when she wrote it on deck the "Carpathia." She did not write this to be published, I think, but to inspire those about her and it certainly did. I wish all could feel when they read it the way we felt, for it gave us courage and hope and more love for our land. I think I am justified in publishing this poem because it would be selfish for me not to. If it has helped a few, as it already has, it should help many.

SESSUMS MCCOY.

THE FLYING SQUADRON.

The Flying Squadron, of which Dr. Ira Landrith, the President of Ward-Belmont, is a member, has been doing noble work throughout the West. This has been designated as "a movement big enough for big men and big women."

Dr. Landrith will speak at Erie, Penn., on Thanksgiving Day.

Other cities the Squadron will visit this week are Grand Rapids and Detroit, Mich., Toledo, Ohio, Rochester and Troy, N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL

Presented Ward-Belmont by Distinguished Woman.

Mrs. Rosika Schwimmer of Budapest, Hungary, because of her wonderful personality and stirring talks, made one of the most forceful impressions of the recent convention of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association. Her ardent interest in her cause, along with her appreciation of the students of Ward-Belmont prompted her to present a handsome gold medal, set with rubies and pearls, which is to go to the young lady who does the most for the cause of peace and equal suffrage.

CURRENT EVENTS.

It was announced at the White House on the night of Nov. 21 that the Turkish Government had made a voluntary explanation of the firing on the United States cruiser Tennessee in the harbor of Smyrna. The explanation was made to Henry Morgenthau, the American Ambassador, on Nov. 16, and only reached Washington on Nov. 21, as a delayed dispatch.

The explanation was that the harbor had been mined and the port ordered closed; that the American Ambassador had previously been informed of this, and that the Tennessee's launch was stopped by warning shot when she was passing through the mine zone. Government officials regard the explanation as satisfactory.—(From Saturday's Banner.)

Fear exists that the blacks of Africa have long been plotting and organizing for a combined movement to drive the white men out of the country, to take his wealth and possessions, to wipe him out of existence and to restore the entire continent to the sons of Ham, converting it into a Black Africa. What renders the situation so alarming is the insignificant number of whites as compared with the untold millions of blacks.

The death of Lord Roberts, one of the world's greatest Generals, occurred Nov. 14. Lord Roberts was in France reviewing the Indian troops when he contracted cold from which he died. He was buried in "St. Paul's Cathedral" along with Nelson and Wellington.

SENATOR WEBB AT

WARD-BELMONT

Saturday evening, we had as our guest at Ward-Belmont, Senator W. R. Webb. It was a rare opportunity—and one especially appreciated by those of us who talked to him that night after dinner. He was in one of his reminiscent moods; and delighted us with stories of the early days of the Webb Preparatory School, now famous as one of the pioneer Latin Schools of the South.

Forty-five years ago, he said he had begun his school at Collioka, Tenn. He had advertised for boys. During his absence, the advertisement was changed to include girls as well; so the first class was composed largely of girls. When the first Latin class came to recite, he called for a translation of Caesar. "But," cried the student in dismay, "we say the Latin, and the teacher reads the key." From such a beginning as this he has built a school known far and wide for its well-trained Latin and Greek students.

In those early days, too, the boys attempted, as now, to "get ahead" of Mr. Webb, only to be foiled by his quickness. On one occasion, the students of this first school had played an April Fool joke on him. "For this," he had thundered, "you must memorize the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark." All day they were gloomy until they had a chance to look into their Bibles, only to find that the joke was on them.

As he talked of those early days, we made bold to ask him about the school at present. How could he get the boys, for instance, to spend Saturday morning reviewing? He told us that he always appealed to the reason of the boy and put him on his honor. A few had no honor and no ambition, he said, and those would always be "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

MR. COX'S CLASS

HOLD EXERCISES.

Mr. Cox's Class conducted the closing exercises of Sunday School on November 22. Miss Elizabeth Perkins, as President of the Class, presided. With Miss Evelyn Hageman leading the entire school read responsively the twenty-third Psalm. Gladys Wolfe represented the class in a short talk as follows:

"I want to emphasize only one point this morning: The tendency to adjust oneself to the surrounding conditions, whether good or bad. The thought I have in mind is very well expressed in those lines:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 To be hated needs but to be seen.
 But seen too oft, familiar with his face
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"When Peter, who was a strong, whole-hearted, impetuous man, came into contact with ungodly people, he found himself sinking to their level, and when the crisis came he almost unconsciously denied Christ. So it is with us. When we associate ourselves with irreverent, irreligious people we, as a rule, soon find that we have become no better than they. Expert tennis players say that it is almost impossible to play a fast game with inexperienced players, because they will naturally find themselves sinking to the mediocre game of their opponent.

"The moral tone of the student body determines the moral tone of the individual student, but the girl who will stand up independently for a reverent and religious life and for all the little niceties is the one who can be the real leader and the one who will exert a strong influence for good."

After a song was sung by Ione Zigler the students were dismissed with a prayer by Laurence Royer.

CLASS IN DICTION.

An entirely new class has been established at the Centennial Club, under the directorship of Mr. Charles C. Washburn. Mr. Washburn will give a series of talks on diction as based on phonetics, which will prove most timely and most instructive. The department has been established in response to a most timely need. More and more are women going into public fields of work, and more and more is the need felt for a voice whose trained qualities will insure its owner a sympathetic audience. The voice in conversation, in reading, and in speaking will be the subject of Mr. Washburn's talks and demonstrations.

Recently this need was emphasized by a conversation held between club members who were speaking about some meetings that were to be held in the auditorium. One objected to this place of meeting on the ground that the women's voices would never carry. "But," said the other, "you forget they are eastern women, who have been taught how to make their voices carry." After these lessons that stigma will no longer be able to be registered against the Centennial Club members. These lessons will take place every Saturday morning at 11:30 o'clock, and all members who wish to join this class are asked to register.

BABY PARTY.

The Baby Party, given by the new girls to the old girls, in the gymnasium Saturday, November 14, was voted by them to be the most enjoyable entertainment of the season. Mirth and laughter galore when the Grand March, led by Misses Elizabeth Wolfe, chairman, and Mabel Bunch, gave the guests an opportunity to see "Goldilocks, Peek-a-boo, Polly, Rapunzel."

"Happifats," Yarinda, with Yorlinal, Hauel, and Getzel, Buster Brown, Clumsey Claude, etc., gave a lovely bit of fancy from that realm of fairy land so loved by all.

Each carrying a program card and an "all-day sucker" tied with Ward-Belmont colors. The prize, a large baby doll, was given to Miss Esther Creed, so unconsciously did she impersonate "Little Snow Drop."

An orchestra furnished the music, and during the intermission Misses Hermosa Brown, Chita Beasley, Louise Mallory, Allen Stewart, and Corinne Wooten gave readings and a clog dance.

Souvenir fancy whistles and ice cream cones completed the fun for the evening.

INTERESTING HAPPENINGS.

Dr. Anna Shaw was elected without opposition to the office of President of the National Woman's Suffrage Association in their session on Monday.

• • •

In expectation of a large Belgian immigration to this country, both now and after the war, a movement is on foot to provide farms for them on easy terms in various parts of the United States.

PERSONALS.

• • •

Miss Hall of Kentucky spent a few days with her sister, Miss Virginia.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Richoit of Texas spent the week-end with their daughter, Miss Pauline.

• • •

Mrs. McLean spent the week-end with her daughter, Miss Virginia.

• • •

Mrs. Wheeler of Union City is making a Thanksgiving visit in Nashville.

• • •

Miss Frances Craven will spend Saturday and Sunday with Miss Harriet Overton.

WITH THE SORORITIES

ALPHA KAPPA PSI.

The Alpha Kappa Psi will be glad to help the Hyphen in any way they can do so. Among the old girls who were back during rushing season were: Mrs. Dattmer Ryan, Tennessee; Miss Rebecca Bell, Tennessee; Miss Bess Johnson, Tennessee; Miss Ora Chatlin, Tennessee; Miss Laura Lofton, Kentucky. We are glad to welcome into our chapter Misses Mildred Reid, Indiana; Mary Closer, Ohio; Auban Blake, Texas; Vivian Holmes, Georgia; Virginia Hobbs, Kentucky; Clara Graham, Ohio; Henrietta and Elizabeth Murphy, Kansas; Theo Petty, Texas; and Madeline Ward, Alabama.

We are glad to have Miss Margaret Curry with us again after her short stay at home on account of illness.

Mr. J. P. Blake spent several days with his daughter Auban on his way to the Pacific Coast.

Miss Nell Talley, of St. Petersburg, Fla., is the guest of Miss Laura Lofton, of Madisonville, Ky. They are both old girls and we expect them as our guests at Heronholm in a few weeks.

Miss Addie Forman Young is expecting her mother and cousin to spend Thanksgiving with her.

BETA SIGMA OMICRON.

The Betas are glad to announce Miss Estelle Gerber a new pledge. The other pledges are: Miss Willie Neuman, Alabama; Miss Charlotte Lawns, Illinois; Miss Lillie Davenport, Tennessee; Miss Emme Ruthertford, Kentucky; Miss Esther Creede, New Jersey; Miss Irene Knox, Tennessee; Miss Lucile Heath, Mississippi; Miss Margaret Sledge, Texas; Miss Frances Craven, Missouri; Miss Marjorie Whipples, Missouri; Miss Martha Ming, Missouri.

DELTA TAU SIGMA.

The old girls who are back this year are: Miss Anita Williams, Miss Annie Mal Underwood, Miss Frances Williamson, Miss Pauline Nathan, Miss Marion Lettwich, Miss Virginia Armistead, Miss Katrina Overall and Miss Henrietta Lindsey.

We are glad to welcome pledges Misses Ruth Moss, Helen Kelley, Lulla Whorley and Vera Satterfield.

Miss Pauline Nathan spent last week-end in Lebanon and was entertained with several charming affairs during her visit.

Miss Mary D. Houston, one of our last year's girls, is a co-ed at University of Tennessee this year.

Miss Imogene Slayden and Miss Christine Hunt, from Dickson, Tenn., were with us during rushing season.

Miss Mary Wilson is attending school at Miss Allison's this year.

THE PAN-HELLENIC.

The Pan-Hellenic, or Inter-Sorority Council, met on the afternoon of November 18. The following officers were elected: Corinne Smith (Sigma Iota Chi), President; Addie Forman Young (Alpha Kappa Psi), Secretary, and Susan Glenn (Theta Kappa Delta), Treasurer.

SIGMA PHI KAPPA.

Six old girls of Sigma Phi Kappa Sorority registered for 1914-15: Misses Mary Kate Houkins, Emily Mills, Josephine Cole, Dorothy Winton, Kathleen Young and Elizabeth Drake.

Rushing season opened with much enthusiasm. Linda Harris and Helen

Chatham entertained with "rushing parties."

We are glad to welcome into the sorority three pledges: Misses Sarah Alford, Dorothy Fain and Mary Harris Cockrill.

Sigma Phi Kappa gave a luncheon Saturday, November 14, in the Yvot to at Skaloewski's. Mrs. Schmitts and representatives of the other sororities were guests.

Miss Myrtle Carter is visiting in Birmingham.

ETA UPSILON GAMMA.

Eta Upsilon Gamma was unusually fortunate in having seven of her old girls back at the opening of school this year. Misses Emaline Greene, Margaret Cooper, Frances Davis, Dorothy Brandon and Louise Benedict. Misses Annie Beasley and Sue Holmes are taking "specials" only.

We are delighted to announce as pledges Miss Lucille Holman, of Nashville.

It was with very much regret and sympathy that the sorority received the news of the death of Mr. M. F. Greene, the father of one of its girls, Miss Emaline Greene. Miss Greene returned to school the first of this week and we are sure that all the school was very glad to have her back again.

Smart Youth.

History Prof.: "Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?"
Wise Frosh: "Because there were so many knights."—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Some one wishes to know under what great master did Mr. Cox study geometric drawing.

Daffodils.

If Mary were a Hill, would Bobbie Walker?
If we would pray, would Marion Neal?
If Jean Staples is late, is Azora Early?

Why could Willie never be an old lady? Because she is a "new man."
If Jennie is White, is Hermosa Brown.

If Lena and Nell Fite, would Norma Kopp 'em?

If anything causes Ethel Payne, does it hurt Mabel Moore?
If Jeannette weighs 95 pounds, does Harriet weigh Overton?
A "Prine" was hiding behind a "Bush" when along came a "Wolfe."
"Nuf Sed."

Clever Things Others Have Said.

Cesar's dead and buried,
And so is Cleo;
And where those two old gents have gone
I wish their works would go.—Ex.

A Shattered Romance.

He kissed the postage stamp
Upon the letter that she sent;
In fact he licked the mulligan off
And into raptures went.
He wrote and told her what he did
And then his love near froze,
When she replied, "I wet that stamp
On darling Fido's nose."—Ex.

Prof.: "Mr. Blair, what is an atom?"

Blair: "An atom, Prof., is something so small I can imagine nothing about it.—Ex.

Receipt for Making a Faculty.

Mix together according to taste, precision, avoirdupois, squirmishness, regularity, watchfulness, prayerfulness, sanctimoniousness, utopian ideas, impracticability and cantology. Beat for thirty years, pour all behind a wise lock and set up behind a desk.—Ex.

Miss Esther Creed will spend Saturday and Sunday with Miss Sara Sudekum.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

It is the wish of the Exchange Editor to make the Exchange column one of the most interesting features of the Hyphen. It is through this department that we shall learn what the other schools and colleges are doing. The other schools have been very generous so far and we are in receipt of:

"The Purple and Gold," from Clarksville High School.
"The Southern Collegian," from Washington and Lee.

"The Emory Phoenix," from Emory College.
"The Centralian," from Central College.

"The Grove Comet," from Paris, (Tenn.) High School.
"The Orange and White," from University of Tennessee.

"The Wellesley College News," from Wellesley College.
"The Castle Heights Herald," from The Journal, from Southwestern University.

"The Acorn," from Oak Cliff High School.

"The Orange and White" is a weekly paper. From its number of advertisements it is presumed they never have any financial trouble.

"The Purple and Gold" is an excellent paper and their exchange department is one of their best features.

"The Centralian" certainly has the co-operation of the student body. Six short stories is pretty good.

"The Emory Phoenix" is one of the best that has come to hand. We wish to congratulate them on the beautiful binding, good editorials and excellent stories. Richard Broyles is a poet to be proud of. Keep it up.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

The first of the new dormitories which will replace College Hall was begun in October. The building is made possible by an anonymous gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, announced at commencement last year. Later, two other dormitories, each accommodating one hundred persons, will be built on the foundations of the old library and College Hall dining-room.—From Wellesley College News.

Class contests are occurring in rapid succession in Grinnell College, the class of '18 taking most of the honors in the interclass track meet and capturing the tennis championship. In the soccer contests the Juniors defeated the Sophs, while the Freshmen defeated the Juniors.—Orange and White.

A building for the law school is being erected at the University of Florida.—Emory Phoenix.

"The Dartmouth," first issued in 1839, is the oldest college paper in existence. A banquet for the celebration of seventy-five years of continuous publication was held at Dartmouth, on May 23, 1914.—Emory Phoenix.

"The Daily Texan," for October 29, prints a sworn statement showing its circulation to be almost two thousand and the circulation of the magazine of the University of Texas to be over two thousand.—From "The Orange and White."

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. held its regular meeting Wednesday evening, at 6:45. Miss Della Clayton and Mable Bunch gave very interesting talks on "Honors in School Life" and every one present should have derived real benefit from hearing the wonderful points which were emphasized.

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet met Sunday afternoon and discussed the bazaar that is to be given Dec. 13th. There are to be several booths and we want every member of school to contribute something to one of them. Begin sewing now so you will have plenty of time and not be rushed at the last minute.

This is the week of prayer and services are held in the Y. W. C. A. room every morning at ten minutes to seven. Come and bring your friends.

HOME THAT'S FROM THE SEA.

By Olive Carter Ross.

I.
Breasting the broad Atlantic,
Our flag flung in the breeze,
With our hearts panting and straining
For a fair land over the seas.

II.
We'll forget all the care, all the heartache,
All the fear, all the worry, the pain
And open our hearts to gladness
Of courage, and hope once again.

III.
Behind us lies Europe in bondage,
Of bloodshed, and riot, and strife;
Before us, beyond the blue billows,
A land that is teeming with life.

IV.
With life, with courage, with freedom,
With hope of redress for the rest;
A land spanned by God's bow of promise
And by his prosperity blest.

V.
We are blest far beyond all the nations,
We are glad with the joy of the free;
From our hearts we pour out our devotion
For we owe all our Father to Thee.

COTILLION CLUB.

The Cotillion Club gave their Opening Ball on the evening of November the fifth. The Hall was decorated in Cotillion colors, the lights being shaded by yellow lillies. The room presented a most charming appearance, the music was furnished by "Vito's Orchestra." Delicious refreshments were served to about forty guests. Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, with other members of the faculty, attended the dance.

The following members and young ladies were present: Miss Mable Young and Mr. Dan Smith leading the Grand March, Miss Jordan Prince with Mr. Bob McLeome, Miss Beasley Allen with Mr. Billy Payne, Miss Lucille Heath with Mr. Lane Soul, Miss Virginia Driver with Mr. Jack Thornton, Miss Barbara Byrne with Mr. Tom Graham, Miss Elizabeth Coolidge with Mr. Jack Graham, Miss Mildred Swartsbaugh with Mr. Lynn Rosendale, Miss Marion Malone with Mr. Mack Morrow, Miss Mary Pierce with Mr. Bob Bush, Miss Marie Mertz with Mr. Mario Mohler, Miss Mary Webster with Mr. Bob Mohler, Miss Jane Miller with Lieutenant Hardesty, Miss Gertrude Wiggins with Mr. Carl Prince, Miss Frank Montgomery with Mr. Mitch Robinson, and Miss Mary Cox with Mr. Jim Morrison. The following young men staged: Messrs. Jim Holbert, Frank Oliver, Jerry Jordan, Mark Stewart, Bill Noofin, Tim Carter, Joe Herndon, "Percy" Ward, Steve Higgins, "Chap" Asher.

Mrs. Alice Burnham spent a few days with her father in St. Louis.

Miss Lissle Dee Boldin who attended school here last year was expected to visit the school this week, but owing to her grand-mother's death, will not be able to come.

EXPRESSION.

On Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock the second students' recital was given in Miss Townsend's studio. The participants were representatives from the first year classes and their first efforts were enthusiastically received.

The following was the programme: "Uncle Remus and the Coon," Miss Leonora Young; "Mable Blossom's Pearl Pin," Miss Alberta Douglas; "Emmy Lou and the Play," Miss Chitila Beasley; "Paul Revere Columbian Dobbs," Miss Agnes Witherington; "A Dog's Tale," Miss Edith Brisen.

MARINE BAND.

About one hundred of the girls attended the concert given by the U. S. Marine Band, at the Ryman Auditorium, Tuesday evening. A capacity house greeted the great band, which has become the pride of our nation. In a program which was replete with interest from the first number to the last, the band maintained the reputation as one of our foremost concert organizations. The program comprised selections from the standard classic and modern composers, and was of such a diversified nature as to please those of all musical tastes. Lieutenant Santimann was more than generous in his response to the demands of the large audience, and doubled the length of his program with encores of stirring marches and popular music of the day. Especially enjoyed were the cornet and flute solos. The high artistic reputation, long held by this noted band was sustained throughout the program, and the evening's entertainment will be remembered as of the best of its kind. The concert was given under the auspices of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, who had as their guests some of the charitable institutions of the city.

CLAIM CENTER OF STAGE

(Continued from Page 1.)

her dolls, Robert Proctor; Jim, a tease, Celia Goldner; Dave, whose smile wins him many friends, Mabel Cooke; Bud, the quiet twin, Martha Parman; Talkey, the other twin who does Bud's talking, Elizabeth Howe; Jeffe, a little brother, Marguerite Forrest; Dumping, a little sister who gets bugs, Mary O'Brien.

Miss Marion Lettwich, and Mr. Lester Miller of Vanderbilt assisted the children in the roles of Janie and "Captive."

"The Treasure Hunt" was presented November 21 at the Centennial Club by this cast, when it scored a splendid success. The proceeds were given to the Old Woman's Home.

The children take dancing three times a week under Miss Morrison. Two from this class, Cornelia Murray and Sophronia Mayberry, will give symbolic solo dances in the prologue of "The Treasure Hunt."

About thirty-five little girls go in the swimming pool every Friday at the 12:15 period. Some of them are so small that the water is over their heads in the shallowest places, and they must wear water wings to keep afloat. Lola McManus assists Miss Morrison and Miss Sissons in the children's swimming lessons. The following little girls are so proficient that they are allowed in deep water: Ruth Cowden, Annie K. McGill, Elizabeth Washburn, Martha Ashby, and Olivia Trubus.

There are twenty-seven little tots in the Primary Department under the tutelage of Miss Cavori, and eighteen in Miss Watkins' Intermediate Department.

Ward-Belmont is justly proud of her little girls who are soon going into college students. The older students might learn many a lesson from the children who "work when they work and play when they play." A more enthusiastic group would be hard to find.

SUNDAY SCHOOL
CHAPEL SERVICES

Instead of the regular Sunday-school services last Sunday week, Ward-Belmont listened to lectures by three noted speakers from the Suffragist Convention.

Miss Mary Johnson, the author, gave a very optimistic talk in which she told of the three great strides woman has taken. First, in making her way into the colleges; second, in having gained certain legal property privileges; and third, in the great advance made in the suffrage movement. She asserted that as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, equal suffrage is coming.

Miss Veda Frances, National Secretary of the College Women's Alumni, spoke especially of the duty of college women in fighting the evils of the day. She complimented Ward-Belmont on its honesty concerning the standard of scholarship, and appealed to the school to raise that standard even higher.

The main address of the morning was given by Madame Rosika Schwimmer, of Budapest, who is here in the interests of peace. Among other things, she spoke of the greater prejudice and opposition the European woman has to fight against as compared to her American sister. She said in part:

"It has always been man's privilege to declare war in which our husbands and sons are killed. It has been his privilege to expend seventy cents out of every dollar, that women help to pay as taxes, on dreadnaughts and armaments. It has been his privilege to doom Europe to destruction. There can be no real victory now, for Europe is shattered and ruined. We scarcely know when our parents are homeless or our brothers slain, our grief as individuals is so submerged by our sorrow for all Europe. People in America take time to argue about who is right. That is not the question,—they are all equally wrong. England, Germany, France, Russia, and Austria-Hungary. The question is, Can it be stopped? If this is impossible, let us pray that the United States will lead all nations in absolute disarmament. The men suffer, but it is a pleasure to die in the trenches, compared with enduring what the women must meet. They are the ones who must live on in the horrible memory. We European women all feel responsible for the great crime, for we have known all the time that we could get the franchise, and we knew that if we got it, we would never declare war. But we were too patient. We sat modestly, shyly, waiting for the vote to come to us. That is our crime, that we have not been impatient enough. Nothing that you may do can lighten our burden. Money will not help, for it will only be a mite compared with the millions the Great Powers are spending every day. If only on Christmas day you could send a message to grief-stricken Europe that you have decided our warning, it would lighten our consciences. That is why the European women have sent me to you. Women of the United States, the youngest nation, the nation free from morbid traditions, send to warring Europe the Christmas message: 'We have learned the lesson.'"

As for the settings of Albert Rothenstein, the young English scenic artist whose star of fame has now risen, they are pronounced irreproachable specimens of scenic art in its most delicate aspect.

There will be a special rate for tickets made to Ward-Belmont College. The seats will go on sale at Lamb Piano Store on Dec. 7th.

SOUTHERN LAWN PARTY.

The day and boarding students from Tennessee entertained from 4 to 6 in the afternoon of October 14 to welcome to grand old Tennessee the other boarding students who come from all over the United States. The entertainment took the form of a Southern lawn party, and as the girls carried out in their dress as far as possible the Tennessee colors of gold and white, the park presented a most beautiful spectacle.

In the receiving line were Mrs. Blanton, Mrs. Rose, Miss Lois McManus representing the Tennessee girls, and Miss Katrina Overall representing the Nashville girls. The following young ladies served refreshments: Misses Elizabeth Drake, Martha Lindsey, Cora Farmer, and Chita Beasley.

Several students from Fisk University furnished the music, playing mostly old southern melodies and several songs were also given. To cap the climax, the band played "Turkey in the Straw" and one of the negroes gave a capital exhibition in the art of juggling. Miss Martha Winn, in the disguise of an old southern "mammy," caused much merriment as she distributed the

souvenirs from a large market basket—cotton bolls tied with yellow ribbon.

To Miss Hefley, a friend of the girls at all times, much of the success of this entertainment was due.

Miss Margaret Sledge is spending the Thanksgiving holidays with her aunt, Mr. William Sledge, in Pukaht, Tenn.

OUR TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

We must admit we were a rather bedraggled crowd of girls who came staggering into the dining room a week ago Saturday night after our glorious trip to Mammoth Cave. Some were clinging pathetically to small souvenir chairs, others were staggering under the weight of heavy suit cases, and still others limped along scarcely able to put one stone-bruised foot before the other; nevertheless, we mustered up strength enough to give fifteen raps for Ward-Belmont and the Cave.

We ate our dinner in almost complete silence; then rose from the table, each girl wearing upon her countenance that look of determination which appears only on the faces of those who have not seen mail boxes or their contents for two whole days. A stranger who might have wandered into the Academic Building on that memorable night might well have thought there was a sale of the most delicious candies at very reduced prices, when he or she surely not he) saw us girls awaying as one solid mass before the mail boxes.

When we had read one of our letters and felt strong enough to carry the rest, we started out over the campus to our respective rooms.

This was the end of our trip, but let me tell you, the beginning, for it contrasts greatly. We started from school on Friday, November 6, taking with us as official chaperons Miss Buchanan and Dr. Blanton. Professor and Mrs. Martin were taken as cheer leaders and to attend to various odds and ends, while Miss Sisson and Miss Lewis acted as sentinels on the halls of the hotel.

I shall not even attempt to tell about the beauty and wonders of the Cave, for they cannot be described.

We came from the Cave late in the evening, tired and hungry, but feeling that we had spent a day never to be forgotten. After a light dinner, we went to our rooms without much coaxing from Miss Buchanan.

Why, of course, we didn't sleep, for some of us went on a big possum hunt in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

But some little bird must have warned Mr. Possum, for he did not come out to greet us as we expected, and although we sat down on the railroad track and waited patiently, he never appeared.

But dauntless hunters that we were, we waited until Apollo had favored us with his presence, then sallied forth after squirrels. To make a long tale short, we treed five and killed three. We then went triumphantly home to find the less ambitious ones at breakfast, but we were willing to join them.

About nine o'clock we went into the Cave and lost ourselves to the outside world again until 12:30, when we rushed madly to the dining room for our last meal at Mammoth Cave. We packed our suit cases, took a few pictures, begged the natives for trifles for our "booby strings" and crawled onto the train again.

I am sorry I cannot tell you more of the trip home, but I fell into that deep sleep which endures bump after bump and was only awakened by a sense of loneliness, when I realized that nearly all the girls had gotten off and that we had reached Nashville once more.



Mlle. Anna Pavlova.

RUSSIAN DANCER TO COME TO NASHVILLE

Mlle. Pavlova, With Wonderful New Repertoire, to Once More Delight Nashville Audience at Ryman Auditorium Dec. 11th.

Classic dancing of the highest type and a pretty love story in which mythological characters figure are two elements of the new ballet "Flora's Awakening," which is a part of the new repertoire of Mlle. Anna Pavlova, the Divinity of the Dance, who with her Imperial Russian Ballet and Symphony Orchestra will appear here on Dec. 11th, at the Ryman Auditorium.

"Flora's Awakening" is one of the very newest ballets. Only a few Europeans even have seen it, for its "premiere" took place last season and was part of the festivities attending the wedding of their Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Alexandre Mikhaïlovitch, and the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna. Its immediate acclaim was justified, and the leading role so perfectly fits the talents of Mlle. Pavlova that it

might easily have been constructed especially for her.

M. Ivan Clustine arranged the ballet which sets forth the story of Flora and Apollo's love, together with many incidents in which Hebe, Bacchus, Diana, Ariadne, and other god-like personalities figure. There is an abundance of pantomime in "Flora's Awakening," melodious music written by Richard Drigo and stunning costumes from designs by Orley de Carva.

As for the settings of Albert Rothenstein, the young English scenic artist whose star of fame has now risen, they are pronounced irreproachable specimens of scenic art in its most delicate aspect.

There will be a special rate for tickets made to Ward-Belmont College. The seats will go on sale at Lamb Piano Store on Dec. 7th.

ILLINOIS CLUB PICNIC.

The members of the Illinois Club had a camp fire picnic on Friday, November 13. This was the first of the many social events planned for the year. Mr. Bennett's large auto tally was engaged to take us west to the woods. In high good humor we sang Illinois songs and cheered our State and school with vim all the way. On arriving, we found a big pile of wood made from the roots of trees. This was soon lighted and every girl busied herself toasting wieners on the ends of long sticks; then making "hot dogs" by putting them between rolls. These, with cider, doughnuts, apples, pickles, and chestnuts made a feast fit for the occasion. After finishing it we sat around the fire and roasted marshmallows. Soon naturally enough ghost stories were begun. And some weird ones were told. Stories to make "each particular hair to stand on end." They were all true, especially those told by Miss Morrison. Miss Morrison was our guest and a very appreciative guest to be sure. With our kind sponsor, Miss Earl, the picnic a great success. We were home tired but happy just in time to meet the light ball.

THE WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Offers Superior Advantages to Day and Boarding Pupils

1. LITERARY COURSES.

- (a) College Preparatory Certificate, with entrance to Wellesley, Vassar, Vanderbilt, University of Tennessee, etc.
- (b) First Year College Certificate (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), one year of thorough college work.
- (c) Ward-Belmont Diploma (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), representing completion of two years' college. University of Chicago has just accepted college work of a graduate of 1914 and granted advanced standing.

2. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dr. Emil Winkler, Director.

Sixteen teachers of American and European education, of proved ability in their profession. Courses in Piano, Voice, Organ, Violin, Musical Sciences, leading to certificates and diplomas.

3. SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION, Pauline Sherwood Townsend Director, assisted by Miss Mary Fletcher Cox and Miss Miriam Applebee.

Fundamental principles and correct habits first, natural development. Certificate may be earned in two years, diploma in three.

4. SCHOOL OF ART, Lamira Goodwin, Director.

Elementary Study, Cast Drawings, Oil and Water Color Painting, Life Drawing, Clay Modeling, Glass Painting, Pen Drawing, Pottery, Outdoor Sketching, Designing, Etching. As many of these phases of art study may be taken by a student as ability and time will warrant.

5. METALRY, at Ward-Belmont. Taught by Sarah M. Gaut.

Who has studied in New York, Boston and recently under special instructors in Chicago. The shop is ideally located and well equipped. A thorough course is given in metals, beginning with copper, advancing to silver and gold. Interior decoration in the course is treated in a most attractive way.

6.—SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS.

Comprising Domestic Science and Domestic Art. Mrs. Frank A. Herbrich, Director.

7. PHYSICAL EDUCATION—Physical Training and Swimming.

Open free to Day Pupils, under competent instruction, of Misses Sisson and Morrison.

8. INTERMEDIATE, PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS.

Miss Lillian Watkins and Miss Anne Cavert, Directors.

For Catalogue and General Information, "Phone N. 446, or Call at the School

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1914.

NUMBER 3

ORGANIZATION OF THE STATE CLUBS

Distinct Feature of School Life—Plans Being Made for Big Entertainment—Stunts to Be Feature of Entertainment

The organization of the State clubs has been one of the prominent features of school life this week. From every hand and from every corner comes echoes from these various clubs, each determined in a friendly rivalry to surpass each other either in point of numbers or in the good times to be had.

These State clubs form one of the distinct features of school life and embrace, with but very few exceptions, all students, be their tastes and inclinations what they may. Many a student is affiliated as an active member in her particular State club who has positively declined to join any other organization.

In addition to the State clubs, there is still another called the United States Club. In this one are to be found those girls whose States are so far distant as to only send a small representation to Ward-Belmont, so for them even there exists a club.

All these recently organized clubs have begun a series of small entertainments, but the truly big thing they are all planning to give will take place shortly after the Christmas holidays. Then each club will be given ten minutes to "Pull Off" some special "stunt." The one achieving in the eyes of the assembled guests the biggest success will be awarded the palm of victory. Just what that palm will be remains to be seen.

United States Club.

"We, the President of these United States, do hereby proclaim a day of great rejoicing! Why? Because the representatives of fifteen States have met together and formed a United States Club, representing Virginia, California, Colorado, Florida, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Wyoming, Mexico, and New Mexico.

The occasion was a second Independence Day. The stars and stripes were "run up," and these States were freed from the bonds of petty State clubs and united in one great whole. We know that this will be a lasting union! From the north we have come to sit down in the kingdom of Ward-Belmont with our sisters from the South, the East, and the West. Therefore, we do hereby proclaim that the State clubs unite with the United States in a great rejoicing, and that we all work together for a spirit of unity and love in Ward-Belmont.

The Texas Club.

The Texas Club holds a unique place in Ward-Belmont, not only because of its quantity—it's the largest of the State clubs—but also because of its quality. It is acknowledged that Texas girls hold the largest number and the most important of the offices in school—viz.: Editor-in-Chief of Hyphen, President of the Y. W. C. A., President of the Athletic Association, Presidents of the three highest classes, and four out of the five members of the "Honor Committee" are Texans.

(Continued on Page 8.)

HARP CONCERT WARD-BELMONT

Famous Harpist Delights Large Audience.—Musical Faculty of School Participate.—Girls Give School Song.

An appreciative audience composed of students and townspeople enjoyed a splendid recital by Angelo Cortese, the harpist, on Friday evening, in our auditorium. Mr. Cortese was assisted by Messrs. Charles C. Washburn, Browne Martin, F. Arthur Henkel, and Fritz Schmitt—all members of the Ward-Belmont faculty. This is the great artist's fourth appearance here, and therefore he claims a large circle of friends and warm admirers. His is the style and class of music that remains as a beautiful memory, which time will only dim but not efface. His program was varied and brilliant and his playing revealed the masterly technique and depth of expression for which he is so well known. Not only did he give his audience a most generous program, but time and again responded to their demands by encores, each a gem and each receiving the same warm reception.

Two numbers of special interest on the program were "Adoration," for harp, violin, viola, and organ, played by Messrs. Cortese, Schmitt, Martin, and Henkel respectively, and Wagner's "The Evening Star," sung by Mr. Washburn, with viola obligato by Mr. Martin, with harp and organ accompaniment by Messrs. Cortese and Henkel. In response to insistent demands from his hearers, Mr. Washburn sang with intimate charm the two Bandanna Ballads by Sidney Homer, with harp and organ accompaniment. The purity of his tones and his splendid diction were apparent in all of his selections.

If anything could have exceeded the appreciation of the audience for the other numbers of the program it was their reception of the quartet. Because of this warmth of reception and because they would have it no other way, this exquisite bit of lyrical music was repeated. This was a number marked by tremendous demands at the hands of those artists found full expression.

At the close of the program proper, at the request of Mr. Cortese, the school sang its song: "Tis a Long Way to Ward-Belmont," to the air of "Tipperary," with Mr. Cortese accompanying on the harp. Mr. Cortese's evident enjoyment of this song, sung as it was by those fresh young voices, was most manifest and made for him friends of the whole school.

A WANT AD.

A bright, intelligent young woman, employed in department store, can attend to your Christmas wants now better than later when the store will be overcrowded and she will be very tired. Address Shopgirl, Uptown or Downtown—Collins.



MISS MIRIAM APPLEBEE
Member of Ward-Belmont Expression Faculty who takes the leading role of Jane in "The College Widow," to be presented by the Vanderbilt Dramatic Club, at the Vendome Theatre, under direction of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

December 4, 8 p. m.—"The College Widow," Vanderbilt Dramatic Club, assisted by Miss Applebee, Vendome Theatre.

December 7, 8 p. m.—Ernest Hutcheson, Piano Recital, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

December 11, 8 p. m.—Pavlovsky, with her company of dancers, Ryman Auditorium.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT SCHOOL

Spirit of Enthusiasm Makes Day One Long Continued Delight—Basketball and Football—Puritan Dinner All Features.

Thanksgiving day was a day which will long be remembered as one of the pleasant days at Ward-Belmont since the opening of the fall term. It was a day of delightful events and joyous enthusiasm, from the early beginning, when the whole school was awakened in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning by the premature enthusiasm of the "Regulars," who rushed through the corridors singing songs and creating pep for the big basket ball game, till the day was over and the last peals of the "light bell" were heard.

There were very many events which contributed to the enjoyment of all and to the counteraction of homesickness. First, should come that exciting game between the "Regulars" and the "Panthers" which

(Continued on Page 3.)

LEMONS AND ROSES.

The Hyphen Box has a new name. It is now the "Dew Drop Inn."

Get the point?

If you want to "knock," that is the place for the "knocks," then the staff can see its faults and correct them.

There might also be some who would like to encourage us with a kind word or two! Let's have them, and next issue we will start a new column entitled "Lemons and Roses."

BASKETBALL GAME THANKSGIVING DAY

Another Victory for Regulars—Panthers Defend Their Honor to the Last—Others Maters in Athletic Realm

KILN HOUSE ON SCHOOL CAMPUS

Pottery, Block Printing and the Many Other Kindred Branches all Flourishing.—Christmas Gifts Engross Attention.

Have you ever noticed that little building behind the green house at Ward-Belmont? It looks unpretentious, but if you will visit this wonder house, you will return again and again. It is the Kiln House, or the Art Department Annex; here the china is fired, delicate vases are made, plaster moons are contrived and even painted glass is being tried in the kilns.

"Ignorance is bliss," someone has said, but knowledge is more blissful, and the writer feels that she must pass some of the things she has learned on to others. There are two distinct kinds of pottery, poured and molded; both kinds are fired and glazed in the same way, and the difference lies in the early stages of the process. The first mentioned variety is made by pouring liquid clay into plaster molds until the desired thickness has been reached, then the remaining liquid is poured out and the vase set to dry and harden. The other variety of pottery is molded into shape and requires more skill in the making.

But there is another interesting process, other than pottery, that has been introduced into the Art Department, and it is known as Block Printing. The designs are made by the students pasted onto a block and the design cut into the wood. The colors are transferred to the block, and the design finally stamped on the material desired. Much interest has been shown by the students in both pottery and block printing classes, especially since their work includes the making of Christmas presents. If you want to spend an interesting morning or afternoon, visit the Art Department and the Kiln House and see these things for yourself.

"WHAT DO THEY MEAN?"

A lovely night—

A moon so bright—

A swain in love—

Fair maid above—

A chord—

A song—

A bark—

So long!

—Orange and White.

AN INQUIRING PANTHER!!

"Teacher! I know I am stupid, but please tell me what kind of a bird a Panther is?"

Jeannette to Adne: "Are you going to take everything in Gym?"

Adne to Jeannette: "Yes, are you going to take fencing?"

Jeannette to Adne: "Yes, but Adne, do you reckon I could ever get over a fence?"

The first basket ball game of the season was played on Thanksgiving morning between the "Regulars" and "Panthers" amid a blaze of color and wild enthusiasm.

The game was called at 8:30, but representatives of the two clubs were up and stirring even before rising bell, for bleachers were to be decorated and club colors must be found flying from all prominent pinacles on the campus immediately after breakfast the two clubs assembled at the appointed meeting places, ready to start at the ringing of the bells.

The first peal had hardly gone forth when a line of red and white appeared over the hill and proceeded down the walks by the practice building. This was the "Regulars," and they were led by their cheer leader, Corinne Smith, who wore a cap with a red band and after the manner of cheer leaders, carried a cane. She led her line around the field and to their benches on the north side of the field. Hardly had the red line from over the hill come into full view when around the corner of Pembroke appeared the file of black and yellow led by Hermosa Brown, who was clad in white, wearing a black and white checked coat, which shouted as loudly as any "Panther," a white hat with a black band; again the cane from the top of which floated black and yellow masses; in her button hole a yellow chrysanthemum, which surely must have been a source of envy to all Nashville florists who did not supply it. Walking closely at Hermosa's side, and closely there by clung throughout the morning, clad in a suit of yellow and black was the little pockmarked mascot of the club.

That the occasion was a solemn one must have been duly impressed upon the little fellow's mind, for never once during the morning's proceedings was he found guilty of a single smile.

The "Panthers" took their places on the opposite side, and while the two teams practiced baskets at the ends of the field the banks of fans hung their opponents to "sneer apple trees" and performed various other stunts in song and story. The whistle called the teams to their sides; where they gave their cheers, ran out onto the field, and the game was on!

The "Regulars" started well by winning the toss, which proved an omen that it was "Regulars Day." The first basket was made by the "Regulars" on a field throw and from then on by their superior team work they climbed to victory.

The "Panthers" put up a good fight, but luck was against them surely, for after the first quarter Adne Wood, one of their guards, did some stunts in the air and came down with a minor injury which caused her to be carried from the field; however, that was the only accident of the game.

Both teams played a good game, but special mention was made of Mae Mohler's guarding for the "Panthers," of the two little "Regulars" forwards, Sara Magill and Ann Morrow.

(Continued on Page 3.)

Ward-Belmont Hyphen

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Monday preceding the following issue.

Subscription, \$1.00; Per Copy, 5c.

One of the sublimest things in all the world is plain truth.—Bulwer Lytton.

SIMPLICITY.

On one night in the year Ward-Belmont puts away all her twentieth century conventionalities and assumes the dark dress, the white cap and kerchief, and the modest demeanor of the Puritan maid. Never does any assemblage of girls look sweeter, more feminine, or more fascinating than the Ward-Belmont ones do at the Thanksgiving Dinner.

Some one has said that simplicity is the keynote of good taste in dressing. That is what the "Powers that be" are trying to teach the girls. That is why the uniform suits are neatly tailored, the hats plainly trimmed. Real wealth does not scream at the passer-by; it only quietly asserts itself. School girls are not supposed to be walking style hawks or models for fashion shows.

Simplicity in dress is the criterion to the world of true womanhood.

GOSSIP.

"Once upon a time," so an old fairy story goes, "there were two sisters who were very different in character. Whenever one of them spoke pearls fell from her lips, while the words of the other sister changed to frogs and toads." Are your words pearls or toads?

In "The Treasure Hunt" the character of "Pinkle," when taunted about girls never being able to keep a secret, remarks that boys know so little that it is very easy for them to keep still, while girls know so much that they just have to tell it. It is all very well if people would only tell what they know; the things they imagine, insinuate, and magnify are the things that hurt.

Do not belong to the "Hateful House of They," whose members prefix every remark with "They say," "Who are 'They'?" The truth about it all is that there are enough horrible things in the world you can see without talking about others.

Just remember that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones; and really, does not nearly every one live in a glass house of her own building?

In plain words, do not gossip; and "if some one knocks around, Pass around the loving cup; Say something good about them, If you have to make it up!"

A GOOD LOSER.

Take defeat gracefully! Even smile, if possible, for while the world likes a good winner, it sincerely admires a good loser. Do not niggardly grant the victory to the opponent because he received it by an unfair advantage," but give it to

him generously because he won it. Do not fume and fume over the defeat, but quietly and determinedly strive to develop a capacity for being the worthy winner next time. Remember—a broad, kindly spirit will win its reward as quickly in school here as in after life. Also—any one can be a good winner, but it takes a person with real, strong character to be a good loser.

CURRENT EVENTS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

Many Belgian orphans who he adopted by Swiss families, over 2,000 homes being now ready to receive children from the stricken country. About five hundred widows and orphans have already reached Switzerland from Belgium.

Uncle Sam's printing plant at Washington, D. C., is working on a rush order for 400,000,000 stamps called for by the new war tax. The law went into effect November 3.

The Panama Canal Zone will be neutral. A new proclamation by President Wilson, November 14, strengthens the former regulations.

The cotton exchanges reopened last Monday, and trading is going on without the restrictions that formerly were in force.

Germany's loss in men killed, wounded, and missing are reported, November 11, as 509,000. The allies have fought largely on the defensive and have probably lost fewer men than Germany.

"Made in U. S. A." should be on our Christmas goods this year and always hereafter.

The Turkish Sultan and 28 Priests have signed a proclamation calling all Moslems to begin a Holy War against Great Britain, France, and Russia.

CHANGED VIEW-POINT.

Mr. Cox, Sponsor of the Senior Middle Class, on the day after his election to that office was observed alone in his sanctum with a huld-god guarding the door. One of the faculty members remarked: "Mr. Cox's sentiments must have changed overnight; for the morning before in chapel he expressed his pleasure in his office, and his hope that all the Senior Middle would come to him and Mrs. Cox with their troubles."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Miss Mason, Superintendent of the Sunday School, addressed the assembly Sunday morning. She gave the girls some ideas on how to improve the services in singing and in assembling. She suggested that all the classes make some definite plans for Christmas offerings, and that they help to arrange some interesting features for the last service before the girls leave Ward-Belmont for the Holidays.

GOLF.

Golf is an interesting game, first played in Scotland in the seventeenth century. It has many merits. The most special one being that it may be made easy or smart at pleasure, and thus adapts itself to the overflowing exuberance of youth, the tempered strength of manhood, and the gentler decays of age.

To one unfamiliar with golf, the course on which it is played looks like beautiful rolling country, wasted. But a lover of golf can seldom see a good stretch of grassy land without thinking of the possibilities of a golf links on it. The most beautiful golf club I have ever seen is on the banks of a winding stream, and the course is laid along its banks for many miles. But any good stretch of meadow land having sandy soil may be used. Unless there are natural swells in the ground hazards must be made. Hazards consist of

bunkers which are small, even hills; in sand pits which are large holes containing sand in which the ball is often buried; in long grass, where a ball is lost forever if lost at all; in marshes and streams, where the ball sinks to the bottom. Without hazards no golf course can be held to approach the ideal standard. At distances of from two hundred to four hundred yards a small hole of about six inches in diameter is placed in the ground. A pole with a flag attached is stuck in the middle of the hole as a guide. All around this hole the grass is made smooth. There are small courses containing nine holes and large ones containing eighteen.

The clubs may be defined as shafts of wood with so-called heads of wood or iron attached. They consist of a driver and brassy used for long distance playing; a mid-iron, brassy mangle and spoon iron for stiff arm shots; a mallet constructed to pick balls out of holes; and a putter used on the green. The clubs are carried in a bag especially made for this purpose. This bag has a basket in which are kept the balls when not in use. They are made of gutta-percha and weigh about one and three-fourths ounces.

To the beginner of the game seems to lack action but very soon the fascination of it sets in and one is apt to become overly interested to the extent of neither talking nor thinking anything but golf. The first step in playing is to tee the ball, means placing it on the ground with a bit of dampened sand under it.

Then take the driver, stand well back from the ball, place the feet apart, raise the club high over the right shoulder then bring it through, hitting the ball with as much strength as possible and finish the stroke to the left. The ball should go straight out toward the hole. The maximum length of a good drive for a first class player may be stated as two hundred and fifty yards. From the exact spot it lies, whether in sand pits or bunkers, it must be played on toward the hole. The stroke is the same as in driving except that the swing is not so large. Both hands are always used. When he is within about seventy-five yards of the hole the approach that is made in which the player aims to get on the green. When this is accomplished the putting begins. Putting is the hardest part of golf and it requires much practice before any skill is acquired. The distance from the ball to the hole should be measured by the eyes and then a short, quick shot should be made. The best players can get into the hole in two puts. When the usual two or four persons are playing the one holding the ball in the smallest number of strokes is the winner of the hole.

Golf is so prevalent in Scotland that, unless curling may be held to dispute its place it may be called the national game. James IV. was the first king to play the game. He played at the "Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews," which was started in 1754. It is the most noted club even to-day. To win a medal from St. Andrews is the highest honor a golfer can aspire to. Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, comes next in line. It is noted for its wonderful greens. The oldest club in England is Blackheath, which was started in 1588. To-day every town or city of fifty thousand inhabitants or more has a golf club. The most aristocratic members of the community belong to it and it is generally the center of the social life.

Because golf is generally considered a select amusement, it interests many people instead of interesting them for its merits alone. There is a certain satisfaction in reading articles by Olmsted or Gravers, intelligently. What other game refreshes both mind and body to such a degree as golf?

DOROTHY BAKER.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree, "For," said he, "it is enough to be Fiddle Without being Fiddle, D.D."

—Purple and Gold.

Oh, woman, in your hours of E's, Why do you spend so many V's? Poor man must mind his P's and J's, To earn the X's that you U's; While he is working like the B's The dough he needs you're prone to C's;

Yet with such tact you put him Y's, You seem an angel to his I's.

—The Acorn.

Vanderbilt—The Dramatic Club will apply most of its profits to the fund for the relief of Belgian sufferers. The club will give a number of entertaining performances during the year.

Washington and Lee—Washington and Lee will have a representation of ten alumni in the United States Congress, four serving in the Senate and six in the House of Representatives.—Ring Tum Phi.

Kentucky State—Tribute was paid to John B. Bowman, former regent of the University of Kentucky, in the unveiling of a monument erected to his memory in Lexington cemetery. The student body and faculty of the university attended the unveiling services.

If you think you're due to funk, Work, don't worry.

And your view of life seems punk, Work, don't worry.

Things are bound to turn out right; View them in a better light. Don't give up without a fight.

Work, don't worry.

—The Acorn.

Washington and Lee—The students of Washington and Lee are rejoicing over the track victory recently earned by their representatives on the cinder path. Washington and Lee were the victors in the South Atlantic Intercollegiate Cross Country meet between Washington and Lee, University of Virginia, and Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

A CORRECTION.

In spite of caution, typographical errors will occur. The Hyphen desires to correct the title of the poem in last week's issue, which should have read, "Home Thoughts from the Sea." We regret several inaccuracies and omissions in the lines.

THE OTHER SIDE OF WAR.

By Laurence M. Royer.
 Wafted from the deep recesses
 Of the great round world below,
 Through the shining azure curtain
 By the spherics as they blow.
 Comes the sound and cry of battle,
 Comes the clash of weapons strong
 As the armies of the nations
 Battle for the right and wrong.

And beyond the azure curtain,
 Clad in robes of shining white,
 Standing 'round the Throne of Glory,
 Angels shed their clear, pure light.
 But the sound of war floats upward,
 And it drowns the glory song.
 As the armies of the nations
 Battle for the right and wrong.

Sorrow clouds the shining faces
 Of the singers 'round the throne,
 As they hear the surging warfare
 And the universal moan.
 "Why will brothers murder brothers,
 Why will men in anger fight,
 Do the armies of the nations
 'Think to battle for the right?'"

WITH THE SORORITIES

Alpha Kappa Psi.

On the afternoon of the 27th ultimo the Alpha Kappa Psi's entertained from four to six for their pledges. The frat room was tastefully decorated in pennants, banners, ferns, and cut flowers. It furnished a most fitting background for the charming guests who were assembled there. After prolonged greetings, a few games of "Hearts" were indulged in, Miss Auban Blake being the lucky person, to whom a beautiful box of Alpha Kappa Psi correspondence cards were given as a reward for her skill. Delicious refreshments, consisting of hot chocolate and cake, were served. The guests of the afternoon were Miss Waller, of Covington, Ky., and Miss Talley, of St. Petersburg, Fla.

Delta Tau Sigma.

Delta Tau Sigma was glad to announce as a new pledge Miss Edna Morris.

Sigma Iota Chi.

Sigma Iota Chi are glad to welcome Miss lone Zigler, of Louisiana, as a pledge.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Schmitz, is doing splendid work. There are forty-two regular members, and with this splendid material great things are expected of the organization. At the regular rehearsals held every Tuesday the orchestra is preparing a concert program, which will be given after Christmas.

But while thus the white-robed figures
 Sorrowed o'er the blood-shed wrought,
 From the great white throne resounded
 Words with grief and anguish fraught,
 "As the Prince of Peace I suffered,
 Died and vanished from their sight,
 Yet the armies of the nations
 Think that warfare is but right.

Oh, the years that I have waited,
 Praying that the world might see
 How all realms may work together
 And from warfare be set free.
 I have sent my purest angel,
 Winged with peace and clothed in light,
 She returned with bloody vestments,
 For men battle for the right.

"Nations, brothers, all are battling,
 Peace is laughed at, cannons roar,
 As the kings, whom I have hoped for,
 Proudly enter into war.
 How I loved them—yet they heed not,
 Will they make me suffer, yet,
 These world nations just beneath us
 Would that they in peace were met!"

Then from the white throne resounded,
 Far above the din of war,
 Comes the sound of lute and psalm,
 Bells repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the white-robed throng stands silent,
 Heavy sadness fills each breast,
 As the armies of the nations
 Battle ever, without rest.

"Thus His face looked in the garden
 Just before the soldiers came
 What say you, beloved brother,
 Is not now His look the same?"
 Thus spoke the first white-robed figure,
 And the second nodded long.
 But the armies of the nations
 Battle for the right and wrong.

ORGANIZATION OF THE STATE CLUBS

(Continued from Page 1.)

The Texas girls enter enthusiastically into all school activities, because they feel a keen interest in Ward-Belmont. Else why did they come? For from Texas "It's a long way to Ward-Belmont."

Kentucky Club.

On Thursday, November 19, a group of enthusiastic Kentuckians met in the Y. W. C. A. Room to organize a state club. The officers chosen are: Misses Addie Forman Young, President; Frances Brooks, Vice-President; Elizabeth Smith, Secretary; Katherine Barnett, Treasurer. The Kentucky girls this year will make it known to Ward-Belmont that Kentucky is not only renowned for her fast horses and beautiful women, but also for the animation and school spirit of her girls. Some original plans have been decided upon for the future, but are kept in deep mystery. Ward-Belmont may be assured of a big Kentucky surprise.

Missouri Club.

The Missouri Club has not as yet done anything socially, but in its several meetings much has been decided upon for the future. At the first meeting officers were elected as follows: President, Miss Hermosa Brown, Vice-President, Miss Mary Hill; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Lucille Fulkerson.

On "States' Night" the Missouri girls are going to put on a vaudeville stunt, and being from Missouri they "have to be shown" before they will believe that anyone could get ahead of them in their part of the program.

Tennessee Club.

The Tennessee State Club elected the following officers for 1914-1915: President, Miss Lena Pitt; Vice-President, Miss Sallie Mead Ray; Secretary, Miss Chita Beaudry; Treasurer, Miss Lucille Spence. Miss Appleby was unanimously elected club sponsor. A committee, consisting of Misses Alex Field, Harriet Overton, and Ruth Pitts, was appointed to decide upon the great feature which the Tennessee girls will give in the States' contest to be held soon after the holidays.

Mississippi Club.

Seventeen of the old Mississippi girls returned this year and were glad to welcome ten more girls who had left home, friends, and Mississippi behind them to join the "happy bunch of Ward-Belmonters." At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Miss Corinne Smith; Vice-President, Miss Susie V. McLemore; Secretary, Miss Ruth Graham; Treasurer, Miss Beale Allen. The State colors, red and blue, and the State flower, the magnolia, were selected.

Mississippi prides herself on her representatives in the athletic, academic, and social phases of school life. Miss Beale Allen is the champion tennis player. Three of the Senators and all the Councillors officers are Mississippians. Future plans: A big feast after Christmas!

Nashville Club.

The Nashville Club of last year has been reorganized and the following officers have been elected: President, Miss Katrina Overall; Vice-President, Miss Martha Drake; Secretary, Miss Elizabeth; Treasurer, Miss Pauline Nathan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Frances Davies. The club assisted the Tennessee Club in entertaining the new girls this year. They feel they are more or less the hostesses of the school because this is their home town, and they are not strangers in Ward-Belmont. They hope to make a success of their work of bringing the Nashville girls close

together. They have had three very enthusiastic meetings, and hope to have many more.

Indiana Club.

Indiana always comes up again, no matter how hard the struggle. After an almost vain effort for life last year they have come back this year with redoubled force and enthusiasm. Indiana may have few "stars" among her members at Ward-Belmont, but each and every girl stands for something. In this club are found strong workers and all-around girls full of enthusiasm for their native state.

The Indiana Club is here to push and pull, not in one department, but in all. They are true Hoosiers in every sense. Lack of space prevents naming all these girls, but their officers show that the Indiana Club will be an addition that Ward-Belmont cannot afford to lose. President, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, Muncie; Vice-President, Miss Mildred Hill, Anderson; Secretary, Miss Evelyn Hagaman, Muncie; Treasurer, Miss Lucille Puddy, Warren; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Dorothea Smith, Elkhart; Sponsor, Miss Bertha Perkins, Lebanon.

The Ohio Club.

A meeting of Ohio girls was held October 14, 1914. The State Club was organized and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Mary Dahl Tysor, of Washington Court House; Vice-President, Miss Mary Glover, of St. Mary's; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Sadie Rosendale, of Toledo. The other members of the club are the Misses Asora Early, Rose Snider, Mildred Swartsbaugh, Gertrude Roose, Ruth Johnson, Clara Graham, Elsa Eckhardt and Lora Niles.

"We Are Seven."

At the first meeting of the Kansas Club the following officers were elected: Miss Elizabeth Murphy, President; Miss Kathryn Reddy, Vice-President; Miss Addie Simmons, Secretary; and Miss Henriette Murphy, Treasurer. Miss Lewis has been chosen as sponsor. Although the membership is small, many enjoyable functions are being planned.

Illinois Club.

Illinois Club was organized November 12 with the firm purpose of serving the school by bringing together the girls from the good old State of Illinois. A constitution was drawn up and accepted and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Margaret Chipferfield, Canton; Vice-President, Miss Angie La Teer, Paxton; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Eleanor Steenburg, Farmington; Sponsor, Miss Earle, Des Plaines.

To carry out the purpose of the club it was decided that there should be a social meeting the first Saturday of each month and this could take any form of entertainment, such as matinee parties, tally-ho rides, hikes, picnics, etc. Our first social meeting is to be December 5, and then an initiation of the club members is to take place.

The November social meeting was a picnic supper and hay-rack ride enjoyed the 13th. During the course of the year there are to be many good times enjoyed by all and we hope there will prevail throughout the school a good Illinois spirit.

The Illinois Club will hold its first social afternoon on December 5, in honor of Illinois Day.

Alabama Club.

The Alabama Club was organized Monday afternoon, Nov. 30th, 1914. Miss Mabel Moore was elected President, Miss Jordan Prince, Vice-President; Miss Madeline Ward, Secretary; Miss Margaret Noojin, Treasurer.

The girls from Alabama are: Misses Mabelle Moore, Lucy Herndon, Damaris Smith, Margaret Noe-

lin, Mamie Robman, Margaret Curry, Willie Newman, Anna Wray Gribbham, Martha Farrar, Marion Lewis, Madeline Ward Jordan, and Elizabeth Prince Ruth Montgomery.

Owing to the fact that Christmas holidays are near and everybody is in a rush, the Alabama girls have decided not to do anything in a social way until after their return from the holidays.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT SCHOOL.

(Continued from Page 1.)

was held in the morning on the campus. Enthusiasm ran high, and the songs and yells of the opposing teams made every one feel good. Of course, some one always has to lose, and the "Panthers" in this case were the victims, but they should be congratulated on their unconquerable spirit, for they showed Ward-Belmont how to take defeat.

The next event of interest was the Vanderbilt-Sewanee game, which a great many attended and enjoyed to the fullest extent. Between the quarters, fifty Ward-Belmont girls, decked in their yellow chrysanthemums with a speck of purple here and there, very graciously consented to pass receptacles around the crowd into which money was liberally contributed as a Thanksgiving offering to the Belgian war sufferers. The dignity, ease, and graceful propriety with which they did this was noticed by every one, and many favorable comments were made to that effect.

At six o'clock there was served a lovely four-course dinner, a true Thanksgiving dinner, partaken in the true Thanksgiving spirit. The students were typical "Princetians" in their dark uniforms and quaint caps and kerchiefs. The many young gentlemen who were guests of the school came near spoiling the effect, however, for what girl can tolerate a true Puritan maiden with indurate eyes, demure countenance, and bashful smiles, when such charming gentlemen are present?

Immediately after dinner another most delightful performance, "The Treasure Hunt," a very clever children's play, was presented by Miss Townsend for the entertainment of the student body. The little tots were truly wonderful, seeming as much at home on the stage as they would have been in their own nurseries. Martha Ashby played the leading role as "Pinky" and was too charming for words. The play was a huge success, and indeed a great credit to Miss Townsend, to whom the students are very grateful for a most pleasant evening.

BASKETBALL GAME

THANKSGIVING DAY

(Continued from Page 1.)

of Louise Owens and Susie McLemore also for the "Regulars."

The "Panthers" lost like true sports, but with a firm determination that the next game would be theirs.

THE LINE-UP.

Referee: Miss Sloan.
Umpire: Miss Morrison.
Scorer: Miss Anna Blanton.
Timekeeper: Miss Cox.
Linesmen: Misses Mary Pierce, Opal Woodley.

Time—Four ten-minute quarters.
Regulars
C. Graham...Forward.....V. Cole
A. Morris...Forward.....M. Dowell
S. Magill...Forward.....D. Flannery
L. Owens...Center.....J. Patton
M. Noojin...Center.....B. Jaenke
J. Jordan...Center.....M. Holbert
S. McLemore...Guard.....A. Wood
A. Brown...Guard.....M. Mohler
E. Coolidge...Guard.....
F. Groves...Guard.....
Foule-For Regulars: A. Morris,
4; S. Magill, 6. For Panthers: D. Flannery, 4.
Field-For Regulars: A. Morris,
3; S. Magill, 2. For Panthers: M. Dowell, 1; D. Flannery, 1.
Total—Regulars, 19; Panthers, 8.

ALUMNAE WELCOME NEW SCHOOL PAPER

From All Parts of the Country Come Messages of Good Wishes From Former to Present Pupils

Because of the strong bond that must of necessity exist between alumnae and students, it has been deemed wise to have a department in The Hyphen devoted to news of the alumnae. The announcement of this new paper brought a budget of mail from Ward-Belmont graduates, excerpts from which are appended:

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 18, 1914.
Alumni Editor of the Hyphen:
I am now living at home preparing myself to teach next year. The work is very interesting and I have reason to believe that is the thing for me.

I like Tacoma very much. Dr. Landrich was here the latter part of October and his visit was the source of great pleasure. I wish our friends would dirt this way a little oftener. I want to subscribe for the Hyphen and keep up with the college news.
Your friend,
ZETA E. JONES.

Chickasha, Okla., Nov. 20, 1914.
Alumnae Editor of the Hyphen:
It would take volumes to tell everything I'm doing this winter. I am so glad that the students this year still feel a friendly interest in the welfare of the students of past years, and I am sure that the students of the past years feel more than a friendly interest in the students of this year.

Wishing you much success with the dear old Hyphen, I remain,
Sincerely, FAY R. SMITH.

Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 17, 1914.
Alumnae Editor of the Hyphen:
This winter I am enjoying being at home. I am keeping up my music at Texas Woman's College. I would love to be back at Ward-Belmont and wish to be remembered to all my friends there.

Sincerely,
ELEANOR BAKER.

Fayetteville, Tenn., Nov. 18, 1914.
Alumnae Editor of the Hyphen:
Yes, I am at home and seemingly in ill-health, but my idle hours are filled with putting in good words for Ward-Belmont whenever there's an opening, and striving hard to live up

to the best ideals set forth there. I congratulate Ward-Belmont on securing a weekly school paper with such an able staff, and should greatly like to be numbered among its subscribers. With my very best wishes for the Hyphen, staff, and for Ward-Belmont, I am,
Sincerely, ORA SMITH.

Miss Ethel Griffin, of last year's class, is continuing her studies at Radcliff College, Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Ethel Blanton is teaching in the Lynchburg High School at Lynchburg, Tenn.

Miss Eva Sutton is in the Peabody Teachers' College of this city.

Miss Eugenia Baker is teaching in Minden High School, Minden, La.

Miss Almada Jones is spending the winter at her home in Paragwilt, Ark.

Miss Mary Shoop is taking a Secretarial Course at Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.

Miss Mary Dale Robertson has been visiting in Alabama and Georgia all the fall. She attended the Thanksgiving dances at V. M. I. and Washington and Lee.

Miss Bees Lockwood is at her home in Rockdale, Tex. She will visit Ward-Belmont after the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. E. F. McCall (nee Chloe McBride, of '14) is visiting her mother at Abidene, Tex. After December she will be in New Orleans for the winter.

Miss Lella Glenn is teaching history and English in the Hartford High School, Hartford, Ky.

Miss Marguerite Cartwright, of Huntsville, Ala., is at home this winter.

Miss Lavola Samuels is at home in Clinton, Ky.

HOW SOME FEEL.

Ward-Belmont receives with gratitude the kindly criticism by her chivalrous friends at Vanderbilt University on the first issue of the Weekly Hyphen. Because Ward-Belmont realizes that everything goes through a period of imitation before reaching one of originality. The students feel highly complimentary that the first issue of the school paper should so closely resemble The Vanderbilt Hustler as to receive a comment to that effect from The Hustler itself.

ART OF LIVING.

Girls Encouraged to Strive for High Ideal—Highest Ideal the Best.

Dr. E. E. McNair, of Moore's Memorial Presbyterian Church, spoke at Ward-Belmont Vesper Service Sunday, November 29, on the "Fear, or Art, of Living." He said too many people prefer mediocrity to heights attained by striving.

As a high ideal he gave the standard of life set by Jesus Christ—a standard which may never be fully attained, but to which those who lead beautiful lives try to conform.

HAPPENINGS IN EXPRESSION CLASS.

Pupil Receives Invitation to Give Recital at Branham and Hughes—Extemporaneous Speaking Special Feature.

It will be of interest to many in the Expression Department of Ward-Belmont to learn that Miss Jeanette Sloan has been invited to give a recital at Branham and Hughes. Miss Sloan is a diploma pupil of Miss Townsend, whose excellent progress makes one feel assured of the success of this recital which she will give sometime before the Christmas holidays.

Extemporaneous speaking is one of the especially interesting features just now in the Expression Department. Each week the certificate and diploma pupils are required to give short talks on current events.

One of the interesting talks of last week was given of the subject of classification of high school pupils. The tests used were applied to some members of the certificate class with surprising results.

As always, every member of this department is keenly alive, the interest runs high, and affairs are in a flourishing condition.

AUSTRALIAN PIANIST AT WARD-BELMONT

Distinguished Musician Who Will Appear Monday
in School Auditorium—Another Splendid
Feature of Artist Series



ERNEST HUTCHESON

The fifth of the artist recitals in the Entertainment Course provided by Ward-Belmont will be given Monday night, December 7, with Ernest Hutcheson, the distinguished Australian pianist, as the attraction.

Mr. Hutcheson is in this country this winter as a prisoner of war, being unable to return to Berlin, where his children are, as he is a British subject. Even though he could return to Germany, he would be unable to fill professional engagements, the war having canceled all such. It is a rare opportunity that Nashville enjoys in Mr. Hutcheson's visit, for he is one of the world's greatest pianists, and it possibly would have been many years before we could have been able to afford Mr. Hutcheson but for the unusual circumstances, so that really "tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Mr. Hutcheson is distinguished for his prodigious musical memory, his wonderful clarity of tone and his incomparable facility of technique. He has always played, and was a "wunderkind," touring Australia when but a child. He studied in Germany, and married a countess, who is his devoted partner. To those who know Mr. Hutcheson personally, it is hard to think of him apart from his charming and gifted wife. The recital Monday night will be one of the "big" events of the school year.

Ernest Hutcheson, the distinguished pianist, has by a long list of successes, in the Old World and the New, won prominence among the foremost of living artists. The past season as soloist of the New York Philharmonic Society, the Boston

Symphony Orchestra, the New York Symphony, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Russian Symphony, and other leading organizations—as also in a large number of recitals—he has received ovations such as are obtained by few.

Ernest Hutcheson was born in Melbourne. At the age of five he made his first public appearance, following it with an extensive tour of Australia as a child prodigy. A few years later he went to Germany, where he studied under Zwintscher, Reinecke, and Jadassohn at the Leipzig Conservatory, and under Steinhagen in Weimar. Subsequently, recitals in Berlin, and an appearance with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, won him prompt recognition. Concert tours followed through Russia, Germany, and England, with successes so great that his fame soon spread to America. Here Mr. Hutcheson has added new laurels to the many gained abroad. The following press extracts attest the high rank accorded him by well-known musical critics:

Berlin.

"A wonderful virtuoso. His technique is absolutely infallible, and his playing full of expression and taste. Mr. Hutcheson has invented a kind of specialty in piano-playing. In quick runs and in contrapuntal places, it is of such sweetness and clearness that the artist succeeds in reaching perfectly new orchestral sound effects. In the respect several of his numbers were truly magical."—Berliner Boersen-Courier.

New York.

At the Work's first performance in Vienna, Beethoven himself sat at the piano. Yesterday the pianist was Ernest Hutcheson, who played the part with beautiful tone, clear phrasing, and the rhapsodical manner obviously intended by Beethoven."—Henry T. Finck, in New York Evening Post.

London.

"Mr. Hutcheson represents a type of performer who by his intellectual and executive attitude to his work provides a standard of which more frequent demonstration is needed. His phrasing was of singular beauty and perfection."—London Morning Post.

HOME ECONOMICS.

Miss Fraser is planning to take the Domestic Art pupils on a trip to the Warlota Cotton Mills, which promises to be a very interesting innovation to the class routine. The girls will be benefited by investigating the modern method of cotton cloth manufacturers. This trip is a fitting climax for the lectures of the first quarter's work, which have dealt with the history of weaving and the development of cloth manufacture.

IMPOSSIBLE OF COURSE.

"Quick, quick, my dear; everybody else is in the lifeboat! The ship is sinking!"

"Wait a moment. I cannot be seen like this. The lifebelt makes my coat pucker."—London Bystander.

"What's the orchestra playing?"
"Aren't you ashamed not to recognize Handel's 'Tango!'"—Winnipeg Town Topics.

THANKSGIVING GUESTS.

The following parents spent Thanksgiving with their Ward-Belmont daughters: Mrs. R. M. Young, Morganfield, Ky.; Gen. J. W. Lewis, Paris, Tenn.; Mr. J. P. Barnett, Galatin, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Becker, Ohio; Mrs. G. L. Malone, Shelbyville, Tenn.; Mrs. C. R. Curry, Tusculuma, Ala.; Mrs. W. A. Tysor, Ohio; Mrs. J. R. Farrar, Georgia; Mrs. J. J. Hardin, Texas; Mrs. Jas. L. Glenn, Jr., Tenn.; and Mrs. H. T. Smith, Mobile, Ala.

Miss Mary Street, a last year graduate, and Miss Grinter spent the week-end with Miss Frances Street.

Miss Virginia McLain, violin pupil of Mr. Schmidt, played at the recital given by Miss Lazarus at the Ryman Auditorium Thursday evening, November 19. Miss McLain's playing was enthusiastically received by the audience.

NEWS ABOUT OUR FRIENDS.

Mrs. James L. Glenn, Jr., of Clarksville, Tenn., spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Miss Susan.

Misses Elisabeth and Jordan Prince spent the Thanksgiving holidays at their home in Birmingham, Ala. They took as their guest Miss Mary Millender.

Misses Frank Montgomery and Lucile Robinson enjoyed the week end with Mrs. Suddith at Columbia, Tenn.

Miss Margaret Atkinson was with homefolks in Earlington, Ky., for the holidays.

Miss Frances Hayes spent Thanksgiving holidays with Miss Frances Hillman in the city.

Miss Gladys Glover spent Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. V. M. Lewis on Harding Road.

Miss Susie V. McLemore was in Franklin for Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Dorothy Gillem was the guest of Miss Lucile Robinson Wednesday night.

Miss Ruth Eckels spent Thanksgiving with her parents in Springfield.

Miss Hallie Mae Shelton, a student of Ward-Belmont last year, spent last Saturday in the school and will return to spend the coming week end.

Miss Ruth McGinnis spent the week end with Miss Lillian Brower.

Miss Virginia Driver spent the week end in the city with relatives.

Dr. A. McCoy, of Jackson, Tenn., spent the Thanksgiving holidays with his daughter, Miss Sessums.

Misses Chita Beasley and Corinne Smith spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Killebrew.

Miss Alix Field spent last week end in Knoxville with her parents.

Miss Louisa Kittrel, of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., was in Nashville for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Miss Edith Jones, of St. Louis, is in the city for a visit to Mrs. Ernest Perry.

Miss Louelle Strickland, of Valdosta, Ga., is visiting her cousin, Miss Leona Roberts.

Mr. Clegg spent one day last week in Nashville with his niece, Miss Alix Field.

Miss Mary Denmark is expecting a visit from her father shortly.

Miss Esther Headley and Miss Helen Martin spent Thanksgiving in town.

Miss Ellen Roddy spent Thanksgiving at her home in Knoxville.

Miss Zeida Schnaubaum and Miss Lucile Spence spent Thanksgiving at the home of the latter in Chattanooga.

Miss Mildred Burroughs is slowly improving from her illness at her home in McMinnville, Tenn.

Misses Mary Payne and Edna Morris were guests of Misses Florence Groves and Helen Martin Saturday.

Miss Hermosa Brown spent Thanksgiving in Nashville at Ward-Belmont.

The Misses Fite spent Thanksgiving as the guest of town friends.

Miss Myrtle Conyers spent Thanksgiving at her home in Huntingdon.

Miss Pauline Nathan spent last week end in Lebanon.

Miss Letitia Carter spent Thanksgiving with her aunt in Franklin.

Miss Corinne Wooten spent Thanksgiving in Lebanon with Misses Rice, who are former Ward-Belmont girls.

Misses Chittipin Born and Esther Creed were guests of Miss Sara Sudekum last week.

Miss Frances Mullikan has returned from a week's visit at her home in Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, of Paris, Ill., spent Thanksgiving with their niece, Miss Pearl Blackburn.

Miss Quendet, Mrs. Farrar, of Georgia, Miss Sarah Farrar, and Miss Opal Wootley spent the week end with Misses Brower.

Miss Pauline Nathan, who lives at Laverne, Tenn., will spend the next two weeks in town.

Miss Katrina Overall will spend Saturday night with Miss Harriet Overton.

Miss Elizabeth Perkins was a week-end guest of Mrs. Howse.

Miss Ruth Pitts spent Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. Charles Oldham.

Judge and Mrs. Chipperfield, of Canton, Ill., visited their daughter, Margaret, and most delightfully entertained a few of her friends at dinner at the Hotel Hermitage.

Miss Ruth Montgomery spent last week end with Miss Elisabeth Hanley.

Miss Azora Early spent last week end with Mrs. Marshall.

Mr. Tyler Barnett, of Louisville, spent Thanksgiving with his daughter, Katherine.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Conger, of Carmi, Ill., were the guests of Miss Robilee Patrick, the latter's sister, for Thanksgiving, and Mrs. Conger remained for the following week.

Miss Elisabeth Wade, of Pulaski, Tenn., made her sorority, Phi Mu Gamma, a short visit on Thanksgiving.

Miss Applebee, Miss Turner, and Miss Sarah Farrar went up the Cumberland with the Brower girls in their launch.

Miss Perkins is welcomed as our new shopper.

OFF TO CHOIR PRACTICE.

He: "What's the matter with your church choir? They don't seem to pull together."

She: "Well, the tenor's in love with the soprano, who is in love with the basso, who is deeply in love with the alto, who loves a tenor, but is married to the organist!"—Judge.

THE WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Offers Superior Advantages to Day and Boarding Pupils

1. LITERARY COURSES.

- (a) College Preparatory Certificate, with entrance to Wellesley, Vassar, Vanderbilt, University of Tennessee, etc.
- (b) First Year College Certificate (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), one year of thorough college work.
- (c) Ward-Belmont Diploma (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), representing completion of two years' college. University of Chicago has just accepted college work of a graduate of 1914 and granted advanced standing.

2. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dr. Emil Winkler, Director.

Sixteen teachers of American and European education, of proved ability in their profession. Courses in Piano, Voice, Organ, Violin, Musical Sciences, leading to certificates and diplomas.

3. SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION, Pauline Sherwood Townsend Director, assisted by Miss Mary Fletcher Cox and Miss Miriam Applebee.

Fundamental principles and correct habits first, natural development. Certificate may be earned in two years, diploma in three.

4. SCHOOL OF ART, Lamira Goodwin, Director.

Elementary Study, Cast Drawings, Oil and Water Color Painting, Life Drawing, Clay Modeling, China Painting, Pen Drawing, Pottery, Outdoor Sketching, Designing, Etching. As many of these phases of art study may be taken by a student as ability and time will warrant.

5. METALRY, at Ward-Belmont. Taught by Sarah M. Gout.

Who has studied in New York, Boston and recently under special instructors in Chicago. The shop is ideally located and well equipped. A thorough course is given in metals, beginning with copper, advancing to silver and gold. Interior decoration in the course is treated in a most attractive way.

6. SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS.

Comprising Domestic Science and Domestic Art. Mrs. Frank A. Herbrick, Director.

7. PHYSICAL EDUCATION, Emma I. Season, Director.

Open free to Boarding and Day Pupils. Instructor, Katherine E. Morrison.

8. INTERMEDIATE, PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS.

Miss Lillian Watkins and Miss Anne Cavert, Directors.

For Catalogue and General Information, Phone N. 445, or Call at the School

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1914.

NUMBER 4

A Merry Christmas To All

ERNEST HUTCHESON GIVES CONCERT

Important Offering in Concert Season Was the Piano
Concert of Ernest Hutcheson, Brilliant
Australian Artist.

One of the most important offerings of the present concert season was the piano recital by Ernest Hutcheson in the Auditorium last Monday evening. Nashville music lovers, teachers, and students listened to a master artist and were enraptured. Seldom has a local audience been privileged to enjoy such a revelation of the pianist's art.

To many of his hearers, Mr. Hutcheson's recital marked an epoch in their musical experiences; while to others it served to recall the virtuosos playing of some of the world's most brilliant artists. Abroad and at home, Mr. Hutcheson has been acclaimed as worthy to rank among the greatest of pianists, equalled only by a chosen few. If there were those among his hearers who doubted the claim, all doubt must have been dispelled by the masterful virtuosity displayed throughout a program which taxed every resource of the art.

Mr. Hutcheson is the possessor of all of the attributes which make for the highest achievements in the pianistic field. Colossal technique, exquisite tonal beauty, delicacy of touch, clarity of outline, vivacity, finish, abandon—all belong to his equipment. Whether it is in the grandeur of Bach, the poetry of Chopin, the charm of Schubert, or the brilliancy of Liszt, Mr. Hutcheson so thoroughly portrays the meaning of the composition as to leave his audience not only satisfied but thrilled and exalted.

The added numbers comprised the Schubert-Tansig "Marche Militaire," Chopin's "Berceuse," Liszt's "Love's Dream" (No. 3), and the Rachmaninoff C sharp minor preludes.

The program follows:

Bach—D. Albert.
Prelude and Fugue in D
Chopin—Sonata in B minor
Allegro Maestoso
Scherzo
Largo
Finale—Presto ma non tanto
Schubert, Three Moments Musicaux
No. 3, A flat; No. 3, F minor; No. 4, C sharp minor, Du bist die Ruh,
The Erlking, Arranged by Liszt.
Albeniz—Trianza
Liszt, Etude de Concert, Valse Opus-
elle, La Campanella.

VESPER SERVICES.

Dr. M. G. Buckner, a prominent citizen of Nashville, spoke at Vesper Services in the Ward-Belmont Chapel, Sunday evening, December 8. Dr. Buckner told of the many uses of the Y. M. C. A. and of the importance of its sister organization, the Y. W. C. A.

Miss North, an English woman, who has recently come to America, sang two beautiful songs, one of which was in the Wessex County dialect.

CLASS OFFICERS WARD-BELMONT

Classes Organized and Officers Elected—Fine Co-operation Between Faculty and Students.

The students of Ward-Belmont are divided, from an academic point of view, into seven classes: Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Junior Middle, Senior Middle, Senior, and College Specials.

The first four represent the four years of high school work, and the Senior Middle and Senior the first two years of college work. The College Special Class is composed of those girls who are devoting their time, principally, not to academic work, but to one or more of the "extras," as music, arts and crafts, home economics, art and expression. The classes are now organized and the members are working together with a purpose; the Seniors for privileges and the other classes for — yet to be seen.

As the class officers are of general interest, and at present not generally known, they are here named:

Senior Class.
President..... Mary Pierce
Vice-President..... Katrina Overall
Secretary..... Mary Tysor
Treasurer..... Pauline Ewell
Sergeant-at-Arms..... Lucile Spence
Junior Middle Class.
President..... Mabel Bunch
Vice-President..... Martha Lindsey
Secretary..... Margarette Noelin
Treasurer..... Elizabeth Crockett
Sergeant-at-Arms..... Edness Kimball
Sponsors..... Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Cox
Junior Middle Class.
President..... Gertrude Williams
Vice-President..... Georgia Alexander
Secretary..... Jennie White
Treasurer..... Elizabeth Nell
(Continued on Page 3.)

OPEN EXHIBIT APPLIED ARTS

Domestic Art and Arts and Crafts Department to Allow Faculty and Students a Glimpse Into Their Workshops.

On Friday afternoon, December 11th, there will be a very interesting exhibit by the Departments of Domestic Art and Arts and Crafts, of the work so far done by the students of those departments. Among the exhibits of the Domestic Art girls will be found some attractive suggestions. They are showing the latest styles, too, in shirt-waists and skirts.

The work of the Arts and Crafts Department will be no less interesting. The instructor, Miss Sarah Gaut, has emphasized the practical side of the work, and has induced each girl to select some piece of work which will fit into some particular niche in her room or home.

Among the articles exhibited will be desk sets, vases, book ends, lamps, which, while very artistic, are simple and easily made by any girl who is willing to be painstaking and spend the requisite amount of time.

The two departments cordially invite every member of the student body and faculty.

Y. W. C. A. ROOM, DEC. 11th, 2:30-6:00.

PRIZE FOR BEST ESSAY.

Girls and Boys Invited to Participate in Essay Contest.

Nashville Chapter of Southern Association of College Women are offering two prizes—a five dollar gold piece and a two dollar and half gold piece—for the best essay on "Why I want to go to college." The competition is open to all boys and girls attending high schools or who are taking the four year preparatory course.

These essays must be written in ink, on one side of the paper, and must be handed unfolded by January 15 to the principal of their respective school.

Clair: "If you are tired dancing, Mr. Green, we'll sit down and have a little tete-a-tete."

Green: "No, thank you, after such a high supper I could not eat another bite."—The Bugle Call.

Capt. Morton: "What is a polygraph?"
Knowlton: "A dead parrot."—The Bugle Call.

WE WON'T DISPUTE IT.

A school paper is a great invention.

The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

—Exchange.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

December 11, 8 p.m.—Pavlowa with her company of dancers, Ryman Auditorium.

December 12, 2:30 p.m.—Basketball game. Regulars vs. Athenians.

December 12, 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.—Annual Christmas Bazaar of the Y. W. C. A., Ward-Belmont.

December 12, 8 p.m.—Miss Julie Barkdale in Graduate Student's Recital, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

December 14, 8 p.m.—Senior Reception, Ward-Belmont parlors.

December 17—Homecoming.

GYMNASIUM MATTERS PROGRESSING GAYLY

Folk Dances and Fencing—Swimming and Basketball Prove Strong Lure to Students and Faculty.

MISS NORRIS' CLASS LEADS

Inspiring Sunday School Service—Talks by Miss Masson, Miss Norris, Miss Mae Mohler and Others.

Sunday school services of December 6 were conducted by Miss Norris's class in a most interesting manner.

Miss Masson, Superintendent of the Sunday school, opened the exercises with a good, straight talk on the duty of the United States towards the Belgians. Her remarks were an incentive to liberal giving, even with personal sacrifice, if necessary.

Next, Miss Norris put before the students an ideal, the carrying out of which is a tradition in many schools. Her idea was that each spring there be chosen one girl from Ward-Belmont who should be called an "optima." That she be known to the students of the following years as the most honored and esteemed pupil of that year; let her name and the date of her election be placed in some prominent place of the school.

Following the address by Miss Norris and preceding one by Miss Edness Kimball was a vocal duet well rendered by Misses Leah Horn and Christine Thornton. Miss Kimball spoke on the "honorable atmosphere" of the West, and exhorted each girl of Ward-Belmont to have an honor code of her own. For, by means of individual honor codes, would a general feeling of honor grow up and pervade the school.

The closing remarks were made by Miss Mae Mohler, President of the class, who impressed the fact that the girls of this year are establishing standards for those in the years to come. The Sunday school was dismissed with the Y. W. C. A. benediction.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

Miss Townsend, with several Seniors, was instrumental in forming the first Dramatic Club in Vanderbilt University. The first play given five years ago was "The College Widow." Members of the original cast occupied boxes at the Vendome, December 4, when the play was again presented.

The proceeds of "The College Widow" go to The Belgian Relief Fund.

Turn failure into victory—
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemon—aid!
—Ridley.

Sounds of folk dances have been heard coming from the Gymnasium every afternoon of this last week, which is a pretty good sign that "gym" has certainly started in earnest.

While watching these folk dances and various other gymnastic achievements one may hear great peals of laughter which come from the swimming pool where many of the students are taking their first lessons. Later in the afternoon some very pretty diving and swimming may be seen by the more advanced pupils.

But gym and swimming are not the only things that are being taught in the Athletic Department, for dancing and fencing have both come in for a fair share of popularity; a great number of girls signed up for dancing, and so, many classes have been formed. From the enthusiasm and interest shown so far, a number of graceful dancers will certainly be sent out.

Now for fencing; the first thing that greeted the class was: "Now, girls, this is hard work;" that should have been enough to make any member of the class stick to her guns, as it must have, for not one stepped out. As was predicted, it was certainly hard work, which was proved by the manner in which that particular class walked around for the next few days; the rest of the afternoon, however, of that class was spent in several of its members advancing "in terms of fencing," up and down the gym floor.

There has been no out-of-door basket ball practice this week owing to the weather, and very little has been done in that line indoors, although a court has been drawn up in the gymnasium.

Election of Officers.

An exceptionally important meeting was held in November for the purpose of reading the constitution of the Athletic Association.

This constitution was drawn up by a committee selected by Miss Mary Pierce, who had been elected chairman pro tem. Those on the committee were: Ethel Payne, Katrina Overall, Anita Williams, Jennie White, Mary Hill.

This committee also made nominations for officers, which was a most difficult task. Article VI, Section 3, says: "No club shall have more than three members on the Board of Directors nor shall any club have less than one member." Article VI, Section 13, says: "No club shall have more than four members on the Board of Managers nor shall any club have less than two."

The following were elected: Misses Mary Pierce, President; Corinne Smith, Vice-President; Katherine (Continued on Page 5.)

Ward-Belmont Hyphen

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

STAFF

Editorial Department
MARY PRINCE.....Editor-in-Chief
ELIZABETH LESTER.....Associate Editor
News Department
ETHEL FAYNE.....Exchange Editor
MABEL BUNCH.....Society
FRANCES CRAVEN.....Music
LAURENCE ROYER.....Art
JOE DOUGLAS.....Home Economics
ETHEL GIBBS.....Home Economics
MAE MORRIS.....Athletics
DA BLANTON.....Athletics
MILDRED SWARTZBAUGH.....Post's Corner
HERMOSA BROWN.....Snap Shots, Etc.
Business Department
ANITA WILLIAMS.....Business Manager
SARAH NILES.....Asst. Bus. Manager

Communications, news items, and suggestions which are editorially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Monday preceding the following issue.

Subscription, \$1.00; Per Copy, 5c.

We wish you a Happy, Merry Christmas, and a New Year with many good resolutions—unbroken.

GOOD CHEER.

"We want to have some true Good Cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year."

Two weeks from today—Christmas! Already the Christmas spirit pervades the air. Everywhere are the evidences of the nearness of Christmas, and everywhere every one is talking "Christmas." Those who do not remain here for the holidays are taking "home;" those who stay, "Christmas." Both may carry the Christmas spirit of Good Cheer and Happiness with them.

Only in our United States is a cheery Christmas possible, and here there will be few presents. So make up for the lack of presents with your own personality. Radiate cheerfulness. When you see a bit of holly ribbon or a red bell, smile within yourself and you will show to those around you a happy face. Lessen the world's burdens this Christmas with your own bright, cheery nature. Smile and be merry, for it is Christmas time!

AN OPTIMA.

Is Ward-Belmont going to have an "optima?" Do the students fully realize and appreciate the importance of a high standard of honor? They do! To be sure, Ward-Belmont is young and comparatively without traditions, but almost every day some precedent is being established for the years to come. Honor is one characteristic which the girls of this year want to leave to their successors. If every girl knows there is to be one chosen from the student body each spring, who best expresses the general idea of "high goodness," she will less readily fall into dishonest ways. To know that her name may be voted on will be a keen incentive to every girl to live up to the highest within her. How will one know who is nearest the ideal? It is to be hoped there will be many who will come very near; but there will be one who will come a little nearer. There will be one, nobler, more honorable, slightly more so perhaps, yet more worthy of having her name go down to posterity as the culmination of Ward-Belmont's striving for pure honor. Ward-Belmont shall have an "optima."

STURDY GROWTH.

The first issue of the Ward-Belmont Weekly Hyphen consisted of six hundred copies; the second, seven hundred; but the third week there were fifteen hundred copies. We are highly pleased that the Hyphen should so please its readers as to create this increase in numbers.

A WINTER NIGHT.

A lonely traveler, coming from the north,
 Gazed on the peaceful scene with awe-struck eyes.
 White was the ground with snow and cold the air,
 The silent stars gleamed brightly in the sky,
 And shed their radiance on the earth below.
 Far in the distance gleamed a cheerful light,
 And toward this light the stranger made his way.
 On, on he went, across the cold, white plain,
 Where here and there a sentinel kept watch,
 A tall, dark tree, with branches spreading wide.
 The light grew brighter, and at last the man,
 Weary and foot-sore, reached the little house
 From which the light gleamed brightly, and within,
 Around the supper table, he could see
 The little family, happy and content.
 The traveler sighed, and tapped upon the pane;
 The window opened, and toward him was thrust
 A plate of food, and from within a voice
 Spoke, as the custom was, in gentle tones,
 "God's peace be with you evermore, my friend,"
 And with a trembling voice the man replied,
 "The Exile's blessing on this happy home."
 Then on he went across the white, cold plain,
 Alone, beneath the gleaming winter stars.
 —Laurens M. Royer.

GUILD ENTERTAINED.

On Monday, the 8th, the Episcopal girls of Ward-Belmont were delighted to have as their guests the Episcopal Guild of Christ Church. At 3 o'clock the guests began to assemble in the Y. W. C. A. room which had been artistically decorated for the occasion with palms, pot plants, and cut flowers. The meeting was conducted by Mrs. Michael and was enjoyed by all.

The pleasure of the afternoon was greatly increased by solos from Mademoiselle Sansot and Miss Cecil Lewis. Miss Edith Brisbane also gave a delightful reading. Hot chocolate and sandwiches were served.

ILLINOIS CLUB.

The December social of the Illinois Club was held in Middlemarch Saturday, the 5th, from four to six o'clock. Each member of the club was compelled to do a certain "stunt" which was previously decided by a committee consisting of Eulalia Ward, Angeline Ammann, Pauline Steenburg, and Sybil Smith. Among the different displays of art, the solo of Mildred Price, the operatic duet of Dorothy Brobet and Roberta Griffin, and the Spanish dance performed by Sybil Smith deserve honorable mention. Part of the afternoon was spent in dancing and Charades ice cream and cake were served.

Ward-Belmont will, on Monday evening, December 14th, be the scene of another festivity when the Seniors will open the spacious parlors with an informal reception for their friends. Each Senior has the privilege of inviting two gentlemen and preparations are being made with most pleasant anticipation.

FILIAL DUTIES.

"What is in the mail from daughter?" asked mother eagerly.
 "A thousand kisses," answered father, grimly, "and sixteen handkerchiefs, two waists, and four batches of ribbons for you to wash and mend."—Kansas City Journal.

PERSONALS.

News About Our Friends.

Miss Townsend has been called north where she will be the guest of friends and where she will deliver several lectures on the "Art of Pastry."

Miss Lucile Heath spent Thanksgiving Day with Miss Martha Lindsey and Miss Mary Wheeler.

Miss Cornelia Keeble has returned from a short stay in Louisville.

Miss Mary Wheeler spent a delightful fortnight in New York, Boston and Washington.

Miss Elizabeth Neil spent a pleasant week in New Decatur, Alabama.

Miss Martha Lindsey spent the week-end with Miss Elizabeth Gardner at Avondale.

Misses Hortense Winham and Hermosa Brown spent a most enjoyable week-end near Martha, Tenn., at Brookwood Farm.

Misses Margaret Asher and Mattie Lee Reib spent the week-end in Lebanon.

Misses Margaret Warner, Lucile Fulkerson and Madeline Alkens spent Thanksgiving in Columbia, Tenn.

Misses Hallie Mae Shelton, of Clarkdale, Miss., is visiting Thetas this week.

Miss Susan Glenn left for her home in Clarksville Wednesday.

Misses Iley Nunn Cage and Georgia Mirelle spent Saturday night with Thetas.

Misses Frank Montgomery and Lucile Robinson are going to spend next week-end with Miss Katherine Winstead.

Misses Aileen Stewart and Gertrude Wiggins will spend next week-end with Miss Georgia Mizell.

Miss Katherine Rice, of Lebanon, Tenn., spent the week-end in Ward-Belmont. She is a Ward-Belmont pupil of last year.

Miss Sarah Manier is in Boston with her family and during the winter has entered the Leland Powers School of Expression.

EXPRESSION RECITAL.

Another Attractive Recital Given by Miss Townsend's Pupils in Her Charming Studio.

One of the interesting features of Ward-Belmont school life is the series of expression recitals which are given in Miss Townsend's studio. This large room is one of the most attractive in Ward-Belmont. It represents Miss Townsend's high appreciation of art combined with her good taste, for its furnishings would catch the eye of even the casual observer. While this series of recitals is anything but compulsory many students, not in the expression department, avail themselves of the opportunity presented. The last one, given on the afternoon of Dec. 2, was well attended, and the young ladies who read, merited the applause they received.

The following program was given:
 As of Old.....Miss Virginia Cole
 The Doll.....Miss Lola McManus
 Keeping the Neighbor's Child.....
Miss Sallie Tiptens
 One of Bob's Tramps.....
Miss Elleen Syre
 The Blue Bowl.....Miss Helen Killebrew
 The Auction.....Miss Alice Nicholson
 Phyllida.....Miss Bernice McClain
 Hunting an Apartment.....
Miss Lucile Spence

PARTY COMING.

Board of Directors and Faculty to Enjoy Hospitality of Domestic Science Department.

An interesting and unusual entertainment is being planned by Mrs. Frank L. Herbrich and Miss Bernice Reaney and the Domestic Science Department in honor of the Board of Directors and faculty of Ward-Belmont. The serving, decorations and cost of food are to be planned by the students. The cleverness of the department has already been shown in the invitations issued, which suggest the line of work of the hostesses.

CHARMING HOSTESS.

Mrs. Henderson was a very charming hostess Saturday afternoon, the 5th, entertaining from 3 to 5 for a number of Ward-Belmont students.

The color scheme was carried out in school colors, blue and gold, the parlors being most charmingly decorated. After prolonged greetings, "Rook" was the form of entertainment, Miss Pearl Webb winning the victor's wreath, which consisted of a Ward-Belmont Kodak Album. Miss Addie Bell Gary won the consolation, which was a daintily embroidered guest's towel.

While the strains of a victrola added to the enjoyment of the guests, delicious refreshments, consisting of grape juice, a salad course, and blue and gold minis were served.

Those present were: Misses Elizabeth Cooledge, Adne Wood, Mary Bell Higgins, Ota McDonald, Anita Hartman; Agnes Witherington, Lena Fite, Myrtle Conyers, Nell Fite, Annie Weber, Pearl Webb, Louise Little, Addie Bell Gary, and Marion Lewis.

Miss Anna Ward is expecting Miss Gresham, of Columbia, Ky., as a week-end guest.

Miss Margaret Rickman visited Ward-Belmont during the past week.

Miss Mary Hardwick of Cleveland, Tenn., has been the guest of Miss Irene Knox.

NOTICE.

All girls please keep in mind the ten-minute stunts for the State Festival Night. There will be prizes given to the States doing the best.

The Danger.

"Fa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"
 "We are told so, my son."
 "Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"—Boston Transcript.

Bostonian Advice.

Western Visitors (acousticing citizen): "Can you tell me a good place to stop at?"

Citizen: "Certainly. Just before the 'at.' Good day, sir."—Boston Transcript.

Time Wasted.

"Dinah, did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am, what'd de use ob washin' er fish what'd lived all his life in de water?"—Philadelphia Leader.

Our Irish Cousin: "Arbitration is an agreement between two parties concerning terms upon which they cannot agree."

Dark street.

Banana peel;

Fat man,

Virginia reel.

—Exchange.

"Darling," he whispered, "I never loved but thee."
 Said the maid: "We must part; no amateur for me."

EXCHANGE COLUMN

In the interval meet to be held at the University of Kansas the "K" men can enter only one event. This will enable every man in the University to make a better showing for himself, as heretofore most of the medals have been carried off by the "K" men.—Kansas.

The students of Alabama have inaugurated a loan fund for the aid of students who need financial help in completing their college education.—Alabama.

At a meeting of the board of trustees last Friday afternoon, the Jackson School of Business was constituted with the University and became a department of the college—Union University.

The students of Tulane gave a dance in the gymnasium to aid the Red Cross workers. The dance was gotten up by the girls, and every boy and girl who attended the dance paid a dollar, so that the proceeds were double that of an ordinary subscription dance.—Tulane.

August Mehring, elevator man at the University of Texas, is a holder of the German Iron Cross. Besides this medal he has six others. He served in the wars between Germany and Denmark, in the Schleswig-Holstein encounters, in the war with Austria, and in the Franco-Prussian war.—Texas.

The defeat of North Carolina gives Virginia a clear title to the South Atlantic championship.—Virginia.

The South Carolina College Press Club held its annual meeting in Columbia Thursday and Friday, December 3, 4. The association now has a membership of fourteen.—South Carolina.

In line with the movement inaugurated by the American Red Cross Association, the students of the University of Tennessee have pledged at least ten cents each, per month for the support of a nurse on the battlefields of war-stricken Europe.—Orange and White.

The first class football game of the season was played on Walt Fife Saturday, when the Seniors and Sophomores battled to a 0-0 tie. The contest was pulled off in a steady rain, but said rain did not interfere with the "pop," which was plentiful on both sides.—Orange and White.

DEVELOPMENT OF HOME.

Miss Reaney Gives Lecture on "Evolution of Home—From Cave Dweller to Today."

Miss Reaney finished the second of a series of lectures to be given to the Current History Class by representatives from the different departments of the school. In the first talk she spoke of the history of the home; its development from the earliest cave dwellers to the modern perfectly equipped home; its purpose, but more especially did she emphasize the relation of the home to other social institutions. This was so interesting that the girls unanimously requested her to return and continue the subject with them, which she did last Friday. This lecture dealt with the formation, maintenance and administration of the home, and was as much enjoyed and appreciated as the first.

Teacher: "When did the revival of learning begin?"

Pupil: "Just before exams."

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PROGRESSING GAYLY
(Continued from Page 1.)

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Opal Woodley, Treasurer;

Marguerite Noojin, Manager; Mae

Mobler, Assistant Manager.

Board of Managers: Misses Beale

Allen, tennis; Dawn Flanery, basket

ball; Ethel Payne, gymnasium; Jessica

Jordan, swimming; Anita Williams,

riding; Lucy Herndon, water

polo; Edness Kimball, archery;

Adne Wood, track; Pauline Nathan,

small games; Elizabeth Wolfe,

hockey; Hermosa Brown, cheer

leader.

Basket Ball Game.

Weather permitting, there will be

a basket ball game Saturday morning

between the "Regulars" and the

"Athenians." It will certainly draw

an interested crowd, for it will be

the "Athenians' first match.

Faculty Team.

It may be interesting to know that

a basket ball team is being organized

among the members of the faculty.

Some interesting games are promised

after the holidays, which means

that the clubs had better do some

practicing.

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(Continued from Page 1.)

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Sophomore Class

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Secretary.....Pauline Nathan

Treasurer.....Pearl Webb

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Secretary.....Dorothy Dunlap

Treasurer.....Virginia Hobbs

Sergeant-at-Arms.....Miss Applebee

Sponsor.....Miss Applebee

College Special Class

President.....Eather Lee Smith

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Secretary.....Frances Craven

Treasurer.....Florence Hull

Sergeant-at-Arms.....Mary Clover

Sponsor.....Mr. and Mrs. Browne Martin

BUBBLES AND FROTH.

"May I tell you the old, old

story?" he asked.

She looked down, blushed and

nodded her assent.

So he told her for the twenty-

seventh time how he once won the

game for Yale.—Brooklyn Life.

Yale University has informed the

Red Cross that the university has

decided to send an ambulance to the

American Hospital in Paris and another

to the German Red Cross organization.

The ambulances will be sent

through the American Red

Cross as a gift from Yale University.

—Exchange.

When E. H. Sothorn and Julia

Marlowe were playing in a Western

city last season, a rural couple

stepped up to the box office, and the

man said:

"Play'n Shakespeare here, they

tell me."

"Yes, sir," replied the ticket seller.

"What's the show tonight?"

"As You Like It."

"Well, that's what I call accom-

modatin'," said the native. "Seem"

as you give us our choice, 'mother

and me'll take 'Romeo and Juliet'."

—Exchange.

First Father—"What? Your son

is an undertaker? Why, I thought

you said he was a doctor."

Second Paternal Relative—"No;

I said that he followed the medical

profession."—Lampoon.

Husband (shaving): "Bother the

wife: "What's the matter now?

You're dreadfully ill-tempered."

Husband: "The razor is so abomin-

ably dull."

Wife: "Dull? Why, I ripped up an

old skirt with it yesterday, and it cut

beautifully!"—Punch.

FACULTY AND SENIORS
MEET ON GRIDIRON**Immense and Enthusiastic Crowd Witness Football**
Game Between Star Teams of
Faculty and Seniors.

One of the most exciting and interesting games of the season at Ward-Belmont was played Thursday, November 31, at 2:15 a. m., in the Recreation Hall of Faith Building. It was between the picked teams of the Faculty and Seniors.

Straight football was used by the Seniors, but it is thought that the Faculty did a little dirty work. There were many stars on the Faculty team, Dan Blanton being the shining light. His playing showed he had practiced both day and night for the last week. Start-and-catch-it Cox did some fast playing in the first quarter, but was put out in the early part of the second quarter for swearing at the umpire, Chancellor Kirkland. Figurer Flowers took his place.

By Wolfe, the heaviest player on Senior side, was their star player. Boh McCoy proved to be an expert drawback.

Before the game the rooters for each side paraded through the main streets of Nashville and through the Vanderbilt campus, loudly cheering the players and singing college songs. The Yellow Banners of the Faculty and the Baby Blue Pennants of the Seniors were much in evidence.

At 2:15 a. m. the teams came on the gridiron. Both engaged in signal practice. It was evident that the Seniors had a light but fast team, and from the first it was known by the enormous size of their feet the game would be theirs through their punts.

Only a few minutes after the start of the first quarter, Oliver Ross, Faculty's right tackle, muffed one of Bill Denmarks long punts and Mills recovered the ball. The first touchdown came when Cason made a fifty-yard run, then dashed over the line for a Faculty touchdown. Time then called.

In the beginning of the second half Lewis, with Faculty, recovered the kick-off, but dribbled the ball. Doc. Thompson immediately recovered it for Faculty and dashed madly down the field. Even in Skallow-

ki's were heard the ear-bursting cheers of the spectators who were wildly sliding up and down the banisters of South Front in their enthusiasm. Thompson reached goal and had just completed circumfencing it five times, followed by both teams, when time was called.

In the last quarter Babe Martin, left end for Faculty, plunged through tackle for the touchdown, but stopping to adjust his sleeve, lost his glasses. Because of this loss he erred in passing the ball to Smith, for Seniors, thinking that he was, passing it to the "rapide et immense" Cuendet.

Percy Washburn lost his self-dignity by breaking loose and placing the ball on the 2-yard line. The crowd went wild when Dan Blanton made a beautiful plunge over the goal. He lost one good chance for a play on account of taking his glasses off and dropping them. In the last quarter, by successive rushes through the line, the Faculty took the ball to the 1-yard line, but it went over on downs. Ray, for the Seniors, punted 20 yards, and Doc. Thompson received. Babe Martin then returned the ball 21 yards over the goal amid wild enthusiasm. Dan Blanton kicked goal. Final score, 23-3, in favor of Seniors.

The line-up:

Faculty	Position	Seniors
Blanton	C.	Farrar
Mills	L.E.	Overall
Cox	H.	Royer
Martin	L.E.	Wolfe
Ross	R.T.	Smith
Lewis	R.	Pierce
Washburn	Drawback	McCoy
Cuendet	L.H.	Roberts
Thompson	F.B.	Pitts

Substitutes—Faculty: Barie, Gil-keon, Sison, Flowers, Sansot; Seniors: Woodley, Lilly, Harvey.

Length of quarters, 5 minutes; 15 minutes in first half; 30 in the second half. Touchdowns—Faculty: Dan Blanton, 3; Oliver Ross, 1; Babe Martin, 1. Seniors, all the rest.

By Reporter Flight.

CURRENT EVENTS OF
HISTORICAL INTEREST

Forty thousand dollars worth of flour for the starving Belgians was purchased recently by the Belgian Relief Committee. It will be sent immediately to Belgium by Lindon W. Bates, purchasing agent in the United States, of the American committee, established in London. This sum represents a part of the contribution received by the central committee from nearly every State.

There are 68,000 men in the United States Navy. The islands in the Pacific Ocean which Japan took from Germany have been given into the keeping of an Austrian force until the final settlement at the end of the war.

President Wilson says, "I have no enthusiasm for war, but I have an enthusiasm for the dignity of the United States."

The Kaiser has been at the front in many fields of the war. He has fired the first shot from many of the new heavy guns.

The Chicago Stock Exchange opens after being closed 116 days. The trading is normal.

The only decisive thing accomplished by the four months of war in Europe is the capture of Kian Chan by the Japanese.

Thomas Edison is now working on more than a thousand moving picture films, designed for educational purposes.

George Bernard Shaw sent to President Wilson a petition asking him to invite three neutral powers to confer with this nation "for the purpose of requesting Great Britain, France, and Germany, to withdraw from Belgian soil and fight their quarrel in their own territories."

You are sorry for the Belgians, of course, but how many dollars worth are you sorry?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

INFORMAL PARTIES.

Many of the teachers are entertaining their particular groups of girls with teas, frolic parties, and shopping trips, before they leave for the Christmas holidays.

DOLL DRESSING.

At candle-lighting time each day, Miss Hefley is meeting her Sunday School Class of girls, and reading to them while they dress dolls for the poor little girls of Nashville.

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THE COLLEGE WIDOW A HUGE SUCCESS

Vanderbilt Dramatic Club Reaps Many Laurels Under Direction of Miss Townsend—Star Role Played by Miss Applebee.

Friday night was college night at the old Vendome, and an occasion long to be remembered by every student there. Long before 8 o'clock the line was waiting to have the best seats in the "roost," to see the "College Widow."

The audience was one to inspire any company of players even if there had not been that personal interest which comes of mutual sympathy with all college affairs, for it was chiefly composed of college girls and boys. The boxes were occupied by the Vanderbilt fraternities and sororities of Ward-Belmont and Boscobel College. Beautifully decorated with flowers and emblems and filled with the loveliest girls and handsomest men that the Nashville colleges can boast of,—they were the center of all eyes.

The balcony was well filled with the girls of Ward-Belmont, without whom, the Dramatic Club asserts, "The College Widow" could not have been the success it proved to be. The "roost" was crowded with "Vandyites" who, between acts, kept the Vendome ringing with their cheers and songs.

It was truly college night at the Vendome from the "roost" to the footlights.

The play under Miss Townsend's careful and artistic training went as smoothly as a Belasco production. Her very presence back of the stage gave ease and courage to the actors and assurance to the audience, that the Dramatic Club would score another great success.

The play is one especially adapted to such occasion as the true college spirit and "go" is absolutely essential to its success, and surely "The College Widow" had plenty of "pep."

In the third act one could hardly believe that the stage was not a part of Dudley Field and that an actual game between the rival colleges was not taking place in the wings. A great deal of the success of the "off-stage" play was due to the enthusiasm of the cheer leader, Mr. Simpson, who was an indispensable asset among the Atwater students. The appearance of the real heroes of the gridiron was the cause of cheers and applause from their many admirers.

The cast was unusually well chosen for each man and co-ed seemed to be the part he or she played.

The fascinating star of the play was Jane, "The College Widow," Miss Miriam Applebee, of the Ward-Belmont Expression Department, delightfully portrayed this character. The charming personality and grace of Miss Applebee made her a true

heroine. Her beautiful costumes of pink, during the first act, black and white in the football game, yellow at the faculty reception, and white with an Oriental wrap in the fourth act were particularly suited to her part as leading lady. Jane was the center of all eyes both on and off the stage.

It was hard to decide just who was the hero, "Billy," a halfback and "celebrity" of great fame, was so enthusiastic and such a handsome sultor that "Jane," who had played with hearts until she earned the title of "College Widow," was at last sincerely won and was unable to resist his appeal to "go west." It was "Billy," played by John Norwood, who aroused the true woman in the subtle and flirtatious "widow."

"Jack Larabee," the football coach, in which part Rembert Marshall stood out as an actor of unusual ability, was a close rival of the hero, "Billy Bolton." Our sympathy was with "Jack" when he so generously gave up all claims and told "Billy" to "go in and win," and we wondered how "Jane" could say "Good-bye" to him, for he was a most attractive "villain."

Miss Norton as Flora was irresistibly funny and no one could blame "Matty McGowan" for spending the immense sum of two dollars and a half to purchase her "them sparklers," which dangled from her ears. Neither did any one wonder at "Flora" when she confessed to "Mr. McGowan" that she had been thinking of him all day, for Russell Rose in that part was simply great.

The whole cast was so splendid that it is impossible to give each one due praise for his fine work. Nat Shofner as "Billy's" abrupt father; William Elliot as the dignified and literary old "Prexy"; J. A. Crisler, as the young "Sport Hicks"; Dean Ellis, as the pedantic tutor; "Pud" Rayer, as "Silent Murphy," who suffered from tight shoes and an appetite for cake; Elmo Thompson, as the over-burdened college "poisoner" Harry Leak, as "that cute little kidnapper," irresistible "Stubby"; Miss Stone, as athletic "Bea"; Miss Hunter, as the professional chaperone; and many other actors, whom for lack of space we cannot give due recognition, were all equally worthy of commendation.

And now fifteen "rahs" for Miss Townsend, the Business Staff of the Dramatic Club, and the cast of "The College Widow," with an extra cheer for "Jane."

GRADUATE RECITAL

A piano recital will be given Saturday, December 12, at 8:15 p. m., in the Auditorium, by Miss Julia Barksdale, who is a graduate pupil of Mrs. Emil Winkler. Miss Barksdale has received her entire musical training under the tutelage of Mrs. Winkler, whose apartment she has occupied during the two years her teacher spent in Berlin.

The second of the free organ recitals by Mr. Arthur Henkel, given under the auspices of the Nashville Art Association, will take place Sunday afternoon, December 13, at four o'clock, in Christ Church. Mr. Henkel will be assisted by Mrs. Helen Winkler as organist. Mr. Henkel was a member of the Nashville Art Association.

Miss Irene Ziegler, a pupil of Miss Boyer, sang last Tuesday evening in the city at the opening of the Boys' Club.

MUSIC PUPILS' RECITAL

A recital by pupils of the School of Music will be given Tuesday evening, December 15, at 8 o'clock. All departments will be represented, including piano, voice, violin, and organ.

The Bliss of Ignorance

"He said he could teach me to swim in two lessons."
"Did you accept his offer?"
"Yes, but I enjoyed the first lesson so much that I decided not to graduate."—Detroit Free Press.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Illustrations of Handel and Other Famous Musicians To Be Given by Messrs Washburn and Henkel.

The advanced class in History and Appreciation of Music will listen to illustrations from the works of Handel and the early English School of Composition next Tuesday afternoon. The music will be given by Mr. Washburn, assisted by Mr. Henkel at the piano.

These supplementary programs contributed through the kindness of teachers and friends are proving of invaluable aid and interest in the progress of the work.

PRAISE FOR "OUR CHIEF."

Dr. Blanton Receives Thanks for Enlarging Fine Artist Course.

Genuine music lovers in Nashville—those to whom no sacrifice is too big to make, no inconvenience or discomfort too great to overcome—were present, in their faithful quest for good music, and felt so generously repaid, they quite overwhelmed Dr. Blanton with their expressions of gratitude for his enterprise and ambition in bringing one of the great big artists of the world to us for such a masterpiece of a recital as was given by Ernest Hutcheson.

Dr. Blanton, as President of old Ward Seminary, was always generous in his efforts to bring good music to the students here, and in the larger life of Ward-Belmont he is doing big things for musical art.—Nashville "Tennessean," Dec. 8th.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Y. W. C. A. BAZAAR

The Y. W. C. A. bazaar will be given in the little dining room Saturday, December 12th, from 4 to 7 o'clock. We are anxious that this be a huge success and a great deal depends on you. First, take an interest yourself; second, get your friends interested; then everybody work. Begin sewing on that bag, apron, handkerchief, towel, or whatever you wish to give. Everyone can contribute something and we shall have a bazaar of which the Y. W. C. A. and Ward-Belmont as a whole will be proud. We wish to make a big showing and prove to outsiders just what we can do.

There will be three or four booths full of pretty things, so don't do too much shopping, because the bazaar will be the best and cheapest place to buy your Christmas presents. Write to the people you know and tell them to come and bring their friends.

This is a Ward-Belmont tea and bazaar and all are invited, especially students of Nashville schools. Incidentally, Ward-Belmont never fails to lend a hand to student undertakings of all schools of Nashville and now is the time to expect reciprocity. No one that comes need be afraid of leaving hungry, because there will be all kinds of good things to eat, salad, sandwiches, hot chocolate, ice cream, and candy.

Besides all these things there will be good music, which will add a great deal to the enjoyment of the evening.

Don't forget to work! Don't forget to come! Don't forget to bring your friends!

Smart Pupil.

Teacher (the subject being trees): "Now who can name the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"
Bright Boy: "I can, miss; the porcupine."
—Exchange.
Applebee makes our marks grow fonder.

You will find our Grotto a splendid place for your next Entertainment, Beautiful Surroundings and Music

PRICES REASONABLE

SKALOWSKI'S

STARR METHODS HAVE MADE POSSIBLE THE LOWEST PRICES

Consistent with the values represented. QUALITY is the watchword in the manufacture of our pianos and quality we guarantee to you. Do such methods appeal to you? If so, the pianos we sell are sure to please.

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SORORITY, CLASS and CLUB PINS and RINGS

THE WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Offers Superior Advantages to Day and Boarding Pupils

1. LITERARY COURSES.

- (a) College Preparatory Certificate, with entrance to Yale, Wesleyan, Vassar, Vanderbilt, University of Tennessee, etc.
- (b) First Year College Certificate (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), one year of thorough college work.
- (c) Ward-Belmont Diploma (Classical, Scientific and General Courses), representing completion of two years' college. University of Chicago has just accepted college work of a graduate of 1914 and granted advanced standing.

2. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Dr. Emil Winkler, Director. Sixteen teachers of American and European education, of proved ability in their professions. Courses in Piano, Voice, Organ, Violin, Musical Sciences, leading to certificates and diplomas.

3. SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

Pauline Sherwood Townsend Director, assisted by Miss Mary Fletcher Cox and Miss Miriam Applebee. Fundamental principles and correct habits first, natural development. Certificate may be earned in two years, diploma in three.

4. SCHOOL OF ART.

Lamira Goodwin, Director. Elementary, Study, and Drawing, Oil and Water Color Painting, Fine Drawing, Clay Modeling, China Painting, Pen Drawing, Pottery, Outdoor Sketching, Designing, Etching. As many of these phases of art study may be taken as a student as ability and time will warrant.

5. METALLURGY.

At Ward-Belmont. Taught by Sarah M. Gaut. We have added in New York, Boston and London under special instructors in Chicago. The shop is ideally located and well equipped. A thorough course is given in metals, beginning with copper, advancing to silver and gold. Interior decoration in the course is treated in a most attractive way.

6. SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS.

Comprising Domestic Science and Domestic Art. Mrs. Frank A. Herbrick, Director.

7. PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Emma I. Blason, Director. Open free to Boarding and Day Pupils. Instructor: Katherine M. Morrison.

8. INTERMEDIATE, PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS.

Miss Effie Watkins and Miss Annie Glover, Directors.

For Catalogue and General Information, Phone N. 446, or Call on the School.